MEMOIR

OF

ANNE GORHAM EVERETT.

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ANNE GORHAM EVERETT;

WITH EXTRACTS

FROM HER

CORRESPONDENCE AND JOURNAL.

BY

PHILIPPA CALL BUSH.

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PRIVATELY PRINTED.
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PREFACE.

THE following Memoir is a tribute of affection to the memory of the beloved friend of the Author, seeking in this way to embalm the recollection of its cherished and lamented object.

I have cheerfully given my sanction to its preparation, by placing my daughter's journal and letter books in the hands of Mrs. Bush, and by revising the volume for the press; in which, however, no further correction has been made by me, than what would naturally be required in the case of letters and diaries, dating some portion of them from early childhood, and all written without the remotest view to the press. It will be sufficiently apparent to the reader, that their character, as the productions of a youthful and artless writer, has been in no degree impaired by this revision.

I have sanctioned the preparation of this little volume mainly for two reasons. One was to gratify the wish of the amiable author, (my daughter's earliest

and most intimate friend,) to preserve in this form the memory of their affectionate attachment, which commenced in the morning of their days, and continued unbroken to the premature close of my daughter's life.

My other reason was a wish to extend to a somewhat larger circle of relatives and friends the knowledge of what seemed to me, after endeavoring to make proper allowance for a parent's fondness, a singularly pure and interesting character, and a life as nearly faultless as human frailty allows. Without pretension to dazzling qualities there was every thing about her to approve and love, — great maturity with great simplicity, resolution and perseverance united with childlike playfulness and maidenly diffidence, unusual attainment with entire absence of display, firmness of purpose with a disposition most gentle and docile, the highest moral purity, and a never slumbering sense of religious obligation. I have thought that it was due to the memory of the departed, not to allow the recollection of such a life and character to pass at once into oblivion; and that I ought rather to avail myself gratefully of the kindly proffered and faithful pen of her chosen friend, in selecting from the great mass of my daughter's papers the materials of the present volume, and bringing them by her own conscientious and accurate narrative, into a connected form.

It has seemed to me, however, that this simple memorial, though possessed of a melancholy charm

for relations and friends, could be of little interest to the community. My daughter had certainly made acquisitions in various branches of knowledge not usual at her age. I daily resorted to her for names, dates, and other facts readily supplied by her fresher, accurate, and very extensive reading. She had laid, I think, a sure and deep foundation for future intellectual eminence. Her juvenile compositions, (none of which are included in this volume,) evince the germ of no ordinary inventive and constructive talent. But her mind had not yet attained that stage of its development, in which the imagination begins to act powerfully upon the materials stored in the memory; and I feel that it would be unjust to expose these specimens of her correspondence and journal to the criticism of strangers. The volume, therefore, is intended for private circulation alone; and it is particularly requested of those into whose hands it may fall, that no extract from it nor mention of it may find its way to the public press.

The volume not being intended for publication, less reserve has been practised in the introduction of names and domestic allusions than would otherwise have been thought proper.

I could have wished that the references to myself had been less frequent in its pages; but the feelings of duty and affection which she cherished for her parents were among the most strongly marked traits of our daughter's character, and it would not have been possible to omit the passages in her correspondence

and journals, in which those feelings are expressed, without materially changing their tone and spirit.

To those who knew and loved our precious child, to the kind and hospitable friends on the other side of the Atlantic, whose attentions cheered the weary hours of her suffering and decline, to the relatives and friends at home whose warm assurances of sympathy alleviated our sorrow at her loss, to the memory of her little sister, also a child of brightest promise, and who preceded her at a still earlier age to a better world, to her beloved sister, and brothers, and mother, the little volume is inscribed.

EDWARD EVERETT.

Boston, 1st January, 1857.

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MEMOIR.

CHAPTER I.

BIRTH AND FAMILY — PERSONAL APPEARANCE — CHEERFUL TEMPER — GRACE WEBSTER EVERETT — TRAITS OF ANNE'S CHARACTER — HER VIVACITY — LOVE OF ORDER — CONSCIENTIOUSNESS — SINCERITY — ECONOMY — LOVE OF KNOWLEDGE.

"In that, thy natal hour,
The angels who thy spirit bore,
From the far-off eternal shore,
Sought for their heavenly home no more,
But stayed to guard their flower."

ANNE GORHAM EVERETT, the subject of the present memoir, was the daughter of Mr. Edward Everett. Her mother, Charlotte Gray Brooks, was the daughter of Mr. Peter Chardon Brooks, one of the most distinguished and prosperous of the men of business of his day in Boston. Anne was the oldest child of her parents, and was born during their temporary residence in Boston, at the house of her grandfather in Atkinson street, on the 3d of March, 1823.

From her earliest childhood she possessed the graces of person and character which give interest to that period of life. Her pure, soft complexion, her clear, blue eye, and her delicate form, dressed characteristically with exquisite care and neatness, made her, as a little child, if not beautiful, most attractive and pleasing. Even her playmates, forming their circle for the merry game, were eager to catch her small, fair hand, which retained through her life the rare delicacy of her childhood. Her manners were remarkably quiet and gentle. Although full of vivacity, and always ready for a laugh or frolic, she was never boisterous. When the sports of her school mates grew rude and noisy, she quietly withdrew from them. One day she writes in her journal with evident disappointment:—"6th May, 1835. All the scholars, but one, staid at school to-day and dined; including Charlotte and myself. School was dismissed at a little past one, and we then ate our dinners. After dinner I took my ball and played some time with it; but the other girls played such noisy games that I did not wish to play with them. After I had played ball till I was tired, I took a book and read till it was nearly time to begin school again."

Rarely could there be found a happier child. Her early school mate and most intimate friend does not remember ever to have seen her brow clouded with a frown, or her eyes moistened with tears of vexation. It is true, earthly favors are seldom so lavishly bestowed as upon this fair child. Wherever we find her throughout her brief career, a bounteous, smiling fortune attends her; wreathing for her a chain of joys, one link added to another. One sorrow only clouded her early years. But as experience teaches us that happiness is not inseparably connected with outward advantages, her uni-

form joyousness can be justly attributed, not alone to natural amiability or the gifts of fortune, but to equanimity of temper, and diligent and systematic employment of time, and to the conscientious desire *to do right*, which pervaded and regulated all her conduct.

Once only, as we have intimated, she tasted the bitterness of sorrow. It was at the death of her darling little sister Grace. It is a mournful pleasure to introduce here, a tribute to the memory of this sweet child.

Grace Webster Everett, so named for the wife of Mr. Daniel Webster, died at eight years of age, when Anne was twelve. Anne had been the dear child's teacher, and thus writes in her journal:—"10th December, 1835. Grace has not been to school for a great while; she has not been well. But I instruct her at home, in French, geography, history, etc., and mamma attends to her reading, writing, and sewing. She gets on very well in her studies."

Such were the studies of a child, then seven years of age. And in letters to her father, Anne mentions her rapid progress, and her interest in her studies. January 10, 1835, she writes: "I am now teaching Grace French; she is a very good scholar, and has already learned several pages in the little French book, out of which I first studied. I hope when you come home she will be able to repeat her French to you perfectly. She seems to like to learn it." And in another letter to her father: "Grace is studying the little French phrase book, that I studied first, and she gets along very well. Do you think she had better study the French grammar next?"

Anne frequently wrote in her journal during the last year of her little sister's life: "Grace read aloud to us

this evening, while we sewed." Their mamma usually joined their evening circle; and Grace's reading was such as to interest all.

But soon follows the brief account of her sickness and death; although, abiding by the rules of her journal, of which we shall speak more particularly hereafter, Anne forbears making a record of her own feelings on the sad occasion: — "31st December, 1835. Poor little Grace! The doctor says she is sinking very fast. Before she was sick, I used to instruct her, but I never expect to do so again. She has suffered much during the first part of her illness, but she does not now seem to feel much pain."

The following day was New-Year's; and Anne writes: "I had a very nice present for Daughter," (the endearing name by which Grace was called in the family,) "but the poor little girl could not receive it, for she is very low, though she has her consciousness."

"3d January, 1836, Sunday. — Papa did not go to church to-day, but stayed at home with little Daughter, who is very ill indeed, though she seemed to know me as I went to her bedside and kissed her."

"4th January. — We did not go to school to-day, for Daughter was so low we feared she was going. But she breathed easier after dinner, and before night she was quite strong, and was also rational, and seemed to know us all."

"7th January. — Poor little Grace died last night, about half past twelve o'clock; and this morning papa took me in to see her. I think the dear child is very much changed. I can hardly realize that I have lost her, and that I shall never teach her again. I have a comfort in thinking that she is now at rest from the sufferings she has had the last three weeks."

"8th January. — Poor little Grace was buried this afternoon. Some of our aunts and uncles came over to attend the service, as did also grandpapa. Dr. Walker made a beautiful and affecting prayer. Papa and grandpapa then took little Daughter up to Medford, where she was buried in grandpapa's tomb."

So this sweet bird of brightest promise withered, leaving only the perfume of her memory, which is still fondly cherished in the hearts of all who knew her.

> "Early, bright, transient, chaste as morning dew,
> She sparkled, was exhaled, and went to heaven."

Dear little Grace! The order of earth is reversed in heaven; — and eight years after, when her beloved sister followed her, may we not suppose Grace the teacher?

> "What a world were this,
> How unendurable its weight, if they
> Whom Death hath sundered did not meet again!"

To return to the immediate subject of our memoir. Among the traits of character developed by Anne even in her childhood, we are disposed to mention first her uniform *vivacity*, the more remarkable in her case, because it was united with an early maturity of thought and unusual gentleness of manners. It was, however, shown in the spirit with which she entered into all the amusements of her playmates, often proposing little changes in the mode of procedure, or by a new game of her own invention giving fresh life to the sport. The names which she gave to the domestic animals, about her father's house in the country, and to the walks and drives in the neighborhood, were full of sprightliness and originality.

In all girlish pastimes, she was commonly the leader; and during her temporary absence from school, one of her companions writes: "I miss you so much; and in recess, we all agree that there is no fun in playing ball without you." In a letter to her father, dated when she was ten years old, she says: "I intend on my next birthday, which comes very soon, to set up a school for the dolls; and I have made some little maps for them; all the books they study in, I am going to compose myself. I shall like such as those much better." Some of the little school-books of this juvenile compiler are still extant, and they present a very scholarlike appearance. When eleven years old, she issued a family newspaper, called "The Triangle;" probably because there were three engaged in the editorial department; contributions being received from her sister C., and from a favorite young cousin in Boston, to whom Anne often alludes in her journal. The name of the paper was afterwards changed to the "Fly-Trap." The Fly-Trap appeared once a month, and was neatly copied out in complete miniature newspaper form. It contained prettily composed stories, amusing anecdotes, and also advertisements. In one of the numbers, "Miss A. G. Everett informs her friends that a new term has begun at her school, and that she will take either day scholars or boarders."

Anne was equally fond of the vigorous sports of childhood, and she freely indulged in them: the hoop, the ball, and jump-rope were alike used and enjoyed. At eight years of age, when under the care of her aunt in Boston, in the absence of her parents at Washington, Anne wrote a letter to her papa, which artlessly reveals her fondness for play: —

"Boston, 14th January, 1831.

"My dear Papa, — I have not written to you for a long time, and I am afraid that you think that I have forgotten you; but I go to walk in the afternoon and play so much, that I have not time to write to you. I like Miss F.'s very much. I have been there since the first of January, and she says I am a very good scholar. I go to Mr. Papanti's, but I do not improve in my dancing so much as in my studies. He is going to move down into Bowdoin Square, and we shall have a long walk to take, but we shall not mind that, for I go out four times a day, and Aunt Ann says that I have got red cheeks now. We have a little game called loto, which we play every night; we can beat in it; the card is covered with figures, and the one that gets a line covered first beats.

"We have the new Robinson Crusoe, which I like very much, and the boys like it very much. I am glad that you are so much better, and I hope that soon you will be quite well. I have got into the last story in my French book, first volume, which is called La petite Glaneuse, and it is a very pretty story.

"I am your most affectionate daughter,

"Anne G. Everett."

A few lines from her aunt, on the back of this letter, correspond with Anne's statement: —

". . . I fear you see but little improvement in Anne's composition or writing. When at home she is so full of play, that it is quite difficult to get her attention long. I have good accounts of her from school; — her lessons are never neglected, and she is certainly a very good child. She is quite a pleasure to me, and no more

trouble to me than one of my own children. I give her a great deal of exercise; and if she does not improve in manners under my hands, at least, her health is better than I have ever known it."

In her journal she names many of her favorite games, such as "French Roll" and "Still Palm," and she was one of the active parties, when she was about twelve years of age, in performing the play of "The Grinding Organ," which was acted successfully several times, under the direction of her beloved teacher, Mrs. D., at Charlestown.

This animated interest in all kinds of diversion, is mentioned for the encouragement of youthful readers, as evincing the happy influence of a combination of sprightliness with uncommonly studious and industrious habits. Anne's vivacity entered into every thing she undertook, whether work or play; she literally obeyed the injunction of the wise man, "whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy might."

Not less conspicuous was her *love of order*. "Her love of order," writes her father, "was the most ardent and resolute, I have ever witnessed. She seemed really to look upon it as Pope describes it: 'Heaven's first law.'" This beautiful sentiment of the poet was early familiar to her. In her journal under the date of Sunday, 15th of March, 1835, she wrote: "Mr. L. made an address at Sunday school to-day, about order. He began by telling us there was a saying, 'Order is heaven's first law;' and then told us, that we at Sunday school were divided into classes, and given to the care of teachers, who did all they could for our improvement. He said that we were like a solar system, each having two duties to perform, one to our teacher, and the other in common with the whole school. He also said, that

we each had our business assigned to us, and that if we did not perform it, we deranged order as much as if the sun thought he would rise an hour or two later than usual, and make up, by uncommon diligence, the time he had lost."

This beautiful trait characterized in the most striking manner all her conduct and all her possessions. The nice arrangement of her desk at school, with its contrivances for the convenient keeping of her various books, papers, and writing apparatus; and the habitual precision in which all were kept in their allotted place, is no small proof of a powerful systematic principle operating in a school-girl. Order reigned in her plays, her studies, her division of time, and in the minute care of her wardrobe; and it was conspicuously the ornament of her handwriting and her needle-work, in both which accomplishments she excelled.

This quality rendered her a favorite with her teachers, but it was too rare, perhaps, to be appreciated by all her school mates. To the careless and indolent it often seemed needless precision. It will not be supposed that Anne gave heed to such critics, — if, indeed, she ever heard of them. She never suffered herself to be deterred from carrying out her conscientious principles; and here it will be appropriate to notice the foundation which supported the symmetrical framework of her character, namely, her *conscientiousness.*

"It was founded on a religious basis," writes one, who, of all others, knew her best; "and of all the persons I have ever known, she possessed the liveliest and steadiest conviction of an all-surrounding Divine presence. She read the Scriptures with unwearied diligence, retiring every day to a part of the house where she could do it unobserved. She wrote down texts for every

day in the year, and at a very early age, for such a step, connected herself with her uncle Frothingham's church."

The rules which she made, when about eleven years of age, for her daily use, appoint the reading of the Bible as her first morning exercise. Her journal shows how faithfully it was observed. Every day, in which are enumerated merely the occupations of her time, commences with something similar to the following: — "Rose this morning at half past five o'clock, — made my bed, and then went down stairs and read my Bible." "I rose this morning at a little past five o'clock; dressed myself, and then came down and read a chapter in the Bible." She read every day both in the Old and New Testament, and in a text-book, made by herself, with a verse for every day in the year, chosen promiscuously, from all parts of the Bible; thus testifying that she esteemed the whole Word of God alike precious and inspired.

On Sunday she was constant at church, and a devout listener. Usually she gives in her Sabbath journal an abstract of one discourse, and very often the address heard at Sunday school. She loved the Sunday school, and was never absent from it but from necessity. In the summer of 1835, after a visit to Medford, she writes in her journal on her return, "We were rejoiced to get home; I had not been to Sunday school for two Sundays, and I was very glad to get back to it."

A few extracts from her journal in 1834–1835, will show her interest in the exercises of the Sabbath.

"19th April, 1835. — Mr. Walker,* made an address

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* Now President of Harvard College.

to the Sunday school to-day. I will put down what I can remember.

"Bad children often advise other children who are younger than themselves, to do bad actions, and they use a great many arguments to persuade them to do what they wish. One of the first arguments is, 'Nobody will know it.' Let us consider this expression. There is a God who knows every thing which human beings do, even though it is concealed from every one in the world. And he knows when you do wrong. So that if a bad child asks a younger one to do a bad action, and says, that nobody will know it, he does not speak truth, for God will know it. Besides, when we do any good action, we are always pleased to have it known, because we think it will do us credit, and we are equally unwilling to have a bad action known. Therefore, when a boy says, nobody will know it, you may be sure that he wishes you to do something wrong, or he would not wish it to be concealed.

"Another argument used to persuade children to do wrong is this: 'you are afraid.' Many a child's virtue has yielded to this argument. An older boy tells a younger one to do something wrong. The child says, 'I can't do it, it is wrong.' The other boy says, 'but nobody will know it.' The little boy still persists in his refusal, till at last come the words, 'you are afraid.' And then he generally yields. He is afraid of being thought a coward if he does not do it, and so he consents to do it, though he knows it is wrong.

"Another argument used is, 'it is only this once.' A child says to himself, 'it is only once, and once is not much, and I'll never do it again.' But how does he know it is only once? If a boy asks him to tell a lie for him, and says it is only once, he is easily persuaded,

but if the boy comes again the next day, and asks him to tell another lie, it is a great deal easier to yield a second time, for the very reason that he has yielded once. So that what began in a small sin, ends in a very great one, and destroys his character entirely. If, therefore, you would not wish to be discovered in great sins, do not begin by committing small ones."

"7th June, 1835. Sunday. — Mr. F. made an address at Sunday school to-day. I will write what I remember of it. 'When we wish to judge of an artist's taste, we examine some of his works; thus we judge of the carpenter by the house he builds; of the watchmaker by the watch he makes. So we judge of the power, wisdom, and goodness of God, by his great works, one of the most wonderful of which is the human mind. If it is properly employed it will bring us great good. The mind has all the materials for action, and it is only necessity to put them in motion. Thus two men set out on a journey together. One observes the scenery and country he passes through, and the manners and customs of the inhabitants of these countries, and returns home a wise man. The other man has the same advantages, and travels over the same space, and does not profit at all by it. The reason is, that he does not pay any attention to the things around him. The same materials are presented to his mind as are presented to the mind of the other man, but he does not put his mind in motion.'"

"28th. Sunday. — Mr. Y. of Boston preached to-day. His text was from the ninth chapter of John, 31st verse. 'If any man be a worshipper of God, and doeth his will, him he heareth.' He said when the soul has any desire or wish, it pours itself out to God; or when it is oppressed with guilt; and this is prayer. Prayer is communion with God; and is like passing a moment

in heaven. The sermon reminded me of a beautiful hymn I once heard." Montgomery's hymn on prayer is here copied in full in her journal, beginning

> "Prayer is the soul's sincere desire,
> Unuttered or expressed."

Other interesting abstracts might be given; but these, which are among the earlier records of her journal, will suffice to show how attentively she listened to instruction, and her interest at eleven years of age, in the services of the sanctuary. Another Sabbath employment which she speaks of with interest, was the study of a hymn; and the recital of it to her father, formed one of the pleasures of the day.

Her sweet dutifulness to her parents was obviously the result of conscientious principle as well as ardent, filial affection. One or two of her earliest letters, written, as will be observed, when she was six years of age, pleasantly illustrate this.

"MEDFORD, January 1, 1830.

"MY DEAR PAPA, — I want to see you very much. As it is New-Year's day, I will write you a short letter. I hope you are well. I wish you a happy New-Year. I hope you will be made very happy this year by the good improvement, and sweet manners of your little daughters. I intend to be very attentive to my studies, and all Mrs. S. wishes me to do. I am attending to geography, arithmetic, writing, spelling, and have begun my little Grammarian. I have had the medal two days; but I missed a word to-day, and so lost it, but hope to obtain it again to-morrow. Mrs. S. sends her respects to you. I past the last Sabbath at grandpapa's and

left them all very well on Monday morning. Accept, dear papa, the best love of your affectionate daughter,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

"MEDFORD, March 26, 1830.

"DEAR PAPA, — I write to thank you for being so kind as to send me so many nice letters. I think you are very good to give so much of your time to your little daughter. I am sure I ought to be the best child in the world to so good a papa. I thank you very much indeed, for your last kind letter, and hope I shall never forget what you wrote to me. I will try to be every thing you wish. I should be very sorry, my dear papa, to set a bad example to my sisters, who are such dear little girls, or to give you and dear mamma so much sorrow. I should have written you before, but Mrs. S. has been sick, and I staid at grandpapa's two weeks. Mrs. S. requests me to give her respects to you. Please, my dear papa, to accept the best love of your very affectionate daughter,

"A. G. EVERETT."

Nor was Anne less distinguished for her sincerity. She was strictly truthful; and this virtue gave, as it always will, transparency to her whole character. It made her singularly ingenuous and unsuspicious, and was the true secret of the winning *naïveté*, which distinguished her, and which forms the charm of her journal and letters. She shrunk from the slightest deception, and one can almost smile that an incident like the following should have conflicted with her ideas of sincerity, as it really seems to have done. In a letter to her sister, dated London, 24th December, 1841, (she was then eighteen,) she writes: —

"I, as well as you, have bought me a muff, and with it a boa, of, I am almost ashamed to own it, imitation sable. I did not want to get it, but preferred a muff of chinchilla, very elegant, and the sweetest thing you ever saw; but mamma and papa inclined to the imitation sable, and so I got it; and it will do till I contrive to get some real sables or *real something else.* I suppose, if I choose now, I can wear imitation lace, as Miss S. at Naples told R., all the great ladies did in England."

She was also carefully accurate in the use of language. She was enthusiastic in her feelings, yet she was not in the habit of using superlative expressions. Her descriptions of scenes and places inspire confidence from the very absence of exaggeration and embellishment. Her letters will amply illustrate this; and, at the present day, when a highly wrought style is so much in vogue, especially with travellers, and by mere exaggeration, trivial incidents are made to appear marvels, it is the more pleasing to read the artless, unadorned style of a child of nature like Anne, and to see things somewhat as they really are, even though it detract somewhat from their *piquancy.*

Economy was another striking trait of her character. The numerous relics left at her death, strikingly reveal the right principle which ruled her conduct in this respect. Surrounded with the means of indulging taste for expense, she yet wasted nothing. She saved remnants of her work; fragments even of cord or thread—small bits of paper, she carefully wrapped up and laid aside;—not from parsimony, but from a feeling that "all waste is sinful." Her composition books and the numerous memorandums of various kinds, of which she kept a great number, were written on the blank

pages of letters or other pieces of paper usually destroyed. Economy in her estimation was a religious duty, enforced by the example of Him who, when he had fed the four thousand from his exhaustless store, commanded the disciples to gather up the fragments, "*that nothing be lost.*"

It was the principle of economy which led Anne to practise the most diligent saving of time. But proofs of her industry can be more aptly given in connection with her journal.

The *love of knowledge* should be mentioned as one of her earliest and striking developments of character. By her own good-sense and the wise control of her parents it was well directed. This is manifest from the subjects she writes upon in her journal, which abounds, particularly in its commencement, in anecdotes and facts she had learned from reading or conversation. A new idea on any subject, however acquired, was uniformly transcribed by her as the most interesting event of the day. Her genuine love for study is also very undesignedly apparent in the manner in which she so happily blends her studies and plays, that one is almost at a loss to know which she considered the play; — a lesson in Latin or a game at ball. This love for study was no doubt greatly encouraged by her extraordinary memory; which enabled her to retain what she acquired and to learn her lessons with wonderful ease.

The few selections following, are from the first volume of her journal, and were written when she was eleven years of age. They will serve to show the care with which she read, and her interest in acquiring knowledge: —

"29th November, 1834. — In Bertha's visit there is a very interesting account of Canova, the great sculptor.

The account is, that one day a rich senator had a large dinner, while Canova and his grandfather were at work in the house. The servants had forgotten to prepare the ornaments for the dessert, and did not think of it till it was too late. They were in great trouble, but young Canova promised to help them out of their difficulty, if they would bring him some hard butter. This was done, and he carved a lion so beautifully, that all the company were struck with it, and the blushing boy was called in to receive the applauses of this brilliant circle. Canova afterwards carved a bust of his excellent grandmother, which stood in his room. It resembled Titian's mother. He one day observed to a friend, that the dress very much resembled that of Titian's mother, but that he thought that his grandmother was much the finer old lady of the two."

"8th December. — I read to-day a very interesting account of Guyton de Morveau. It said that once when his father was having the house repaired, from seeing the workmen, he became very fond of mechanics, and afterwards, when some old things were offered for sale, nobody would buy an old clock, because it was so out of repair. The boy persuaded his father to buy it for six francs. He then took it to pieces and repaired it; and fifty-five years afterwards, it sold for more than the house and estate to which it originally belonged. He also did the same with his mother's watch, when he was only about eight years old."

"9th. — I met with an interesting account of the great musician Mozart, to-day. When he was only five years old, he learnt some very difficult pieces from his father, which he would repeat after they had been played to him once. The next year he composed little

sonnets for the piano, which his father wrote down to encourage him. When he was six years old, his father one day seeing him writing, asked him what he was doing. He said he was composing a concerto for the harpsichord. The father took the paper and laughed when he saw the blots with which it was covered. But when he examined it further, and saw that it was all right, he turned to a friend and said, with tears in his eyes, that it was all done according to rule, and that it was a pity it could not be used, but that it was so difficult no one could play it. Mozart composed his first opera at thirteen, and died at the age of thirty-six."

"5th February, 1835. — I found an amusing account of the Sarana, or Lily of Siberia. It is found in the eastern part of the country, and it covers the ground with its blossoms. The bulbs are gathered in August, and put by to dry. It is then ground into flour, and is not only eaten in soups and other dishes, but also forms the best bread of the inhabitants. The Kamschatkans, not only gather this plant themselves, but also have a little mouse that plucks it and spreads it in the sun to dry. The inhabitants always help themselves to this store, taking care to leave some for their little mouse. There are several varieties of this lily, from one of which, the Russians manufacture a kind of wine."

"24th March. — I read, yesterday, in Mr. Cushing's book, an account of a young man who challenged one of his companions to go down into a vault, which had the singular property of preserving dead bodies, — alone and without a light. The proof he demanded of his having gone down was, to drive a nail into the wall.

The young man accepted the challenge and went down. A good many people assembled to witness the performance. When the young man had staid an hour, they began to be alarmed. Still they waited some time; but when at length he did not come, some of the boldest ventured down with a light, to see what had happened. They there found the young man lying dead. He had driven the nail in, but the skirt of his coat went in with it, and when he turned round to go back, feeling himself detained as it were by an invisible hand, he was frightened and fell down and died."

"27th June. — I read to-day in a book called 'Letters from Constantinople,' an account of how rich the Armenians in Turkey are. They seem like beggars in the streets, but when they enter their own houses, they appear like princes. An American gentleman at Constantinople wishing to see some jewels, sent for an Armenian to bring him some to see. The man appeared, looking more like a beggar than any thing else, but he produced twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of snuffboxes ornamented with diamonds, and said if the gentleman wished to see them, he could show him a million dollars' worth of such snuffboxes. I thought it strange that he should have been able to produce so many."

"17th November. — I read, in Harry and Lucy, a very curious account of the exactness of the Chinese. A lady wishing to match some beautiful china, which her husband had received from the East India Company, sent a plate to China to have some more made like it. In due time the plates arrived, and were unpacked; but every one looked as if it had a crack in it, and on examining the pattern, it was found that there was a crack

in the middle of it. I have also read somewhere, that a Chinese painter once was taking a likeness of a gentleman who happened to have a patch on the elbow of his coat. The painter very carefully put the patch in the picture."

CHAPTER II.

FIRST SCHOOL-DAYS — TESTIMONIAL FROM HER TEACHER — EARLIEST CORRESPONDENCE.

"Lo! on the mountain's brow,
One point of gleaming light!
And thither climbest thou,
With eye and spirit bright."

IN the winter of 1829, when Anne was in her sixth year, the public duties of Mr. Everett calling him to Washington, Mrs. Everett accompanied him. The family was thus broken up and it became necessary to place their little daughter at a boarding-school. The much-loved and attractive home of her grandfather, which she often visited, being then at Medford, she was intrusted to the care of a kind and intelligent lady in the same town, from whom she received the most devoted attention. The following testimonial is the first received by Anne at Medford, and may be worth preserving on that account: —

"MEDFORD, January 24, 1829.

"Mrs. S. is very happy in assuring Mr. and Mrs. Everett, that their little daughter is a cheerful, good little girl; — perfectly willing to conform to all the rules of the school, and very willing to attend to her lessons.

Mrs. S. thinks Miss Anne has improved, and sincerely hopes her papa and mamma will be satisfied with what she has done for her."

Anne wrote several letters to her parents during this winter, two of which are here given; but, as the principal matters of interest, in so juvenile a correspondent, are the writing and spelling, it may be well to premise, that the language and spelling of the originals are retained, and very seldom has any change been made, even in the punctuation.

"MEDFORD, January 24, 1829.

"MY DEAR PAPA, — I am very well and happy, but I shall be very glad to see you, mamma, and little sister Grace. I thank you, dear papa, for your pretty letters. I wish I could write you a letter with ink, but Mrs. S. thinks I cannot at present. Please give my love to mamma, little Grace, and R.

"I am your dear little ANNE."

The next letter she is permitted to write with ink, and it is very neatly done.

"MEDFORD, March 5, 1829.

"DY DEAR MAMMA, — I am very happy to hear you are coming home so soon; I want to see you very much. I thank you for your very kind letter, and wish I could write as well. I have been very happy this winter. I attend to writing, arithmetic, spelling, and geography. I have learned to knit, and am knitting *something* for papa. I shall be delighted to have a new doll, and should prefer one with blue eyes.

"Give my best love to papa and little Grace; and a

kiss for each. My love to R. Mrs. S. sends her respects to papa and you.

"I am your dear little ANNE."

Two of her letters in 1830, have previously been given; one more will show her progress in letter-writing, and a note from Mrs. S. accompanies it.

"MEDFORD, April 12, 1830.

"DEAR PAPA, — When I wrote to you I forgot to mention that I have been to see some beautiful and curious toys, that were brought from the Japan Isles, in the first ship that ever sailed from Salem to these Islands. There were some beautiful birds that looked very natural — a little white mouse, two dear little dogs, and a humming-bird's nest, which was very curious; a great variety of shells, and two Chinese shoes, that were too small for Grace; and Miss J., who has the toys, told me they were too large for a Chinese lady. C. came to see me the other day, and brought those very pretty letters, which you printed to her. I always *knew* you could write pretty letters, but I did not know my dear papa had a taste for drawing. I was very much amused with the little figures you had drawn, but the pig for a postscript, made me laugh very much indeed.

"Last Sabbath, Mr. B. dined at grandpapa's; he told mamma that he met you two years ago at Washington, and that you gave him a doll for his little daughter, which she has kept until now.

"Dear papa, I am very sorry you have not received my letter; mamma gave it to Miss F., who promised to carry it to you. I hope, before this time, you have received it.

"Mrs. S. sends her respects, with the love of, dear papa, Your affectionate daughter,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

[From Mrs. S., of the same date.]

"Hon. E. EVERETT:

"Sir, — I am happy in being able to say, that your little daughter is a very lovely, interesting little girl — is very gentle and amiable, and I think, has made considerable improvement this winter; she has an astonishing memory and understanding far above her years, and I assure you I shall regret parting with her, as I presume I must on your return. Our dear little Anne has had very good health this winter; but is now afflicted with a very heavy cold in the head which makes her rather uncomfortable, and is one reason for her writing being no better. I hope her next letter will show more improvement."

After leaving Medford, Anne passed the winter of 1831, very delightfully, as has been seen from a letter written by her at that time, with her aunt in Boston; attending school, and rejoicing in healthful play and exercise. In 1832 and 1833, she was again sent to Medford, to Mr. A.'s school. The only record available, of this period, is her correspondence with her father at Washington. A few of her letters are inserted to indicate her improvement.

"MEDFORD, February 13, 1833.

"MY DEAREST PAPA, — I received your letter of the 3d of February with great pleasure, and I now sit down to answer it. I am very glad to hear you are coming home so soon, for I want to see you very much, you have been gone so long.

"Grace and I are very much delighted with the little baby; but Eddy was, as you said you thought he would be, a little jealous of her, and he wanted to have her thrown in the pond. I remember that was what C. used to say when Grace was born. She would say, 'throw the dear little baby into the fire;' 'put the dear little baby under the table,' and yet all the time she called it 'dear;' but Eddy likes the baby very well now. I gave it a 'very gentle kiss' for you, as you asked me to. The little thing was very well on Monday morning, when we bid her good-by, to go down to Mr. A.'s. We have a very pleasant time here, and enjoy ourselves very much.

"Mrs. A. is teaching me to draw and paint, and to play on the piano; and when you come home, I hope that I shall be able to play you a tune, and show you a bunch of flowers of my own painting. C. has got on a good way in the French phrase-book, and she gets pretty long lessons in it. I am reading Telemachus at school, and I think it is very interesting.

"Do you ever see Mr. and Mrs. P. now? If you see Mrs. P. will you be so kind as to ask her to give C. a letter which I have written to her.

"We have had a good many snow-storms this last week, and when it stops snowing, in a little while it begins again. We have had a very great snow-storm this afternoon, and all the boys went out to coast on the snow. There has been very good coasting this week.

"I wish I was at Washington with you, for I do not like to have you go away from us for so long a time. I have not any more to tell you, and will therefore bid you good-by. Your affectionate daughter,

"ANNE."

The next fall the family removed to Boston, and Anne had the happiness of being again united to her parents, sisters, and brother. Nothing now seemed to disturb her enjoyment, but the absence of Mr. Everett during the sittings of congress at Washington. It is easy to see that it cost her affectionate heart a severe struggle to be resigned to these separations from her revered and tender father.

In the illnesses of her mamma, and the cares at all times necessarily devolving upon the mistress of a family, Anne was the deputed letter-writer. She wrote exceedingly well, and so enjoyed the office, and was so ambitious to fulfil its duties, that she often begged of her mamma the privilege of writing to her father in her stead. This, whilst attending school, and much engaged in study, so that letter writing must of course occupy her play hours. The letters which follow were written very soon after the removal to Boston: —

"Boston, 23d November, 1833.

"My dear Papa, — I received your letter of the 18th with much pleasure, and I read it to C. and Grace, who were also much pleased with it. To-day we said poetry, and last Saturday C. was put in my class. I got up to the head, and C. got up next to me. We are learning 'Gray's Elegy in a Country Churchyard,' and some parts of it I do not understand very well, but mamma generally explains my lessons to me. Last Saturday Miss D. read to us the history of Semiramis, Queen of Assyria, which C. wrote about for composition; but I continued the life of Lafayette. I have not got through with it yet, and I think it will take a long time to write it. Last Sunday C. and I went to Sabbath school; and our teacher reads to us parts of the

Bible and explains them and then asks us questions. I like to go very much.

"We have one more new scholar, and Miss D. expects some more when she gets into her new house. I hope that she will move soon, for she has been waiting a great while. We are nearly settled in our house, and as Thursday is Thanksgiving, we are making preparations for that. Aunt Ann and T. and F. are coming, and I think we shall have quite a merry time. Mamma and the children are very well, and so is grandpapa.

"Adieu, dear papa."

"Boston, December 10, 1833.

"Dear Papa, — I have not written to you for a long time, and I now write to tell you about the Institution for the Blind, which mamma, C., and I went to see on Saturday. When we first reached there, we went into a room where there was a man whose sight was beginning to return to him a little. He was making a mattrass, and Uncle E. who went with us, asked him if he could see his work; he said he could not; he could only distinguish light from darkness. Then we went into another room where there was a little boy who was learning arithmetic. He had little steel implements with figures on them, which, by turning them on different sides, indicate different numbers. This little boy did sums very fast, and he gave mamma one in decimals which she could not do. We then went into the next room, where there was a little girl who was reading in the New Testament. The book had raised letters, and by feeling them, she could read. She read aloud to us.

"Then Dr. Howe called a little girl to him, to question her on the map of the United States. He told her

to find Lake Michigan, and she passed her hand over the map, and told him where it was. He then asked her to bound several States, which she did by feeling. Dr. Howe told mamma that she felt the shapes of the different States, and by that means she knew. Afterwards, the same little girl, whose name was Abigail, sung very prettily. The little boy who had been learning arithmetic played on the piano. The little girl sung a great many very pretty songs, and I was much pleased with her. After this, we went down into a lower room where there were baskets and mats made by the blind children. Mamma bought Grace and E. a little basket, and C. also had one. I had a cradle. They were all made of straw. I wondered how the blind could make such things, when they could not see at all.

"I was much pleased with the letter I received from you, and I liked the piece of poetry that you inclosed in it very much. We have not received a Parley's Magazine for a long time; and you told me if it was not sent to us, to write to you and tell you.

Master E. desires me to send his love to you.

"Adieu, dear papa."

A few letters of different dates, received by Anne in reply to hers, are here inserted, as illustrating the formation and progress of her character: —

"In the House of Representatives,
11th of January, 1830.

"My dear little Daughter, — I have just received your letter of the 1st of January, and as I am very much gratified with it, I will not wait, even till I get to my lodgings, before I answer it. I am much obliged to

you for your kind New-Year's wish; and have no doubt that as far as my happiness can be promoted by the improvement and sweet manners of my little daughters, (as you very prettily express it,) I shall be made very happy. I have hitherto been highly gratified by the behavior of my little girls; and I have no doubt that they will continue to merit my approbation.

"In return for your kind wishes, I wish for you, my dear little daughter, the enjoyment of your health throughout the year, and success in the pursuit of your studies and other occupations at school; so that by the blessing of heaven on the great opportunities you enjoy, you may at the end of the year, be every thing which your parents and friends could wish.

"I am pleased with the progress you have made in writing, as shown in your letters to me. I do not expect you to take up much of your leisure time in writing to me; because I think it very necessary for the health and happiness of children, that they should have time enough, not merely for exercise, but for play. But whenever you can conveniently write, it will be very agreeable to me, and I will write to you immediately in reply.

"I am gratified at hearing that at the time of writing, you had had the medal for two days, although by missing a word you lost it. You need not be disturbed too much by losing the medal; because you are in the class with some very intelligent and studious young ladies. I remember, when I was a very little boy, that I was, for a long time, at the bottom of the spelling class, but by diligence and continued study, I got at last to have a very tolerable skill in spelling, which I have kept up to the present day, and find very useful.

I have no doubt that, in this respect, you will imitate my example.

" Farewell, my dearest daughter.

" Your affectionate father."

" New York, 18th November, 1833.

" My dear little Daughter, — I had great pleasure in receiving to-day your very pretty letter of the 15th. I was agreeably surprised to find, that you had found leisure enough, amidst the confusion of moving, to write me such a good letter. As there were no secrets in it, I took the liberty to show it to Aunt Fanny, who read it with great satisfaction, and bestowed high praise, both on the handwriting and the composition. I am very much pleased to find that you are well enough to go to school again. You must endeavor by increased diligence, to make up for the time you have lost. But though I wish you to do this, I would not have you over anxious about regaining your place, at or near the head of your classes. I certainly wish you to stand high in your class, because that is a proof that you are industrious, and are attentive to your studies. But if by sickness or bad weather, you have to stay at home and get down, you must not let that give you the slightest uneasiness. You must also be particularly careful, never to show any ill-humor when you get down, nor any triumph when you get up. Both are unamiable, and will make your school mates dislike you. But enough advice for the present.

" I am much obliged to you, my dear daughter, for writing to me; and I shall be glad to have you continue to do so, all winter, as often as you choose. You need not be afraid of troubling me. When I am able, I will answer you; and if I have not time, I will let you

know, in writing to mamma, that your letters have reached me. I hope Grace will be a very good girl this winter, and behave like a little lady, and set E. a good example. As he is more with her, than with his other sisters, he will be very apt to be influenced by her; and twenty years hence, Grace will be very much pleased to hear it said, 'it is no wonder that E. B. E. is such an amiable and obliging young gentleman; he learned to be kind and gentle, when he was a little boy, from his sister Grace.' Tell E. to be very particular, this winter, not to make much noise, and disturb his grandpapa. I should recommend him not to get his cord reins too long in mamma's chamber, and it is my opinion, that three luncheons a day, is as much as he ought to eat, between meals, for the present.

"Your affectionate father."

"WASHINGTON, 24th May, 1834.

"MY DEAR LITTLE DAUGHTERS, — It is several days since I heard from you, from which I suppose that all has been going on well with you; — otherwise some one would have written to me.

"We have had exceedingly warm weather for the last few days, equal to the warmest which we usually have in summer at home. If it is warm with you, I hope, my dear little children, that you will not play so violently, as to fatigue yourselves. Do not go into the hot sun by day, nor expose yourselves to the damp air of evening more than you can help.

"It is some time since Nanny and C. have sent me their weekly tickets. I shall be gratified to see them as usual; for there is perhaps nothing on earth I take so much interest in, as the education of my little children. I thought, Nanny, your last letter to mamma, which

was a very nice little letter, was not written quite so well as you generally write. The ink was very pale. I want you to take a good deal of pains with your writing.

"I see there has been an arrival of a vessel lately at Boston, which has brought a great many singular wild animals; — among them several gnus and quaggas. I have heard of the gnu before, but such a thing as a quagga, I never heard of. If it was a quakka, I should suppose it was a duck. When I get home, if the animals are not gone, I will take you to see them.

"I send Anne a couple of pieces of poetry for her scrap-book. She can read them to the other children, as she must this letter.

"Mamma is very well and sends her love to all of you as I do mine. Pray my little darlings, be obedient to R., obliging to each other, — and whenever you are tempted to do wrong, (which I am sure you very seldom are,) reflect what papa and mamma would say if they knew it. Your truly affectionate father."

The "weekly certificates," to which Mr. Everett refers in this letter, were received by Anne while at the Misses D.'s school in Boston, which she attended a year, when between ten and eleven years of age. The encomiums of these certificates, a few of which are given below, were, truly, for so young a pupil, a high honor: —

"1. Miss Anne has not only the ability, but the disposition to be studious."

"2. Maintains a rank which does honor to her years."

"3. A most obedient and industrious pupil."

"4. Always studious and brilliant in recitation."

"5. Unwearied in her exertions to excel."

"6. In Miss Anne we see talent and application closely united."

"7. Faithful in every thing."

"8. One in whom we have great pride and pleasure."

"9. A prize has been awarded to Miss Anne this week, the highest *honor* conferred in this Seminary."

When about to leave the school the closing remark, on her certificate, was,

" We part with such a pupil with regret!"

CHAPTER III.

HER JOURNAL — SCHOOL-DAYS AND HOME IN CHARLESTOWN — FRIENDSHIP FORMED — INDUSTRY — VISIT TO MEDFORD AND LOWELL — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"The hours are viewless angels,
That still go gliding by,
And bear each minute's record up
To Him who sits on high."

THE figure of a Book in heaven, in which are written the actions of mortals on earth, associates with the journal of a departed friend a sacred interest which pertains to no other form of composition. Do the heavenly and earthly registers agree? is the thought often rising in the heart, as the eye follows, page after page, the daily record. That Anne's journal is truthful, her character renders unquestionable, whilst the principles upon which she conducted it, leave its pages unsullied by folly or wrong. "When she began to keep a journal," says one, whose words she always delighted to honor, "I advised her against two things — one was a detailed record of her own feelings and thoughts, and the other the admission of anecdotes or reflections which were injurious to others. I told her a compliance with my advice on the last point would render her journal far less *piquant*, but that in my opinion justice and charity

to others required it." To this advice she conscientiously adhered; perhaps, in respect to the first clause, even more reverently than her father anticipated. True, it would be a gratification now, to know more of her personal feelings, and yet, generally, such knowledge is far from being profitable. Mere feeling is frequently so dependent upon the physical state, that when it seems to soar to a lofty height, so soon "the clay will sink the thoughts immortal," that the detailed relation becomes worthless; for we know not whether the source from whence it sprung was heavenly or earthly.

Her faithful observance of the second rule given her, now forms one of the greatest excellences of her journal; its pages being as pure from the taint of gossip, as before a stroke of her recording pen had touched them. Once or twice when abroad, in noticing customs different from our own, she has ventured on criticism; and sometimes with censure; but the names of individuals are never given.

From the commencement of her journal, the 25th of November, 1834, when she was eleven years of age, Anne has left a continuous record of her life up to a very few weeks previous to her death. After the 1st of April, 1835, there is seldom the loss of a day. Those who have ever attempted to keep a journal will be able to appreciate the perseverance, energy, and method involved in this single habit, especially at so early a period of life. The reader is not, therefore, invited to trust the partial memory of an admiring friend; but for every assertion, Anne's journal is the proof. Every extract made from it is given in her own language, and rarely is even a comma added. Had she foreseen from its commencement, the use now made of it, its uniform correctness could hardly have been exceeded, whilst

every page reveals unmistakably, in the simplicity of many of the incidents recorded, that it was an every-day record, kept for herself alone, and not for others.

Her home was at this time in Charlestown. As is usual with girls of eleven years, she had here her circle of favorites; and among them one, who won from her the special appellation of *her friend.* Knowing how much Anne regulated her conduct by principle, a passage in her journal warrants the belief, that she formed this first and only friendship, from conscientious motives. Great susceptibility with great firmness was an extraordinary combination in her character — the one enabled her to receive the slightest impressions, and to adopt advice with uncommon readiness, whilst the other made her steadfast to adhere to every good purpose.

"March 1, 1835. — Mr. O. made the address at Sunday school to-day. He said it was our duty to form some friendship with another person, and that both we, and the person with whom we formed the friendship, would be better for it, for that we should mutually do each other good. He said that he had read a story, which showed how much good was done by following this principle. In the schools in Switzerland, when a new scholar comes to any school, the mistress introduces her to the scholars, and asks, 'who will be a friend to her?' Perhaps about a dozen of the scholars will say, 'I will.' The little girl is intrusted to the best of these scholars, who, in trying to do the young scholar good, becomes better herself, and also loves the little girl better than if she did her no good. Mr. O. said, also, that if we did not have a good friend to show us a good example, we should follow the bad example of a great many persons."

However this may have been, her friendship neverthe-

less, possessed the warmth of a spontaneous emotion; and was, from this early age, and through many changes of home and country, a faithfully cherished affection, strong and unimpaired to the last.

Among the first papers she ever addressed to her friend, is found this fond effusion; simple in rhyme, but powerful in feeling: —

"Forget thee, no!
Forget thee, never!
Till yon bright sun
Has set forever!"

One other, sadly prophetic, may be admitted here. It is a letter to her friend when twelve years of age, with this direction upon the outside: "Not to be opened till your eighteenth birthday." The letter was opened at the appointed time, and contained an autumn leaf, with the following words: —

"And now, to-day, you are eighteen years old, and so you open this; — and in it see a leaf — gathered for thee in times far gone — shaded with tints of autumn. It was plucked when falling leaves announce that winter's nigh. Oh! let it be to thee a memorial of those times gone, and never to return!"

Now again as it is unfolded, the same parched and crumbling leaf falls from it, and the same words are even tearfully read.

At the time she commenced her journal Anne was attending Mrs. D.'s school in Charlestown. She had previously attended a small select school kept by two ladies in Charlestown for many years. Here she was taught the skilful use of her needle, and in her eleventh year she speaks of making button-holes for pillow-cases, stitching wristbands and collars for her papa, and hem-

stitching ruffles, which show her progress in this important female accomplishment. Under these instructresses she received also a beneficial and happy religious influence. Seldom have teachers succeeded in drawing to themselves and their school more genuine love from their pupils, than the Misses K.; and there are now many mothers and their children likewise, who have enjoyed instruction under their delightful tuition, who could "rise up and call them blessed." Anne, when abroad, remembered with a lively interest, her school-days under their charge, and made affectionate inquiries for their welfare. She was not taught the languages at this school, but she still continued her Latin and French at home, under the tuition of her father.

Some rules written by her about this time, apparently intended simply as a general plan for the day's employment, will show how her day was occupied.

"RULES.

"I rise at five in the morning and employ half an hour in dressing myself and reading the Bible.

"If the morning is pleasant, I take a walk with papa, and return home between six and half past six, when we take breakfast.

"If the weather is not pleasant, I take the time before breakfast to learn my lessons for school, or if I have none, in preparing my French for papa.

"From seven to eight I learn Latin, and after I have done my Latin I read French to papa.

"After I have read French, I either work or walk in the garden, until about a quarter before nine, when I go to school.

"I return from school about half past twelve when I

write in my journal, and I then have the time until two, to work, read, or do what I choose.

"At two I eat dinner.

"At three school begins, and keeps till about half past five, and from then until tea-time I rest myself, as I get tired at school.

"After tea, before dark, I read my Italian to papa.

"In the evening I sew or read, till half past eight, when I say my prayers and go to bed.

"If I have time at noon, I read my Italian then, and if time before breakfast I read my French then."

The resoluteness with which she kept these rules is wonderful.

In 1834, when she became a pupil of Mrs. D., she studied Latin and French at school, and at that time began Italian under her father's instruction. Of this language she became very fond. A few extracts from her journal will show the rapidity with which she learned it: —

"17th March, 1835. — Papa sent over to Boston to-day for an Italian grammar for me. He is going to teach me Italian."

"18th. — I like to learn Italian as well as I thought I should, though I have learnt but very little of my new grammar. Papa says that when I shall have learnt Italian well, he will teach me German, but I suppose it will be some years before that."

"23d. — It is quite clear and pleasant to-day, and I went to-day to take my drawing lesson, and have almost finished the picture I have been drawing, which is a cock, a cat, and a mouse. It is rather hard to give animals a good expression, but I succeeded very well in this. I have already got to the verbs in my Italian

grammar, and papa says when I have finished the verbs, he shall put me into reading, which I think I shall like very much."

"31. — I have finished the Italian grammar, and am now translating several easy sentences at the end of a grammar of papa's. I like it very much, and papa says I shall learn it more easily than I did French, because there are a great many words in it which are very much like French and Latin."

In August she mentions the absence of her father and regrets that she cannot say her Italian; "however," she adds, "as he is only to be absent five days, I do not think I shall lose much." Such was her interest in the languages; and at twelve years we find her reading Corinne in French, Cæsar in Latin, and Tasso in Italian. When she was fifteen she began the study of the German.

The number and succession of her employments show that she understood the beauty and healthful impulse of variety. In reading her journal the number of her employments is striking; whilst one feels, that nothing but her order, ruling all, enabled her to accomplish so much. Beside the hours given to her daily studies, sewing, play, and walking, she found time to make a scrap-book and to keep a *hortus siccus;* she attended also the weekly meetings of the lyceum; and yet she found much time for general reading, so that as nearly as can be estimated from the books she names in her journal, she read in the course of a year about fifty-six volumes; most of them standard works of biography and history; such as Scott's works, Irving's, and Miss Edgeworth's. She was also very fond of gardening, and in the spring and summer her journal is frequently occupied with accounts of the growth and

prospects of her plants and flowers. Domestic employments, too, shared her attention. "Ironing a little," — "going into the kitchen to make custards," — "dusting," etc., she does not consider beneath notice in her journal; and it is hoped that her uniform practice of *making her own bed*, will commend itself to the imitation of those young readers, who eschew all household duties as derogatory to the dignity of ladies.

But we must allow a few extracts from her journal to speak for themselves: —

"17th July, 1835. — I rose this morning at five o'clock, and after dressing myself and making my bed, I went down and pursued my usual occupations till breakfast. After breakfast, I said my Latin, and when I had finished it, papa was pruning his grape-vine and could not hear me read French, so I read to mamma. When papa had finished training his grape-vine, I read my French to him and then went to school. I came home about half past twelve, and played shop with the children, and sewed on my patchwork till dinner-time. Before I went to school in the afternoon, I went to Miss C.'s, and bought some beads. In the afternoon I fixed the frame to do the bead work on. After I came home I took part of a sponge-cake, and then read my Italian to papa. I have nearly got through the first Canto of Jerusalem Delivered. I forgot to mention that I had a very good game of ball at school in recess."

"28th. — Rose this morning at a few minutes past five, and after having dressed myself and made my bed, I went down stairs and read in the Bible, and then learnt my Latin grammar, and read French to myself, and then papa came down from his dressing-room, and I had just time to read one page of French to him before breakfast was ready. After breakfast I went out,

watered my garden and then came in, said my Latin and French, and then went into mamma's chamber and hemmed on a ruffle till school-time. I came home from school at half past twelve, and learned and said my Italian, then sewed on my patchwork till nearly dinner-time, when I went out and gathered a few raspberries and flowers and then came in to make a book to put dried flowers in, at which employment I continued till dinner-time. After dinner I went to Miss B.'s and bought a little locket, which I gave to P. C., and I then went to school. I came home from school a little after half past five, and came up stairs and played with the baby a little while, and then wrote in my journal.

"1st August. — Last night after I had written my journal, I sewed a little while, and then came into the study and read till tea was ready. After tea I said some poetry to papa, and in the evening I sewed, and pressed a passion-flower to put in my *hortus siccus*, and then went to bed.

"I rose this morning at half past five and dressed myself, made my bed, and then came down, read the Bible, learnt my Latin, and had read about a page of French to myself when breakfast was ready. After breakfast I said my Latin and read French to papa, and then went into mamma's room, and sewed on my patchwork, till about nine o'clock, when I went down to my garden, and fixed some twine for my beans to run upon. I then picked a few raspberries, and then came into the house and held the baby, and then came up stairs and learnt my Sunday school lesson and Latin. I then went into mamma's room, sewed a little while, and then dressed myself and continued sewing till about half past one, when I took 'Frank' and read till dinner-time. After dinner I read a little while, and then went into papa's

study and learnt my Italian, and had just said it, when P. C. came for me to go into the bath. I did not stay long as the water was coming in, and was very high. When I came home I wrote a little in the 'Fly-Trap,' and then went up stairs, spoke to baby, and brought him down for mamma to see. I then began to write my journal, but I had not written far, when mamma sent for me to read to her. I read till a little past six, and then continued my journal till I was called to tea. We had whortleberries for tea, the first I had eaten this season. After tea, I finished my journal. I sewed in the evening till about quarter past eight, and then went to bed." This day was Saturday, which was a holiday at school.

About this time she began to take lessons in drawing, for which she developed a decided talent; and in this as in every thing else which she undertook, it is interesting to watch her desire to improve. She notes her progress in her journal, and says, when beginning a difficult picture: "Mrs. G. says I can do it if I try, and she very often tells me I can do any thing if I try." She continued to make steady advance in the art, until her residence in Italy, where her progress became more rapid, under an Italian master. There, in her Florentine home, some of her happiest hours were passed in her own fascinating *studio*. She had less taste for music, and it was not thought best to add it as a task to those studies for which she had naturally a keener relish. That she enjoyed and appreciated the beauty of sweet sounds, however, is apparent from her letters, written after hearing the celebrated Italian singer Moriani. "Florence, 7th April, 1841," she wrote to a friend, "I wish you were here to enjoy it, as you love music so much. The name of the tenor is Moriani,

and with perhaps one exception, (Rubini,) he is the first tenor in the world. His singing is perfectly divine; it has put C. and me in ecstacies and not us alone, but all Florence is, as one may say, at his feet. Such sweetness, such softness, I never heard, and I am sure I could listen to him for ever. There is such a breathless stillness in the Opera-house when he is singing, and then such bursts of applause, and 'Bravo, benissimo, Moriani!' The night of his benefit bouquets were showered upon him, and he was called upon the stage five times to receive applause. In the streets you see, written on the walls, 'Viva Moriani! Angelico Moriani! Principe dei Tenori!' and in truth he deserves it all. If I ever hear that exquisite voice again, I shall think myself too happy!" Again she says: "Moriani sung again, and though his voice was a little hoarse, owing to a cold, yet he sang so sweetly, so softly, so beautifully, it was delightful to hear him."

Her devotion to study was interrupted occasionally by visits from home. At Medford, especially, she enjoyed the pleasures of the country, and the society of her beloved grandpapa. Her only drawback from full enjoyment, was losing her place in her classes. The day before a visit to Lowell, September 4, 1835, she writes thus: "I rose this morning at six o'clock, and dressed myself, and then went down stairs into the study, and read my chapter in the Testament. I have now got to the middle of St. Luke. I then took my Cæsar and began to study my Latin. When I knew that, I took Corinne, and began to read French, but I had only read a page, when we were called to breakfast. After breakfast, I said my Latin and French to papa, held baby a little while, and then went down to my garden, and gathered some of the seeds of my balsam-

ines, which were ripe. Then came up and put on my dress for school. About a quarter before nine I went to school. I am at the head of almost all my classes, and if I stay a week at Lowell, I shall lose my places in all of them. But, as papa says, I shall have the pleasure of getting up again."

In this excursion to Lowell her journal as usual was her fellow-traveller, and she has given in it several very well-written descriptions of the factories which she visited. After her return home on the 14th, she wrote: "I have already, since I returned to school, got up in several of my classes. I have got up two in history, and one in spelling, and also some in other classes. This afternoon some of the girls were absent, and I got up in some of my classes; but I do not like so well to get up by the absence of another, as I am always very sorry myself to be absent, and lose my place."

A few weeks later, she writes: "I am now at the head of three classes in school, though before I went to Lowell, I was at the head of seven classes, and got down by my absence."

An equal ambition that her friend should excel, led her to propose to her that they should try to keep together in all their classes. Indeed, she manifested the same amiable interest for the good of the whole class of which she was a member; and by her suggestion the girls of the first class named the row in which they sat, "The Orderly Row." "I have made some rules for it," she says, "which we shall observe, if the others like them." The following is a copy of the

RULES OF ORDERLY ROW.

"1. No young lady, belonging to Orderly Row, must speak without permission.

"2. No young lady, belonging to Orderly Row, must leave her seat without permission.

"3. No young lady, belonging to Orderly Row, must eat in school.

"4. No young lady, belonging to Orderly Row, must laugh loud in school.

"5. No young lady, belonging to Orderly Row, must be idle in school.

"6. All the young ladies, belonging to Orderly Row, must be attentive in their recitations.

"7. All the young ladies, belonging to Orderly Row, must take their seats, both before school, and after recess, at the ringing of the bell."

As one proof of her scholarship at this school, it may be said that she invariably received from her teacher, the highest "Certificate, No. 1."

Of course, indisposition sometimes detained her from school, but she writes: "I never stay at home for a cold." Her uncommon punctuality in attendance, and her proficiency in her studies, as well as her amiable deportment, greatly endeared her to her teachers; and Anne seems to have been entirely ready to reciprocate their affectionate regard. She originated a proposal for a Fair, to be held on Christmas day, by the whole school, for raising money to buy Mrs. D. a New-Year's present.

The proposal was agreed to with unanimity, and the articles made and contributed with zeal and industry. The fair was held at Mr. Everett's house, and the result was the purchase of a handsome writing-desk for Mrs. D. Anne was appointed to write the note accompanying it, and it is copied in her journal; but as she honestly says, that she was assisted by her papa, it will not be inserted here.

November 17, 1835, she writes: "It is a year to-day exactly, since C. and I began to go to Mrs. D.'s school. I like it better than any school I have been to for some time." The returning 17th November, found her still at the same school, but at this time with the immediate prospect of leaving it; for on the 21st she writes: "We are not going to town," (meaning Boston,) "to school as I thought we should, but we are to have a private teacher at home, whose name is M. de M. He is to teach us French, Italian, and Latin, and came first this morning."

CHAPTER IV.

PRIVATE TEACHER — REMOVAL TO BOSTON — SUMMER RESIDENCE AT WATERTOWN — JOURNAL AND CORRESPONDENCE.

"With the love of a holier world than this,
Her innocent heart seemed warm;
While the glad young spirit looked out with bliss
From its shrine in her sylph-like form."

GREATLY as Anne delighted in competition with her school mates, it proved not to be a necessary stimulant to her studiousness or industry. During the year in which she was instructed at home by a private teacher, her ardor in her studies seemed unabated, whilst, in some respects, her progress was more rapid, particularly in matureness of manners and character. Several times she expresses her decided preference for this mode of instruction; giving, as her principal reason, that there are fewer interruptions to study; remarking, "you are often compelled, in rainy weather, to be absent from school, and that is not very agreeable." Her lessons were never neglected or deferred for other engagements, because freed from school regulations, and her daily record commences with these or similar expressions: "After our lessons were over for to-day;" "we said our lessons as usual;" or, "after our lessons were finished."

In the latter part of April, 1837, her parents removed from Charlestown to Boston; and her journal shows that even the days appropriated to the confusion of moving, afforded her no apology for idleness; she voluntarily studied as usual, although her teacher did not come, and even "found a little time," she writes, "to sew this morning, while they were packing the baggage carts and trucks with furniture; but not much, as we were all very busy."

No rhapsody of feeling was indulged on leaving her beloved home in Charlestown. From her journal no one would perceive that it excited an emotion of pleasure or regret; but, "stillest streams oft water purest meadows, and the bird that flutters least, is longest on the wing." Two years afterwards she wrote from Boston, in a letter to her friend: "How do things go on in Charlestown? I think I should like to be there again. I am very happy here, but with Charlestown are connected all the associations of my childhood, and so I cannot help thinking of it, you know." Again, several years later, writing of the same scenes, her words are: "I am thinking of them all the time;" and still later, in a foreign land, when her thoughts reverted to her country, it was her home in Charlestown, which kindled her warmest affections. Who, indeed, does not see a halo of witching loveliness circling the mind's earliest recollections of the past? Just as far back as memory can reach, often seems the brightest spot in our lives. The dim, curtained light, which beautifies every object, because it conceals every defect, is not more soothing to the senses than are those far-off memories to the feelings. Around the enchanted ground the heart lingers, and still loves to linger; for in

remembrance it is "a morning without clouds." Thus memory seems kindly permitted to gild the past, as hope illumes the future, lest the realities of life's rough present, should be too great for the heart to bear.

Although Anne was in her fifteenth year when her parents removed to Boston, yet we see in her no impatience to overstep the boundaries of childhood; a lovely simplicity marked her character and conduct. She habitually retired at nine and rose at her usual early hour, diligently attending to her lessons, sewing, drawing, and reading; her chief recreation consisting in a daily walk around the Common with her father, whose companionship she so highly prized, whose absence from home she always deplored, and whose return she hailed with delight. Once about this time, she says: "Papa returned this morning, and we were all so glad to see him; *I was almost wild with joy.*"

Thus quietly at home, without any participation in the dissipations of city life, she passed the spring and summer of 1837. It is not possible to do full justice at this time, to her journal, which is remarkable for the good-sense and right views it evinces, and for the unceasing industry it exhibits, rather than for any thing it contains especially brilliant or striking. A few extracts only will be given. In the winter of 1837, she again attended school.

"6th September. — We began to go this morning to Mr. and Mrs. U.'s school in Otis Place. There were a good many scholars there, but I only knew one or two of them. When we came home at half past one, I sewed till the dinner bell rang. In the afternoon, I learnt an Italian lesson to say to papa to-morrow. I then sewed till a little after five, when we went out to

walk with papa. We returned a little after six and soon had tea. In the evening I worked till nine, and then went up stairs."

"7th. — After school to-day, when I came home I felt quite tired, but I took my work and sewed with some little intermission till dinner was ready. After dinner I had to study my Latin lesson for school to-morrow, and after that to translate some English into French, which quite tired me out. I took a walk, however, with papa, which rested me. When I came home I learnt my Latin grammar and said it to papa. In the evening I sewed and wrote a little, and then read till nine."

"29th. — I went to school to-day as usual. I get on very well now at school. To be sure, we have pretty long lessons, but they are not very difficult. We have composition to write every other week, and for the next time the subject is to be about the Mechanic's Fair, which will be quite easy, I think. We have to speak French too, or have a bad mark. It came a little hard at first, but it is pretty easy, now. I think I like the school quite well now, and I like to go to school very well, after being so long at home."

She seems only to be perplexed at the frequent holidays, and early dismissions of the school; it is very plain, however, that she made these no excuse for indolence or pleasure seeking.

"12th September. — In the morning I went to school as usual, and we returned home rather earlier than common, and the reason that was given, was because to-day was muster day, which I thought rather a strange reason." Again she says: "School let out earlier to-day than usual, for what reason I know not, though it often does so."

"9th October. — School did not keep this morning, so I had time at home to do a good many things. I sewed a good deal, and also learned a lesson in Italian to say to papa, which I have not done for some time before. In the afternoon I learnt my lesson in Botany, and then took a long walk with papa. When I came home, I ironed till it was quite dark, and then wrote and studied till tea was ready. In the evening I read and sewed till the bell rang nine, and soon after went to bed.

"10th. — School kept till recess to-day, but when we came home to recess we did not go back again. I learnt an Italian lesson, and then ciphered till two o'clock, when I sewed till dinner-time. In the afternoon, I learnt a French lesson, and then went to walk with papa."

These brief extracts have been selected as affording a good idea of her conscientious employment of time. Her tasks in holidays, of course, being self-appointed; — indeed, at all times, her untiring diligence and exertion were voluntarily chosen by herself, and never urged upon her.

"November 20, 1837. — This evening, some more Indians, who have lately arrived in the city, came to our house about five o'clock. They were really formidable looking creatures, and were hideously painted with green and red. They seemed also to be in full dress, having many feathers on them. When they entered the room they went all round, shaking hands with every one, and I shook hands with at least a dozen I should think. When cake and fruit were offered to them, they took it, but they would not drink wine, though they appeared very eager for water. When the interpreter told them papa was going to give them some medals,

they all made their peculiar noise, and rushed forward to get them. One of them being pleased with C.'s hair beckoned her to him and braided it, which he did very well. One of them also lighted his pipe by the fire and smoked it. At last, when they were going away, they again went round shaking hands, and they also spoke a very little English. One of them hugged grandpapa, which looked very funny."

Her journal at this period continues to disclose the same susceptibility for religious impressions, which she had manifested almost from infancy. In 1838, after hearing a Fast-Day sermon, she wrote: "Mr. L. preached from the beautiful parable of the Prodigal Son, which is so true a picture of human life, and so full of promises to the penitent. I felt that it was just what I needed; for I wish to repent of my many faults and to lead a religious life; and the mercy of God, as shown in the parable of the Prodigal Son, affords great comfort to me."

The first of May, 1838, she again left school preparatory to her residence in the country; she says, however, "now that I have left school I study a lesson every day, and say it to papa. I have nearly finished Tasso, and get along very well with Virgil." The middle of May found her at her new home in Watertown. Here she was very happy, luxuriating in her favorite rural pleasures; and the beautiful country-seat occupied by the family at Watertown particularly charmed her. One little spot she chose for her garden; and soon, to use her own words, "formed grand schemes for cultivating it." Driving and riding, and rambles in the fields and groves, made up her health-giving recreations, whilst she pursued unremittingly her various studies, and also extensively increased her usual amount of reading.

Two or three extracts from her journal, with a few letters to her friend, with whom she had continued a correspondence after leaving Charlestown, will give an idea of her uneventful but happy summer in the country.

"25th May. — I played out of doors for a little while this morning, looking at the rabbit, horse, etc., and then papa swung me a little; after which we went into the house, and went to work. About ten I got ready to go and say some lessons to papa, and it took me about an hour. A little before twelve M. and C. came, but they had not been here long, when it began to rain, and they were obliged to go home. I then took my books, and read till dinner-time. In the afternoon it was cold and damp, so I did not go out doors, but passed my time in reading and sewing. I also did a few sums in arithmetic. In the evening my eyes ached so much that I could only use them a very little, and I went to bed early."

"8th June. — I went out this morning and performed my usual work; weeding a part of the flower border. When it grew warm, I came in, and read and sewed till a little after ten, when I dressed myself, and then read for some time, and said my lessons to papa. After dinner I finished a book I have been reading, and then C. and I went to walk. We walked about three miles; when we came home we were much fatigued. We soon had tea, and after tea, I read and wrote till bedtime."

"3d October. — I took a ride with papa, and we went to a very pretty part of the country, where I had never been before on horseback. I had a very pleasant ride and returned a little after tea. I then learnt my Virgil, and after engaging in a few domestic avocations, dressed myself."

Notes from her reading appear, also, from time to time.

"7th July. — I read lately in a very good book about a tree in South America, called the Palo de Vaca, which gives a great supply of milk. It is not bitter, but very rich and thicker than that of cows. When mixed with coffee, it cannot be distinguished from any other milk. It flows most copiously at sunrise, when the people who live near it, take bowls to it and milk it. Humboldt, who saw it in Venezuela, describes it as a handsome tree, similar to the broad-leaved star-apple. When incisions are made in the trunk, a glutinous milk, of a sweet and balmy smell, issues from the tree. I also read of a tree in Guayaquil, which produces fine wool; of one which in China produces very good tallow. But I think one of the most curious trees I have read of, is the Tillandsia of Buenos Ayres, which gives on incision a quantity of pure water. The leaves and stems of the plant resemble a lily, and the leaves spring from the root. The water is so good that the woodmen of the forests never take any with them, but perforate the plant near the root, and the water issues clear as crystal. The fullest plant yields about two quarts of water. What a bountiful provision of Divine Providence is this!"

[To her friend, then at Andover.]

"Watertown, 10th June, 1838.

"We have now been at our country-house for several weeks, and I like being here very much. Our house, like yours, is built on a hill, and has a very pretty entrance, with a white gate, and is shaded with many trees. We have some horse-chestnut trees, which

looked very prettily in blossom. But the trees which we have the greatest abundance of are cherry-trees, of which I have numbered thirty, and they seem to be pretty well filled with cherries. Now is it not rather strange? I told papa that I should like to call this place 'Cherry Grove,' because we have so many cherries, and your calling one of the names of your place 'Cherry,' seems quite a coincidence. We have also a great many apple-trees, which have lately been in fine bloom, but the blossoms are now mostly gone. We have a very pretty grove, with a great many oak trees in and about it, from which we get acorns for our pigs, who love them very much. There are a great many wild flowers in the grove, and I should like to have you here to gather them with me. We have a fine meadow with a clear spring of water in it, and a good many strawberry vines; but as they are rather apt to be trampled on, I am afraid we shall not have much fruit from them; but we have also some vines in the garden.

"We do not go to school here, but we recite our lessons to papa, and I draw occasionally. Do you intend to take lessons in drawing this summer?

"We generally work in our gardens for about an hour after breakfast, and employ ourselves in weeding, cleaning the walk between our two gardens, etc.

"I wish you were here to stay with me, for I think you would find this a very pleasant place. We see very few people, except when our friends drive out to see us. But there is a gentleman who lives about a quarter of a mile from us, who has two daughters, the eldest of whom is about two years younger than I am, and we play with each other, and ramble about together. On the first of June, we went down to our

grove to gather flowers, as we did not go a Maying. We got some pretty flowers, and some little oak trees to set in our gardens.

"Do you remember the box of paints papa gave me on my last birthday? I brought it out with me here, and have begun to paint a heart's-ease from nature. I am afraid I shall not succeed very well, but I have never painted from nature before, and I hope I shall improve. I hope that you will learn to paint, as I think you will find it a pleasant occupation."

[To the same.]

"WATERTOWN, 26th August, 1838.

"I still enjoy being here very much. We have for some time past taken to riding on horseback. We have two nice saddle-horses, and sometimes, when more than two wish to ride, we use a carriage-horse; but her trot is rather hard. There are a great many pleasant rides round about here, and Charlotte and I take turns in riding with papa. I have got to like it very much, though I was a little afraid at first. I believe what first made me wish to ride, was hearing you say you had ridden at Andover and liked it.

"I have lately begun to make a new kind of scrap-book, which papa told me about, and which I think will be very pretty when it is done. I take a sheet of large cartridge-paper, fold it up into quarters, and then paste pieces on it; and when one sheet is full I take another, and so on, till I have a great many, and then they will be bound up into a book. I have a long piece about the coronation of Queen Victoria, which I think you would like to read. I take great pleasure in my scrap-book, and I think you would like to make one."

[To the same.]

"WATERTOWN, 10th September, 1838.

"You wanted to know what I thought about your contest, whether you should rather see the queen or her crown. I think it is quite a difficult question, but I do n't know but I had rather see her little Majesty than a great many crowns. Yet I should like to see the crown too, it is so rich and splendid. I saw it stated in the paper that the value of the jewels contained in the crown was one hundred and eleven thousand pounds. What a sum! But I think it would be well if we could see both her Majesty and her crown. Indeed, if we saw one we should probably see the other; for though she does not wear it every day, yet I should take great care to see her on a public occasion, when she had her crown on.

"I began to think I should never go to Charlestown, but mamma has just told me that she means to go very soon, and then I shall certainly see you. When we go into town, I suppose we shall go to school; then if you go too, it would seem like old times to be school mates once more. Is not this a bright vision? I hope that it will not be dispelled, but that after having been so long separated, we may meet together once more. I suppose that owing to your eyes you have not studied any Latin or Italian lately. Shall you begin to study them again when you go to school? I think that the more you learn of them the more you will like them, and, therefore, I would advise you to learn them, and pray write me an account of your progress, if I do not see you, for I shall always take an interest in whatever concerns you."

CHAPTER V.

RETURN TO BOSTON — SECOND SUMMER AT WATERTOWN — MR. E'S SCHOOL IN BOSTON — EUROPEAN TOUR IN PROSPECT.

"But now, alas! the place seems changed;
Thou art no longer here;
Part of the sunshine of the scene
With thee did disappear."

THE bright, warm season passed away, and amid the leave-takings of birds and flowers, the family returned for the winter to Boston, and Anne, who had enjoyed the beauty of the flowers and the song of warbling birds with an innocence and joyousness like to theirs, was again in the city. Of her last day in the country this year, she has briefly written: —

"23d October, 1838. — It was a most delightful day to-day, and C. and I both went to ride with papa. It was my last ride this season, and I enjoyed it very much. We went through a most beautiful part of the country. When we came home I read aloud to mamma, and then to myself till dinner was ready. In the afternoon I read, sewed, and studied. In the evening we all took turns reading aloud till nearly nine o'clock."

That she had made steady progress in her studies during the summer appears from one of her first records after her return to Boston. "We went on with our

lessons to-day, and I began to learn German. I can hardly tell whether I shall like it yet, for it looks rather hard, but I think I shall. We say about the same lessons now as last summer to papa, and have added geography and history. I learn Dante now in Italian, and have about half finished 'L'Inferno,' the first part of the poem. I also read Virgil, which I have three fourths finished." Here she refers to her again studying at home. She was favored this winter with a lovely and accomplished teacher, endeared to her also by ties of relationship, under whose care she made rapid improvement, allowing nothing to interrupt her systematic study. The same features of her journal are retained which render it throughout remarkable, namely, the habitual industry and order of her life, and the child-like artlessness and purity of her character. Early in May her wish to be in the country was once more gratified, and a few letters to her friend will show with what animation she again partook of its serene pleasures.

[Letter to P. C.]

"WATERTOWN, 23d May, 1839.

"We have now been here a little more than a week, but we have not yet enjoyed ourselves as much as we should, if it had been a little warmer. Just as I had written the word 'warmer,' I received your letter.

"I am very sorry I cannot go to school with you. I shall go to school to Mr. E. next winter, if there is a place for me. As to Geology and Physiology, I can hardly tell whether I should like them. I have always had a sort of reverence for Geology, though I know nothing about it.

I am sorry you missed your enjoyment on May-day.

We were in Boston then, and a dull day it was to us. There were, I believe, a hundred people engaged to go by the Worcester Railroad to breakfast at Brighton, and to return early, and almost every saddle-horse in town was engaged; but the weather disappointed every thing, and only four boys went up to Brighton. Apropos of saddle-horses, I took a ride on our pony the other day, and found him very well behaved till, just as we were coming to our own gate, something frightened him, and he galloped up the avenue with me, and nearly got the saddle off, but I was extricated without difficulty.

"All our flowers were sent during the winter to Gen. L.'s greenhouse, a little above here, and my geraniums among others; and when we sent for them the other day, my ivy geranium was found to be dead, for which I was extremely sorry.

"We say our lessons here to papa, just as we did last summer, and I draw occasionally. I do not work much in my garden, as I do not like to weed it till the seeds have come up, for fear I should disturb them. Last year we had a great many apples, twenty barrels, but this year is not the bearing year, and a great many of our trees have no blossoms. But as some of the trees are full, I suppose we shall have a few barrels of apples. Our grove looks beautifully now, and has a great many wild flowers in it which we often go down to gather. The way to the grove lies through a very pretty meadow where there are a great many wild strawberry plants."

[To the same.]

"WATERTOWN, 20th June, 1839.

"I should have liked very much to hear Master St. Luke's performance, but though he was in Boston some

time, I somehow never went. Perhaps if I had known the little boy looked like my favorite Oliver Twist, I might have gone. I get on very well with my studies now; just as well, indeed, as if I went to school. I am learning German, and though I found it very hard at first, yet now I like it very much. I am reading a very pretty little book by Göthe, called 'Hermann and Dorothea.' I hope you study Italian now, for it is, I think, the most beautiful of all the foreign languages, that I have ever studied; and when you know more of it, and read Dante and Tasso, you will take still greater pleasure in it than now. L. H. has lately spent a fortnight with us, and we have had very pleasant times together. We went one afternoon down to a beautiful little island in Charles River, about a mile and a quarter from our house; there are, in fact, two islands, the smaller connected with the larger by a bridge over some beautiful falls, and the larger connected with the mainland by a bridge. When we got there we sat down to draw, and succeeded tolerably well; at least L. did. I can't say so much for myself. It is really a beautiful scene; I wish I could give you an idea of it. The water rushes over a dam in rich waves of foam, and the falls unite with the beautiful river below. Then there is the bridge over the falls, which leads to the small island, and beyond the island, are some more falls, which you see more distinctly from there being no bridge over them, and they are one sheet of magnificent foam!

"Oh! now I am going to tell you something we did returning home from the island.

"You must know that a little way below our house on one side of the road, is a double row of elm trees which make a very pleasant shade when you are walk-

ing. Well, these trees are said, with what truth I know not, to have been planted by a crazy man. So while L. C. and I were walking along, we bethought ourselves of making a ballad on the subject, which we did, and I send you the result of our joint labors, as I thought it might amuse you. Besides the ballad, we wrote an account of our visit to the island, which we call Rose-bud Island, as a sort of story, and introduced into it the said ballad, and a legend about the same crazy man, which L.'s fertile brain manufactured.

"I think I shall go soon to see the famous giraffe and his companions the antelopes and gazelle. I wish very much to see the portrait of Queen Victoria, by Sully, which is now exhibiting in Boston. I see by the newspapers that it is superb."

[To the same.]

"WATERTOWN, 7th July, 1839.

"I was much entertained by the account you gave me of the French soirée you went to. I can imagine it must be very difficult to speak French with a foreigner, and, indeed, with anybody, if you are not used to it. But then it is a very good exercise, and if you should ever go to France, you would find the advantage of it.

"I am very glad that you went to see the giraffe, for it is such an interesting creature; so different from any other animal that one sees.

"I hope you have been to see the picture of Queen Victoria. In case you have not, I will describe it to you. Her Majesty, then, has blue eyes, auburn hair, and rosy cheeks. Her face has a very amiable and sweet expression, and she has a very white and pretty hand, and a beautiful little foot. You know her foot is said to be the smallest in Europe. The young queen

is dressed in white satin, with a rich outer robe of crimson velvet, and a long train. On her head is a coronet of diamonds, diamond earrings, and a necklace of diamonds and pearls. She is represented ascending the steps to her throne in a very graceful attitude.

[To L. H.]

"Watertown, 22d July, 1839.

* * * *

"To go back to the valedictory. I need not say how much I was pleased with the performances, particularly the poem. I should think the students *would* feel rather sorry to leave college, after having lived so long there. I imagined some of them, as they quitted Old Harvard, looking back and saying to themselves, these beautiful lines of Gray's: —

'Ah! happy hills, ah! pleasing shade,
Ah! fields beloved in vain;
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain.'

"Why are the 'fields beloved *in vain?*' That I do not quite understand; perhaps your wisdom can solve the question.

"Apropos of E.'s 'young Lochinvar,' papa had a plan for an edition of the poem of Lochinvar, with a picture to illustrate every verse. Some of the pictures would, I think, be quite amusing. The verse where

'Fosters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran,
There was racing and chasing o'er Cannobie Lee,'

might be illustrated by horses galloping as fast as possible; one man leaping a fence, another thrown from his horse by the violence of his riding. I wish some one

who could draw well, would make the pictures; then they might be engraved and the poetry printed. When you write to M. D. you can mention to her the plan of an illustrated Lochinvar.

"All our numerous family are very well. Pony is very flourishing, though his canter is becoming rather hard. The pigs are thriving, and 'Chol-mon-de-ley,' our dear 'Chol-mon-de-ley,' is in very good health. As to the other hens and cocks, I have quite forgotten their names; except, indeed, 'Pe-op-le,' and 'Victoria,' and those I can't distinguish.

"What an epistle I have written to you! C. and I have spent a night at Medford; we went to see the night-blooming Cereus, a beautiful flower, which only blooms at night. No time for further particulars."

[To her friend.]

"WATERTOWN, 17th September, 1839.

. . . . . "We have begun again our riding, and now ride almost every day. Pony goes very well and seems to be in high spirits.

"I have of late been reading quite an interesting book called the 'Young Lady's Home,' by Mrs. Tuthill; I liked it very much, and if you meet with it, I would advise you to read it. I have now begun to read Sparks's American biography, which is very pleasant reading. I dare say you read it when it first came out, in 1834, but it is well worth reading twice. You have probably read Mr. Prescott's history of Ferdinand and Isabella, which I think is a beautiful book.

"I wish to see you as much as you desire to see me; but while mamma is ill we do not like to leave home much. I can, however, answer your question as to my

height; I certainly have grown very much, and have had to lengthen my frocks. I remember the last time we met, I was taller than you, and H. H. taller than I; so if you are now of equal height with Helen, and keep the same proportion with regard to me, I shall outstrip you both.

"I have not yet read Nicholas Nickleby, and I do not know that I shall read it, for there are so many books I wish to read, that I find I cannot read them all, and have to omit some, at least for the present. I have just finished a book called 'Phantasmian,' which is a sort of fairy story, and very pretty.

"So I have come to the end of my paper, as I always do, in writing to you."

These letters will render it unnecessary to draw largely from her journal, which continues to be mainly a recapitulation of her studies and employments, with domestic incidents and occasional anecdotes gathered from her reading. Her description of the night-blooming Cereus is, however, too beautiful to lose.

"Medford, July 22, 1839. — Papa and mamma also came over to see the flower, which was really beautiful.

"The calyx consists of several rows of orange-colored leaves, which smell like vanilla. In the centre is the rich, white, cup-shaped flower, very deep, with delicate, straw-colored stamens, which lean against the side of the flower. It is very deep, and one row of stamens clings all around the inside, very neatly and closely laid."

The 13th of November, two or three weeks later than the last year, Anne bade a cheerful adieu to her home

in the country, not anticipating that it was for the last time.

The 2d December the following entry is made in her journal: "I went to school this morning for the first time, to Mr. Emerson's. I cannot tell yet how I shall like it, for I did not have much to do. I got home about half past one, and said my German to papa, and sewed before dinner. It rained in the afternoon, and I did not go out, but did some work; and in the evening I read aloud."

She says previously: "I suppose I shall like Mr. E.'s school as well as any, *but I should prefer studying at home.*"

This ready yielding of her own preference, was happily rewarded, as appears from a letter to her friend, dated 1st March, 1840. . . . . "You know I go to Mr. E.'s school, but I have not told you how much, how very much I like it. Mr. E. explains every thing so nicely and fully to us, that I love dearly to say my lessons to him. I dare say you know very well how interesting the 'morning lesson' is; for you must have been in his long morning class. We are now studying Herschel's Astronomy; and though it is a very hard book in itself, yet Mr. Emerson explains it so well that it makes it comparatively easy. When we were studying Natural Philosophy, he showed us all sorts of experiments, and when we learnt about electricity and galvanism, he had an electrical machine and Leyden phial. . . . .

"I take drawing lessons at school; a young lady comes to teach us and we draw in crayons. We draw in the largest of the three little rooms. My whole time is occupied with studying and reciting at school, and pretty much occupied with studying at home; so that

accounts, as I said before, for my not writing to you; but now we have a small vacation, which Mr. E. employs in going to Kennebunk." . . . .

The diligence of her studies does not seem to have affected her health, which was generally good. She was sometimes troubled with colds and headaches, but she was not often really ill. She was naturally of a slender constitution, but her early hours, systematic habits, and careful appropriation of some time daily to exercise in the open air, which she playfully called her "lung-bath," were no doubt, in a large measure, promotive of her general firm health.

The approaching spring opened a new prospect before her animated and appreciative mind, fraught with golden hopes and glowing anticipations; she unfolds it to her friend in the same letter referred to above. "And now, my dear P., having I think fully discussed Mr. E. and his school, I have a piece of news to tell you. I am afraid you may have already heard it, and I wished to be the first to tell you; but, however, I will venture it. We, (that is, papa, mamma, and all of us children,) are going to Europe; only think, to Europe! We shall probably go about the middle of June, and go to Florence in Italy. Oh! I feel so pleased with the idea. And I only wish you were going with me. So I shall at last see beautiful Italy; the land where Cicero and Virgil lived and wrote; the land of poets, painters, sculptors. I suppose before we come home we shall visit some other countries; Great Britain and France, and I hope Greece. Do not you congratulate me, my dear P.? But I know you will. I hope I shall see you before I go, and I think I shall, for there are a great many months before June; and I suppose you will return home soon. I shall be seventeen before this letter

reaches you, as my birthday comes on the third of March. Think of me on that day, and imagine me opening a funny little billet, on green paper, which you gave me two years ago to open the day I was seventeen. By the by, you have a letter from me, to open on the day you are eighteen. Probably, when you are opening it, I shall be on the broad ocean, but nevertheless, thinking of you." . . . .

CHAPTER VI.

ADIEUS — VOYAGE — ARRIVAL AT HAVRE — ROUEN — PARIS — OBJECTS OF INTEREST DESCRIBED IN HER CORRESPONDENCE.

"When with slow and gentle motion,
Heaves the bosom of the ocean; —
While in peace thy bark is riding,
And the silver moon is gliding
O'er the sky with tranquil splendor,
Where the shining hosts attend her;
Let the brightest visions be
Country, home, and friends to thee!"

PREPARATORY to her foreign tour, Anne left Mr. E.'s school the second of May, 1840. In a lively strain she wrote: "So adieu to my school life for ever and aye!" The remainder of the month was much occupied in making parting visits; and as we read in her journal an account of her *last visit* to Medford, and another to Watertown, and then her words the 31st of May, 1840, — "*This is our last Sunday in Boston, for many, many Sundays*," — how plainly is it manifest, that in mercy the future is hidden from our eyes. Eagerly looking to that far-off land, radiant with visions of beauty to her cultivated mind, she saw not there *the grave*, in which, among strangers, she must lie down in sleep, and wake no more on earth! Painful now are

reflections, upon these last home scenes. Turning again to her letters and journal, we may borrow from their light-heartedness. Her last letter from Boston, is written to her friend, and begins as follows: —

"Boston, 24th May, 1840.

"Dearest P.,— I have not written to you lately, for we have been very busy preparing for our voyage; but I thought I would send you one more letter from my native city, before I leave it for so long an absence. . . . . You may perhaps like to hear a little about our intended journey. The ship we are going in, 'The Iowa,' has not yet arrived from France; but if she gets in in time, we expect to sail from New York the 8th of June, and proceed directly to Havre, and from thence to Paris, where I believe papa intends to pass the summer. Then, in the autumn, we shall go to Florence, and settle down there, literally, I may say, under our own vine and fig-tree. I anticipate some little difficulty in speaking French and Italian, but I am told one soon learns. When I am walking in the beautiful gardens of Florence, I shall think of you, and how often we have walked to and from Mrs. D.'s little school-house.

"C. and I have lately been spending a week at Watertown, in our old house, which Mr. and Mrs. S. B. have taken; they are also going to take this house. We found it delightful out there, and expect to make a similar visit to grandpapa, at Medford, in a day or two; and as I shall, I suppose, be there when this letter reaches you, perhaps you had better not come to see me, or I you, this week; next week we shall be at home."

The 7th and 8th of June her journal is dated New

York. She writes, from the hotel: "Having only two books with us, we were rather pressed for want of employment." The next day she wrote: "I rose this morning a little before six, but they do not take breakfast at this hotel till eight o'clock; so I occupied myself till it was ready, in learning one of the most beautiful pieces of poetry I ever read, which is in one of the books we brought with us." The 9th of June, the Iowa set sail, and on the 23d we find the following letter

[To P. C.]

"Ship Iowa, at sea, Long. 30°, Lat. 47° 55′,
Tuesday, 23d June, 1840.

"Dearest P.,— Here we are on board this beautiful ship with our voyage more than two thirds completed. I wish I had begun this letter to you before; for I could have done so as well as not, but better late than never. I now begin it, and shall write in it till we get to Havre. I will begin the account of my sea life by telling you a little about our ship. She is of the Havre line, very large and beautiful. The cabin is inlaid with rosewood, maple, and mahogany; the state-rooms where we sleep are very convenient, having two berths each, a chest of drawers, and a very good washing apparatus. The table is excellent, and the passengers have every convenience that can be had on board ship. There are about a hundred people on board, counting every individual. We have a very agreeable ship's company. Not one person, except our own family, did I ever see before, and I now know every passenger, except two or three French gentlemen. So many of our company being French, I have a very good chance to hear and speak the language. . . . .

"The quarter-deck — that is, the deck over the ladies' cabin — is an excellent place for walking; and there I walk for three or four hours a day, sometimes with papa, sometimes with some gentlemen of our acquaintance on board, one of whom is a great walker. I read a great deal too, principally Sir Walter Scott and Shakspeare; for there is a very good library on board. Yet after all, it is an idle sort of life, and every thing that is done, seems to be done in a lazy kind of way. We have breakfast at nine, luncheon at one, dinner at five, and tea at half past eight; and it seems to me we are always eating. At twelve every day Captain Pell ascertains our latitude and longitude, so every day I shall put them down, that you may look on the map and see just where we are; or *were*, as it will be when you read this; for when the letter reaches you, we shall be in Paris. New York, you know, from whence we started, is in longitude 74° west from Greenwich, and we are now in longitude 30°. So you see we are more than half way there. The captain, I believe, expects to arrive in about eight days. Well, adieu for to-day."

"Wednesday, 24th June, Long. 25° 30′, Lat. 48° 30′.

"Perhaps you will say I ought to have told you about our journey from Boston to New York; but we performed it very quietly in the cars and steamboat, and had no adventures. I ought to mention that I have not been sea-sick yet. Now I will give you an account of one day from my journal, which may serve as a model for all our other days; with some little differences of course. This is the day, Friday, 19th June.

"To-day was so excessively cold that the captain ordered a fire to be made in the hurricane house; so we all sat there for a good part of the day, and it was very

comfortable. Still, however, I walked the quarter-deck three or four hours in the course of the day, for I cannot do without exercise. Towards night the extreme cold abated, and having a grand breeze, we went along eleven miles and a half an hour. We have nearly done half our passage now."

Of her very prosperous voyage she wrote in a letter to a cousin: —

"There was but one day during our whole voyage, when I could not walk on deck, and then it rained. Indeed, the captain said we had a most remarkable voyage. No storms, no calms, no head winds; the royals, that is the upper sails, were only taken down once, and the top-sails were not reefed once. I should tell you I was not at all sea-sick, not even when the sea rolled, and we dashed on nearly twelve miles an hour.

"We landed at Havre on the 2d of July, after a delightful voyage of twenty-three days to an hour. I had become so fond of some of the passengers, that I was sorry to leave them." She has previously several times spoken of their captain as "a pleasant, gentlemanly man," and she adds, "he and I became very good friends before the voyage was over."

Arrived at Havre, she writes in her journal: —

"Thursday, 2d July. — Here we are at last, three thousand miles from home. This morning when I came upon the deck of the ship, I distinctly saw the trees, houses, and so forth, on the land. We slowly approached the land and came up in a great dock. There was great bustle and confusion at the last, but it was an interesting scene; and then, to hear everybody around talking French, though of course we expected

it, sounded very oddly. An officer came on board to examine our passport, and a little after twelve we landed. Mr. B. and Mr. H., had already landed. They happened to meet us, and walked with us to the Hotel de l' Europe, where we have obtained most comfortable apartments, and some of the nicest strawberries, raspberries, etc., I ever saw. It is delightful to us after eating dried fruits so long, to get this beautiful summer fruit. Mr. H. also brought us a beautiful bunch of roses, sweet-peas, etc., which we were almost wild to see."

Early the next morning they left Havre in a steamer for Rouen, and enjoyed a charming sail up the lovely Seine, arriving at Rouen at four o'clock in the afternoon. Here they passed Saturday and Sunday, and Anne writes in her journal: —

"Saturday, 4th July. — We celebrate this glorious day going about sight-seeing. A *commissionaire*, as he is called, went with us to show us whatever is most worth seeing. We went first to an old church built in the time of Francis I.; it is called the church of St. Ouen, and is built entirely of stone, in the Gothic style, with immense arches and columns. The first thing that struck me was its great height. Our guide told us it was one hundred and eighty feet high, and four hundred long. It has colored glass windows, and the brilliancy of the coloring surpasses any thing I ever saw. The colors are said to penetrate through the entire glass, not to be painted merely on the outside, and papa said he believed the art was almost lost now; there was, however, one window which was painted last year, in imitation of an ancient one which I think was broken."

She witnessed a marriage ceremony before the mayor, being "told, that in France, besides the religious cere-

mony, there is always a civil ceremony;" visited a gallery of beautiful paintings, and a library of thirty thousand volumes. One volume she describes as "bound in brass, with music to be chanted at the celebration of mass. The book was written by a monk of the last century; and besides the music, there were beautiful pictures and gilding; he made it all himself, and it took him thirty years." On Sunday she went to the Cathedral, where she "saw the tombs of Rollo, the first Duke of Normandy, of the grandfather of William the Conqueror, and of Richard Cœur de Lion. In front of the Cathedral is a large square, where there were people selling most beautiful fruit and flowers; and one thing that strikes us as very strange is, that the greater part of the shops are open, although it is Sunday, and people seem to buy and sell as on weekdays. On leaving the Cathedral, which is said to be as old as the eighth century, we walked along a very muddy street to 'La place de la Pucelle,' the place where Joan of Arc was burnt by the English for sorcery. There is a monument erected to her there."

On Monday, the 6th, they arrived at Paris. One of her first letters from this city is written to her beloved grandpapa.

"Paris, Rue de Rivoli, 24th July, 1840.

"My dear Grandpapa, — I thought I would delay writing to you until I had seen something of Paris to tell you about. It took us about a week to find private lodgings and get settled; but we are now very comfortably established. Our drawing-room is large and handsome, and overlooks the gardens of the Tuileries, so that we have a beautiful prospect. I must tell you a little about the gardens. They are very beautiful,

with large pieces of water, and fountains; with cool, green groves, gay beds of flowers, and statues scattered all over the grounds. Every Sunday afternoon, and about seven o'clock on weekdays, it is a very animated scene. People of all sorts and classes congregate there, and seem as happy as possible, some walking and some sitting under the trees. One thing, however, strikes an American as strange; at every gate stand two soldiers with guns; and if they see any one who they think ought not to enter, they motion him back. The palace overlooks the garden, but the king is not at present here; he is at St. Cloud in the country. We walk in the garden every evening after dinner, (we dine at six o'clock,) and find it very pleasant.

"We have lately been to see the gallery of the Louvre, a grand palace, joined to that of the Tuileries. There is a vast collection of paintings there, beginning from the most ancient masters, and coming down to modern times. Some of them, those by Corregio, Titian, Rubens, etc., are very fine, but there are a great many ordinary ones mixed in with them. The palace of the Louvre contains a great many other curiosities, too many to be seen in one day, so we shall visit it again before we leave Paris.

"We went a day or two ago to visit the cemetery of Père la Chaise, which is a good deal such a place as Mount Auburn, though, in my opinion, not nearly equal to it. I do not say this because Mount Auburn is in my own country, but because Père la Chaise, having a great many monuments close together, has a more crowded, and less retired look than Mount Auburn. But there are some very beautiful places in it. Almost all the little inclosures are full of roses and other

flowers; and the monuments are built as little chapels, with painted glass windows, and small altars. Many of the tombs, monuments, etc., are hung with garlands.

"While we were there we witnessed a military funeral, there being a company of soldiers who fired over the grave. The rain poured down while we were walking, but it was soon over, and we received no other harm than being a little wet. Père la Chaise contains a hundred acres of land, so it is a little larger than Mount Auburn. You see soldiers there as everywhere else. Just as our carriage left the gate, a custom-house officer put his head in at the window, to see that we took nothing away with us, I suppose. On returning home, we went to the church of Notre Dame. It is on an island in the river Seine, which was the ancient city of Paris, and which is now a great city of itself. The edifice is an imposing one with figures of saints on the outside in stone. We were taken to an apartment, where we saw the coronation robes of Napoleon, which were of rich crimson velvet, embroidered with gold. We were told they weighed eighty pounds, and were supported, when the Emperor wore them, by four marshals of France. We saw also a splendid robe given by Napoleon to the Archbishop of Paris, and another given to the archbishop by the present king, at the birth of his grandson, the son of the Duke of Orleans. They showed us the very spot where Napoleon was crowned, and the place where the Pope sat to witness the ceremony.

"And now, my dear grandpapa, having told you so much about the curiosities of Paris, I must tell you a little about ourselves. We are all very well just now, and live very pleasantly. E. and S. go to school and

C. and I have a French lady come every morning to teach us to speak. She speaks no English, and we have improved very much in speaking French.

" We have not made many French acquaintances, for everybody is in the country now, but some of our friends who were on board ship visit us, and also other Americans. I must bid you good-by, now, my dear grandpapa, with love from all to all.

" Your affectionate granddaughter,

" ANNE G. EVERETT."

Of Paris, she wrote further to other friends: " Our rooms here are very pleasant, our drawing-room as large as ours in Summer street, and overlooking the beautiful gardens of the Tuileries, where I am never weary of walking. I like Paris very much. Some of the streets are very large and handsome. The river Seine runs through the middle of the city, dividing it into two parts, and there are sixteen bridges over the river, six or seven of which I have been over. All around the city, or rather within the city, is a broad promenade, called the Boulevards, and all the city beyond the Boulevards, on the north side of the river, is called Faubourgs. So the streets within the Boulevards, when they continue outside, are called by the same name with the addition of Faubourg. For instance, there is the Rue Poissoniére; outside the Boulevards, the Rue du Faubourg Poissoniére; and so on. The Faubourgs are a great city of themselves. The distances in Paris are really immense. You may ride ever so far, and on looking at the maps you are astonished to find how little progress you have made.

" We live here in a very quiet manner, much as we do at home. We do not see much society, because al-

most everybody is in the country now; when people come in for the autumn, I suppose we shall see more. We have been visited by the daughter and granddaughters of Lafayette, who spoke a great deal of the gratification he and his family had felt from his visit to America.

"Not far from the garden of the Tuileries is the Place de la Concorde, where there are two magnificent fountains. I can imagine nothing more splendid. There is an immense basin, full of water, and all around its edge, are Tritons holding dolphins in their arms, from whose mouths water spouts on high, in a most graceful manner. Between the fountains is the Obelisk of Luxor, a monument from ancient Egypt, which is seventy-nine feet in height, and covered with hieroglyphics. It was brought from Egypt with immense labor and expense. A little further on is the avenue of the Champs Elysées, at the termination of which is the Triumphal Arc de l'Etoile, which was begun by Napoleon, and which, with the exception of the fountains, is the finest thing I have seen since I left America. It has emblematical figures upon it, relative to the great victories of the French army. . . .

"We have, also, been to the Hotel des Invalides, which is a place for disabled soldiers, who are supported by the government. It is a very handsome building. The front is six hundred and twelve feet in length. At present there are about three thousand soldiers in it, but during the wars of Napoleon there were seven thousand. They took us into the great kitchen where the food is cooked for the establishment. It was on an immense scale. There were huge copper boilers for soup, and a great spit which roasts four hundred pounds of meat at a time. We were then shown into a room,

where is kept a service of plate, given to the establishment by the Empress Maria Louisa. It was very handsome, being of solid silver, and containing, among other things, twelve soup tureens and forty-eight large plates for eating. It cost a hundred thousand francs, which is equal to twenty thousand dollars. The man who showed it to us would take up each article, and run on with a description of it, in such set terms, that we were sure he had learned it by heart, to say to every visitor; it was very amusing to hear him. We then went under the great dome of the building, and saw the place where the remains of Napoleon are to be buried. One of the king's sons is now bringing them home from the Island of St. Helena, but I am afraid that we shall not be in Paris at the time of the interment."

CHAPTER VII.

HOME IN PARIS — MORE SIGHT-SEEING — VERSAILLES — VISIT TO THE CHATEAU OF LA GRANGE — LAST LETTER FROM PARIS.

" Why this is France!
Nature is here like a living romance,
Look at its vines, and streams, and skies,
Its glowing feet and dreamy eyes! "

RETURNING from a walk, after a residence of about three weeks in Paris, Anne writes: " We returned to our lodgings ; I can hardly call it home ; " — nearly two months later she was able to write to her friends, " I love France and I love the people." One or two customs she mentions as strange, — the manner of shopping, which is, never to give the first price asked, or you will be cheated, and another, that " young ladies are not allowed to walk in the streets alone, and if C. or I wish to go out, mamma or papa or somebody has to go with us." Once only she expresses a feeling of loneliness, and then it was in referring to her want of companions of her own age. She adds, however, with much philosophy, " But when I came to Europe, I expected to miss something, and if I did not I should probably never want to go home."

" The climate of Paris," she writes, " is very variable and by no means so agreeable as has been represented

to us." The fruits and flowers, however, charmed her. "We have had all summer most beautiful fruit, and in greater abundance, and three weeks earlier, than we have it at home. We have had all sorts of plums, peaches, etc., and fresh figs in plenty. But papa says that good as they are, they are not equal to the Italian figs; so we shall have quite a treat when we get to Italy. Apricots have been in great abundance, and grapes are beginning to be plentiful; every kind of fruit ripens here sooner than at home."

The identity of our young friend is not lost in the traveller. The same distinguishing traits mark her character abroad, as at home; and the ledger is not more strict in its accounts, than is her journal in its record of her time. Study, reading, and sewing were still her daily employments, amid all the varied sight-seeing which engrossed so much of her time and thoughts. She could spend hours in some tour of observation, full of absorbing interest to her active mind, and returning home, composedly sit down to finish the day with sewing, or reading, or study. "I sat still a little while," is occasionally mentioned in her journal as an unusual use of her time, and then it seems to have been a *dernier* resort, from fatigue or accident, rather than inclination. When journeying, books and sewing were taken with her, that employment might not be lacking in case of any unexpected moments of leisure.

Her heart turned affectionately towards her native country and home. There are no signs of homesickness or *ennui*, but she entreats her friends to write often, saying to one of her correspondents, "you cannot imagine, my dear aunt, what pleasure it gives to those in a foreign land to hear from their own family." Writing to her aunt, who had taken their house at Water-

town, she says: "I hope that you continue, dear Aunt F., to enjoy yourself in our house. Dear old house! I long to see it sometimes. We were rejoiced to hear our strawberries did so well, for Uncle S. persisted in saying, last spring, they would come to nothing, but he may be sure that every thing papa planted will turn out well."

She read the American newspapers with great avidity. "Soon after reaching Paris, a gentleman," she writes, "brought us some Boston papers to see. I was *so* glad to hear any news from home, and I believe I read the greater part of them three times over! We take two papers every morning, one from England, and the other published in Paris, but though they are very good, they are not like those from dear Boston." Again she writes: "Before school this morning, I occupied myself with reading the papers from home. There was a good deal of news to me in them, at least, it seems so now; though when I was at home I was apt to complain of them as having no news."

Every page of her journal becomes now extremely interesting, but we must content ourselves with only a few extracts. Of the "Marché aux Fleurs," she writes: —

"25th July. — I woke up at five this morning, just as I wished to. Mr. H. called for us exactly at six, and we started. It began to rain again, but not much, and we did not get wet. The flower market is in the Cité, and we crossed the Pont au Change to get to it. It is held under a group of trees, and when we arrived there we were well rewarded for going, for it was very beautiful. All sorts of roses, carnations, oleanders, orange flowers, and other beautiful plants met our eyes. Papa bought a pretty double oleander for mamma, and Mr. H. kept buying all sorts of flowers; they were all in

pots. It was amusing to hear him beat down the sellers, for in Paris you must never give them the first price they ask; so he would say, 'How much is this flower?' 'Twenty sous.' 'No, fifteen,' would be his answer. 'Oh, non, monsieur, twenty.' 'Fifteen, fifteen,' and they always came down to his price. After walking round two or three times, we went back over the Pont Notre Dame, and in going home passed through the Marché des Innocens, where every kind of fruit and vegetables is sold. It was a perfect scene of confusion, everybody running a different way; some bringing in their produce, and housekeepers everywhere buying their dinner for the day. We were impeded at every step of our progress, but Mr. H. guided us safely through it, for he has been in Paris before, and knows all about it."

The 27th, 28th, and 29th of July are devoted by the Parisians to the celebration of the Revolution of 1830. Anne gives the following account of the public festivities on this occasion: —

"28th July. — We took our lesson rather earlier this morning, and about half past eleven we all, but mamma and S., went to the Boulevard des Italiens, to see the funeral procession, with the victims of July, as they are called, pass by to the Place de la Bastile. We had a very good window at the corner of the Boulevard and the Rue Louis le Grand, and saw perfectly well. There was an immense procession, all military men, and about in the centre of it was the funeral car. It was drawn by twenty-four horses, covered with black cloth, spotted with silver stars. The car itself was very lofty and magnificent. It was hung with black, studded with silver, and on different parts of it were placed chaplets

of a flower called '*immortelle*.' There were fifty coffins in it and ten bodies in each coffin."

"29th. — To-day is the last of the three days, and it was celebrated in various ways. Papa, C., and I went into the Champs Elysées this morning, where there was a variety of sports, in true Parisian taste. There was a temporary theatre set up under the trees, and the actors seemed to be performing some military manœuvre, for every now and then, we heard their pistols go off. We could not get near it for the crowd. There was a high mast, called the 'Mat de Cocagne;' on the top of it were a few silver utensils placed, and he who could climb up to the top of the greased and slippery mast, was entitled to some of the silver. While we were there a man was laboring up the mast, sanding it as he went. He did not get up while we were there, but the boys went afterwards, and said a man did get up, and took the silver. In short, there were all sorts of games, and the people seemed very happy.

"After dinner, towards night, we walked in the garden, in front of the palace. While we were there the king and all the royal family came out on the balcony and showed themselves. The garden was beautifully illuminated to-night by pyramids of light among all the trees and walks, and a splendidly illuminated platform with colored balls, in front of the palace for the band to play. About nine o'clock there were magnificent fireworks let off from the Place de la Concorde. All the public buildings were illuminated and looked finely; among others, the Triumphal Arc de l'Etoile, and the column of the Place Vendôme."

"1st August. — We went to-day to the Louvre to see what remained to be seen. We went first to the collec-

tion of statuary, which is very fine and extensive. There were statues and busts of many of the Roman emperors and empresses, and numerous statues of the heathen gods and goddesses. In some parts of the rooms devoted to statuary, were beautiful floors of mosaic, of ancient workmanship, carefully inlaid.

"We then went into a suite of rooms which contained all sorts of curiosities from ancient Egypt and Greece. There were all their cooking utensils, drinking cups, etc., with some old signet rings, made of heavy gold. In this collection there were some magnificent ancient vases. We passed from this suite into one which contained all sorts of little ships; models of those used in the French navy. These were really beautiful, and some of them looked so natural, I longed to get into them. There were, also, in this gallery models of several naval stations, with the green grass, trees, and water, and the little ships sailing. The last collection we saw was a collection of Spanish pictures, the greater part of which are very fine. There was also a gallery with the drawings of the ancient masters, but as we were by this time tired, we did not examine them very closely."

"2d September. — We went to-day to see the Royal manufactory of the Gobelin Tapestry. It is so called because a man named Gobelin first worked in the building, though he was only a wool-dyer. It is a sort of weaving, that we saw. The workman sits on the wrong side of his work, and passes up and down the long threads; little shuttles with worsted or silk on them, as the case may be. The picture they copied was placed behind them, and one of them told papa that they looked round at it once every quarter of an hour. The colors were most brilliant, and most of their models

were pictures taken from Raphael, Rubens, and the other great masters.

"We then went to view the carpet manufactory, which is a part of the establishment. Here the men work on the front of their work, and cut off their ends on the right side, which gives the carpet a beautiful fleecy look. Some of the patterns are most exquisite. The carpets are all woven in one piece, which makes them much more splendid than when pieced together. There was one carpet for the king's library at St. Cloud, which had a rich bunch of red feathers in the middle, and an oval wreath of grapes, peaches, and flowers round it. That was the middle, and the rest of the carpet was some rich design, that I could not see entirely, it being rolled up. It was the most superb thing I ever saw. These carpets are not to be sold; they are only for royalty. We were told it took about three years to finish a picture or carpet entirely.

"In the exhibition room, there were some splendid pictures, which were equal to the best paintings. There was a picture of Peter the Great, and his mother; the Czarina had one of the most expressive countenances I ever saw; another of Alexander meeting the family of Darius; and a portrait of His Majesty Louis Philippe, which was an excellent likeness. We also saw a portrait of the Queen of the French, when she was Duchess of Orleans, holding her little son, now the Duke of Orleans, by the hand. This picture was not yet copied in the tapestry, but was begun. We were greatly pleased with the manufactory, and I should have been very sorry to have missed seeing it."

"7th September. — It being very pleasant to-day we determined to go and see something, and we fixed upon the Triumphal Arc de l'Etoile. It is a good long

walk to the arch, but when you get there, it repays you for your trouble. It is really a magnificent arch; a hundred and fifty-two feet high, with strong bas reliefs on the outside, in which the figure of Napoleon is very conspicuous. This arch was begun by the emperor on his birthday, the 15th of August, 1806, to celebrate his triumphs, and it has been lately finished by his present Majesty. We wished to go up to the top of the arch, as there is a fine view of Paris to be obtained from it. So we were furnished with a lamp at the door, as the passage is very dark in some parts. We ascended two hundred and seventy-two steps, and then came out on the top, where there is indeed a beautiful prospect. You see almost the whole of the city of Paris, with many of the adjacent villages, and the coup d'œil is very fine. When we came back, papa bought two medals among a collection which was at the door, on one of which was Napoleon and the arch; on the other, Louis Philippe and the Obelisk of Luxor."

"10th. — Papa received last night a note, inviting him to dine with the king at St. Cloud, in consequence, I suppose, of his presentation being defeated, by an *émeute* among the ouvriers the day it was to have taken place. He was to go a little before five, as St. Cloud is some miles from Paris. I took a short walk to-day, but did not stay out long, having a cold and a slight cough. Papa started at the appointed hour, and pretty soon after, the king's carriage dashed by. He had been at the Tuileries, and was going out to St. Cloud. First came two outriders in the royal livery, then a troop of dragoons, and then the royal carriage, in which I saw the king very plainly, and mamma thought she saw the queen. Immediately following the carriage was another troop of dragoons, and then came another

carriage with six horses, with some of the court in it, I suppose. The royal carriage had eight horses. It was quite a grand pageant.

"We went to-day to the Mint. We saw the whole process of coining, from the smoothing of the silver plate to the stamping the impression of the king's head on it. After the money had been cut out by a little machine to its round form, it is weighed in a pair of small scales, and the pieces which have just the right weight are separated from those which are too heavy or too light. Those which are too heavy, have a little shaved off from them, and the light ones are melted over again. We then went into the stamping room, where the impression is put on the coin, and where they do twenty-five thousand in a day. After we had seen all the operations, we went into the museum, where there is a fine collection of coins and medals. We saw the coins of France from the earliest kings up to the present day, American, British, Spanish, Turkish, Greek, and many other coins. Some of the medals were beautiful and the impressions of the latest were most exquisitely done, and of the highest polish. There were a great many of the heads of the kings of France, with others showing their great exploits; there were particularly a great number in the reigns of Louis XIV. and Napoleon; and there was a little model of the column of the Place Vendôme, which was very pretty."

"12th. — We went to-day to see the Musée d'Artillerie in the Faubourg St. Germain, which is a collection of all sorts of armor, a great deal of which belonged to the old kings of France. We saw the suit of armor worn by Francis I. at the battle of Pavia; the armor was put on a figure, which was mounted on horseback; we saw, too, the sword of the same mon-

arch. Then there was the armor of Charles the Ninth, of Henry the Third, and of the famous Henry, Duke of Guise. The latter armor had the marks of several battles on it. I observed, too, the coat of mail of Henry IV., and the very poniard with which the fanatic, Ravaillac, stabbed that good king. We saw the swords of several great men, and a great many curious guns, spears, and other ancient implements of war. There were some old shields and helmets which interested me very much; one of the helmets is said to have belonged to Louis IX. or St. Louis, as he is called. In the passage, as we went down, we saw some cannon, with a sentence from the Koran on them in Arabic, which were taken at Algiers in 1830. The whole exhibition interested me very much."

"23d August. — It was very pleasant to-day, and we started for Versailles about half past nine, in a carriage, thinking it would be more comfortable to go in that way than by the railroad. We arrived in about two hours, and went first to see the collection of museums in the Palace of Versailles. The palace itself is immense, much larger than either the Louvre or Tuileries. There were many galleries of paintings. A great number of historical paintings, representing great battles and sieges; there were very good portraits of Napoleon, and of the present king, Louis Philippe. We then ascended another pair of stairs, and came into a suite of rooms where were portraits of the old kings and queens of France, and many other distinguished persons; there was one of Mary, Queen of Scots, which represented her as very beautiful.

"Among the statuary, was the statue of Joan of Arc, sculptured by a late daughter of the King of the French.

It was most exquisitely done. We then went through a suite of State apartments, which were very splendid. In one of them was a rich bed, with very high curtains, in which Louis the Fourteenth died, and in which no one has since slept. This room opens out on a balcony where the unfortunate Marie Antoinette showed herself to the furious mob below. On a table beside the bed, was a crown of red velvet and gold.

"After leaving the palace, we went to take dinner with Mr. Walsh, a friend of papa's, and after dinner we went to see the fountains, in the gardens of the palace. The gardens are very beautiful. There are bright flowers, fresh green alleys, and groves of trees. We walked from one grove to another to see the fountains, which were magnificent. There was one that threw up water to the height of nearly a hundred feet. These fountains only play three or four times every year, for it costs seventy or eighty thousand francs every time they play. We left the garden a little before six, and rode home in our carriage. We arrived a little after eight, having had a pleasant, though a rather fatiguing day."

In prominent relief over all other enjoyments of her summer in Paris, stands her visit to La Grange. She mentions a resemblance the place bore in some respects to a beautiful country-seat at Watertown, in the neighborhood of their own home there, and at the same time says, "any thing in Europe that resembles home has a claim upon my regard that it would not otherwise have." And some time afterward, speaking of the brilliant parterres of flowers in the garden of the Tuileries, her fond reminiscences of La Grange came up, and she adds, "but I think the handsomest flowers I have seen this season are at La Grange; however, I am

rather disposed to think every thing about that place perfect, including the inhabitants, and so perhaps that blinds my judgment to the beauties of other things."

"At about one, we arrived at Rosay, a little village near La Grange, where we found Mr. Lafayette's carriages waiting for us. We entered the castle by an archway through a tower covered with ivy, which was planted by Mr. Fox, the British statesman, while on a visit to Lafayette. The castle is built round three sides of a square, and was originally built round four sides; but the fourth side now opens on a beautiful lawn. The house is very ancient, and is said to have been a hunting-seat of Charles IX. of cruel memory. In the first Revolution, there was a design to pull it down, but it was saved by a worthy mason of Rosay, who still lives, and who, on being applied to, to know the cost of pulling it down, made it out that it would be more than the stones were worth; which is very likely true, for the walls are very thick. The estate consists of seven hundred acres, and has a great many walks around it. We walked a good deal in them before dinner, and found it very pleasant. The family received us very kindly, and showed us all round. We saw a boat, called 'American Star,' which won the match in rowing with a British boat, and which was given to Lafayette during his last visit to America. He built a house on purpose for it, and there it is. We went to bed early, in a very pleasant chamber, looking out on the beautiful lawn."

"27th. — A most beautiful day. The family did not breakfast till half past ten, so we had a cup of coffee brought to us in our rooms about eight o'clock. Then we went to walk with papa in a very pleasant grove, not far from the house, when Mr. Lafayette came to

meet us. We picked up a good many acorns there and made little baskets of them.

"The breakfast, at which we all (nineteen) sat round a great table, was more like a dinner than a breakfast, with every thing nice you can conceive. I sit between Mr. Lafayette and his son, and speak French all the time, but I find very little difficulty.

"It has continued warm all day, but we have been able to walk in the groves and woods very well. This evening we took some nets and tried to catch some little shell-fishes that they call *écrevisses*, but we were not successful and mean to try again to-morrow."

"28th. — It rained this morning when we rose, but the rain soon ceased, and the pleasantest weather imaginable succeeded. Just before we went to walk Madame Lafayette gave us each a pretty little twine purse, the twine being made of the fibrous parts of the aloe plant. They were made in Africa, from whence they were brought by Mr. Oscar Lafayette, who has been in the African army.

"We then took a walk in some of the beautiful groves, and returned to the house about two. About four o'clock some of the ladies took us to the rooms occupied by General Lafayette just before his death. We saw his bedroom, which was just as he left it, and at his writing-table, are his pens, sand, and paper-cutter, as they were when he died.

"In his library are a great many American books, and a variety of swords, canes, and other curious things which Lafayette brought from America. We saw Washington's spectacles and umbrella, which were given to his friend. In the centre of the room, was a splendid golden vase, with figures and emblems on it, which was given to the general by the National Guard

when he ceased to command it. In the antechamber, which is a small room, hung with flags of different countries, is a picture of the gaoler of Olmutz opening the door of Lafayette's prison. This was copied in oil from a picture which one of Lafayette's daughters, who was with her father in the prison, made on her thumb nail. It is a very good picture. Then we went into a little room down stairs, which is filled with his American presents. There are some wax candles there, which were discovered in an old chest during Lafayette's visit to Yorktown, and which were part of Lord Cornwallis' stores. There were all sorts of curious things there, and I had heard so much of Lafayette's museum, that I am delighted to have seen it.

"We took another walk after dinner, and succeeded n catching some *écrevisses*. In the evening Mr. Oscar took a map of Algiers, pointed out the route of the French army, and told us the whole history of the African expedition, (in which he was wounded,) which was very interesting."

The next day she writes, "Before we went, I took some of the ivy on the wall to preserve as a souvenir," and after reaching home she says, "notwithstanding I was glad to get home, I wanted to be back at La Grange again. Apropos of something we were saying, papa said that Mr. Lafayette told him, that when he was staying in America at Mount Vernon with General Washington, Louis Philippe, the present king of the French, came there on his travels; and they two, Mr. Lafayette and the then Duke of Orleans, pasted the paper upon the walls of an apartment."

The following is the last letter written by Anne from Paris: —

"PARIS, 10th October, 1840.

"MY DEAR AUNT, — As I have a good private opportunity to send, I thought I would write one more letter before we leave Paris, which we shall do in two or three days. We have passed a very pleasant summer here, and I shall really feel sorry to leave, though I wish to see Italy too, and we are all ready to go, and do not seem to have any thing to do here. We have been faithfully going round, seeing sights all summer. The last thing we have seen — though last, not least — is the Chapelle Expiatoire, which was erected by Louis XVIII. over the spot where Louis XVI. and his queen were originally buried. It is a small building in the form of a cross, and surrounded by cypress trees. On one side of the altar is the statue of the king, supported by an angel; on the pedestal, which is black, is inscribed his last will in letters of gold. Opposite is a statue of Marie Antoinette, also supported by an angel; and on her pedestal are extracts from her last letter to Madame Elizabeth. The statues are exquisitely sculptured. We then descended some stairs to a vault, and stood over the very spot where the king and queen were buried by the revolutionists, after their execution. Over the king's grave, a small altar is erected; the queen's grave is a little to the right of it in a niche. We saw, also, the place where the Duke of Orleans, the father of King Louis Philippe, was buried. The bodies are not in the chapel now; they were removed to St. Denis at the restoration, and buried with the rest of the French kings. The place where the Chapel now is, was formerly a garden, and was preserved with great care during the Revolution, by a friend of the king. This

man is said to have sent annually to the Duchess d'Angouleme a bouquet of flowers, gathered from the graves of her parents. I was as much pleased with the chapel as with any thing I have seen.

"We dined the other day with the American minister, General Cass. The French dinners are much more agreeable than American ones. Instead of all the parade, and 'Sir, will you take this?' and 'Ma'am, shall I help you to that?' the servants hand round all the food, and your plate is changed at least ten times in the course of the dinner. After the course of meat, etc., is over, there is no set out of pies, blanc-mangers, jellies, and so on; but a Charlotte Russe, or some such thing is handed, and then come the ices and fruit. We did not remain long at table, and it was not tedious at all. It is not the fashion in France to introduce people to each other; it is enough introduction that they meet at the same house; so you speak to people that you never saw before, and whose names it is a chance if you know. The Greek ambassador, among other company, was at this dinner; he had on his national costume, and a red woollen cap on his head, which they say he never takes off, not even to the king. He spoke French very well. All General C.'s family are very pleasant, and they have been as kind to us as possible.

"There is no material alteration in the fashions, or I would mention it. But I must tell you about the evening gloves the young ladies wear, they are so pretty. They are very short white kid gloves, hardly coming above the wrist, and at the top a row of tulle plaited on, with sweet little flowers interspersed, and a bow of white satin ribbon. Mamma has bought me a dear

little pair. One of the most favorite evening dresses for young ladies, is a white muslin skirt, and velvet waist; they are very pretty, with the gloves I have spoken of, and white satin shoes.

"We have been lately to the Italian Opera, to hear the singing of Mme. Grisi, who is considered the first singer on the stage. We saw the Opera of Norma; the scene is laid in Gaul, in the times of the Druids. The singing was indeed beautiful; I was delighted with Grisi. Last night, also, we went to the theatre to see Mlle. Rachel, the celebrated tragic actress. Her acting surpassed any I ever saw. She played the part of Roxana in Racine's play of Bajazet, which I dare say you have read. She excels in expressing scorn and irony, and she acted her whole part to perfection. She was dressed very richly; she had on a green velvet dress, richly embroidered with gold, two superb diamond necklaces on her neck, a spray of diamonds in her hair, or rather in her Turkish turban, and the richest diamond rings on her fingers.

"Having told you so much about Mlle. Rachel, I will tell you a little about ourselves. We are all very well, except S., who is just recovering from the mumps; this has retarded our journey into Italy a little. We have, in general, had very good health this summer, except once, when we had unpleasant weather for three weeks, papa and I had severe coughs, which lasted till we were almost worn out; but that is all over now, and we are enjoying the most delightful weather I almost ever experienced; it reminds me of the beautiful days we had last October in the country.

"I must now bid you goodby, dear Aunt H. This

is my last letter from France for a long time; I shall not write again to anybody till we get to Italy. E. W. is going to live with us this winter. Give my love to all the family, and all my friends, and believe me,

"Your affectionate niece,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

CHAPTER VIII.

JOURNEY FROM PARIS TO FLORENCE — PLACES EN ROUTE — ARRIVAL AT FLORENCE — CORRESPONDENCE.

"Seek knowledge, by the rosy light
Of youth's unfolding morn;
With ardor uncontrolled
Seek wisdom's love sublime,
And win the garland, and the gold
That cannot change with time."

SAILING from Marseilles, Anne writes: "So at last we have left the shores of La belle France, where we have passed just four months, — and very happy months they have been to me." She had greatly improved herself in the French language, being able to read, write, and speak it with almost as much ease as her own English; she had faithfully visited every spot of historical and local interest in Paris and the neighborhood, and it is probably in reference to this, that she says in a letter, "we seem to have very little left here to do." It was, therefore, with no little pleasure that she looked forward to their proposed residence in Florence, — to her a new country, with new associations, and another language to employ the activity of her mind.

The journey from Paris to Florence was somewhat adventurous, and an account of it is drawn partly from her journal and in part from her letters.

JOURNAL. "13th October, 1840, *Fontainebleau.* — We arrived here at two o'clock this afternoon. We left Paris at half past eight this morning, in a post-carriage with four horses; we were rather closely stowed, but the carriage was a very easy one, and we got along very well. The country on each side of the road we found very pretty. One feature in the landscape strikes an American as strange; — there are no fences to separate the fields from each other, or from the road. We went about thirty-five miles in six hours, changing horses every five or six miles, and on arriving here, we were shown to very good rooms in the hotel.

"We took a little luncheon, and then went to see the Royal Chateau of Fontainebleau. The castle is very large, built round three sides of a square. It is not handsome on the outside, having a very rough appearance, but within it is very splendid; the rooms are all richly gilded, and in some of them are fine paintings. One suite of rooms is inhabited by the Duke and Duchess of Orleans; this suite was newly gilded and decorated at the time of the duke's marriage in 1837. The decorations of the bedchamber, above all, are very rich, and the greater part of the rooms are hung with beautiful Gobelin tapestry, which resembles a fine painting. The queen's bedchamber is very splendid, the furniture being of the richest kind. The bedchamber used by Napoleon, is also very handsome, the furniture of the room and bed being of dark green and red velvet. In the cabinet adjoining this room we saw the *fac-simile* of Napoleon's act of abdication, written in a very illegible hand, and also the very table on which he wrote it. Among other rooms, was a superb ballroom or dancing-hall, like the other rooms, gilt, and the ceil-

ing inlaid with mother-of-pearl. It is called the 'Salon of Henri II.'

"After leaving the palace, we walked in the *Jardin Anglais*, as it is called; instead of being laid out in the stiff French style, it is planted in the English manner, following the beauties of nature. There was a small canal, with steps leading down to it, on which were placed geraniums, and five or six pretty swans in the canal, which swam up to us as if they had been accustomed to be fed; but we had nothing to give them. There was a fine sheet of water in the garden, with several pleasure-boats on it.

"Just as we left the castle, the great clock struck four. We returned to the hotel, where they gave us a dinner cooked in the nicest manner. After dinner I occupied myself in writing, and we went to bed early."

"14th. *Auxerre.* — All day on the road to-day; we have found it rather fatiguing. The distances of the post are called myriametres and kilometres, instead of leagues as formerly. We went eleven myriametres to-day, or one hundred and ten kilometres. A myriametre is about six miles. The country on each side of the road is very pretty. We arrived here at half past six. The hotel is not quite as nice as that at Fontainebleau, but it is very well."

"15th. *Saulieu.* — We started again about eight o'clock. The morning was very clear and pleasant, and the landscape very pretty. Some of the trees really looked like an American forest, variegated with beautiful colors, though not to such a high degree. Our journey to-day was not so long, as we had only about nine myriametres to go, and we were not quite so tired

as yesterday. We arrived here about a quarter before five. It is not much of a place, and the inn, for you can hardly call it a hotel, is by no means equal to the others we have been at. But the beds are very good, which is the main point when you are to stay the night at any place. After dinner I wrote a little while, but went to bed early."

"16th. *Chalons-sur-Saône.* — We reached this place a little after three o'clock this afternoon; our journey was not very fatiguing to-day, as we went only six posts, or about seven myriametres and a half. . . . .

"This is quite a considerable place. It is called Chalons-sur-Saône to distinguish it from another Chalons on the river Marne, a little east of Paris. We leave here to-morrow in a steamboat, which starts for Lyons at six o'clock, so that we shall be obliged to get up very early."

"17th. *Lyons.* — We reached this ancient city at about half past five this afternoon. . . . The banks of the river Saône are not in general so pleasant as those of the Seine, but there were some green hills and old castles, that looked very pretty. It is now the season of the vintage, and everywhere we saw vines filled with clusters of ripe grapes. The river is so shallow in some places, that at times we went very slowly, but generally we went at a pretty good rate. We passed under several bridges, and there was a very clever contrivance for lowering the chimney of the engine, so that it might pass under the bridge; we passed in this way under at least ten bridges, I should think. When we landed at the quay at Lyons there was a terrible crowding to get out of the steamboat, and in one place, where the passage was very narrow, a woman with a very odd bonnet on, stopped to kiss a boy on both cheeks, as is the cus-

tom of the French, and thus blocked up the passage. However, we got out safe at last, and came to the Hotel de l'Europe, where they gave us some rooms, of which the distinguishing characteristic is their extreme height. We met at the door of the hotel a son of Mr. Webster who is going to live with us in Florence this winter. He came from Geneva to Lyons in the diligence, travelling all night. We are to stay to-morrow at Lyons, to rest a little after the fatigues of our five days' journey from Paris."

"18th. — We slept somewhat later this morning, not having to hurry up, and we had breakfast a little after eight. After breakfast, we went out to see the town a little. We went to see the museum first. There are all sorts of stuffed birds, beasts, and fishes; also a great many fossil animals, and all sorts of butterflies, beetles, and other insects. Then we went into the room where the antiquities are kept; the most curious among them are some large bronze tables, with a speech of the Emperor Claudius engraved on them. They were dug up in the city of Lyons, in a street which is called the street of the Claudian tables; there are also some fine pictures by the ancient masters.

"We have also been to see the old Cathedral, which is an imposing edifice; it has the beautiful stained glass windows that all the old churches have. There are some very old tombs and monuments, and papa made out the inscriptions on some of them; they were in Latin. The Cathedral is directly opposite our windows, so we can see the outside, which is very grand. Directly above it is a high mountain with an old castle on the top of it. Papa told me that the pilgrims used to go there in great uumbers; and when they were assailed by the beggars who lined the road, they would give

them a liard, which is the third of a *sous*; but if they did not happen to have a liard, they would always force the beggars to make change."

Some account of the further progress of the journey down the Rhone to Avignon, thence to Marseilles and from that city to Florence, will be found in the following letters to her correspondents: —

"AVIGNON, 24th October, 1840.

"DEAR R., — I told you I would write to you when I reached Florence, but circumstances, as you will see when I come to tell them, have induced me to alter my mind, and anticipate a little. . . . .

"At Lyons we took the steamboat again, and sailed till night, when we stopped at a little village called Bourg-St.-Andiol, where we spent the night, and rising the next morning at four, which we had done the day before at Lyons, we descended the river to Avignon, where we arrived on Tuesday the 20th, one week from the time we left Paris. . . . .

"Since we have been in Avignon, which is a fine old city, we have explored the wonders and antiquities of the place, which are numerous. We have visited the ancient palace of the popes, a good deal of which is now in ruins, and seen the rooms in which the dark mysteries of the Inquisition were carried on. We have visited the Cathedral, the Museum, the Hotel des Invalides, the tomb of Laura, and more than all, have been to Vaucluse; Vaucluse, the abode of Petrarch!

"At Vaucluse, we saw the fountain called Petrarch's fountain; it is in a deep grotto of solid rock, and is the purest, most limpid water I ever saw, of a deep blue or rather greenish blue color, and so clear, that if you throw a stone in, you can see it descend a long

time. One of the gentlemen took a stone for me out of the water, and we all washed our hands in this beautiful fountain, and then we climbed up the steep ascent that led to the path. On the side of the rock, near the fountain, in a spot that I should call inaccessible, is Petrarch's fig-tree; the guide says it bears very good figs; but I doubt if it was there in Petrarch's time. We then went to the house which stands where the poet's house once stood, and plucked a branch of laurel from his garden. I really enjoyed my visit there very much, and should like to have staid there a few days instead of a few hours."

"Florence, 17th November, 1840.

"Dear L., — I should have written to you before, but have been prevented by several unforeseen circumstances. I wrote a letter to your mother, dated the 10th October, and the 13th, we left Paris for Italy. We went in a post-carriage to Chalons; in posting you have your own carriage and take post-horses as you go along. Each post is about six miles, or a myriametre in technical language. At Chalons, we took the steamboat and went down to Lyons, where we arrived the 17th of October. We staid one day at Lyons to recruit, for, somehow, we were beat out with our journey, though we had been only travelling five days. On Monday, the 19th, we started in a nice steamboat for Avignon, on the river Rhone. The banks of this river are very pretty, with fine old castles on each side. All day in the steamboat C. was quite sick, and when we stopped at night at a little village to sleep, she was in a burning fever. We were called up next morning before four and reëmbarked in the boat to go to Avignon, which place we reached about nine o'clock.

"Here we were detained ten days by C.'s having the varioloid; we had a very good doctor, who gave her no medicine, but let the disease take its course. The rest of us explored the city and the environs, while we were waiting, and papa and I conscientiously hunted up every memorial relating to Petrarch and Laura. We also went to Vaucluse, the country-seat of Petrarch, which is a lovely place. It is a green valley, inclosed on every side with majestic rocks, and the Sorgue, a sweet little stream, winding through it. We visited Petrarch's fountain. . . . I would not have missed my visit to Vaucluse for any thing.

"At last, just as we were ready to leave Avignon for Marseilles, there came a tremendous storm of rain, and the Rhone overflowed its banks, so that a great part of the city was laid under water. People had to go about in boats. Boats would come under the window of a house, and baskets of provision be handed in; and many were the tumbles from horseback in the streets. There was great doubt whether we should be able to get to the carriage, which was just outside the city walls, but finally it was decided that we could go in a boat to the place. So the boat came up to the stairs in the court-yard of the hotel which was also flooded, and we all got in and rowed off. We went round the walls in the very promenade where a week before we had walked; it was now five feet deep in water; however, it was a beautiful afternoon, and we enjoyed our sail very much. It was half past five when we entered the carriage, and we arrived at Marseilles about nine in the morning and staid there that day and part of the next. Some friends of Mr. S. B., to whom he gave papa a letter, were very kind, and showed us round the city. The 1st of November, we embarked for Leghorn on

board a French government steamer, called the Eurotas. We went along pretty well the first night, but the next day a part of the machinery got out of order, and we lost six or seven hours; the wind, too, was dead ahead, and the sea was very high, so we went but slowly. Most of the passengers were very sick, there was so much motion, but E., C., and I escaped. We felt, to be sure, rather uncomfortable the second day, when the motion was excessive, and you could hardly keep your footing. Our voyage, which ought to have taken thirty-six hours, took us sixty, and finally, we landed in Leghorn, all of us thoroughly tired and worn out, and some of us almost ill.

"We staid one day at Leghorn to rest a little, and then started for Florence in a big carriage. We started early, and passed through Pisa on our way; there we saw the leaning tower, with which I was not at all disappointed; it does lean very much. Also we saw the Campo Santo, the earth of which is six feet deep, and was brought from Palestine. I was quite unwell going to Florence, and after we arrived there I also had the varioloid, and have but just recovered. The streets of Florence are so narrow, and there is so much danger of being run over, that you cannot walk here with much comfort; so every day we drive round." . . . .

Of Vaucluse she wrote still further in her journal: —

"28th October. — Papa went to-day to the library during a gleam of sunshine, and as he has said, that while we are at Avignon, he must devote himself to Petrarch, he hunted in an old book, and found out what the poet said of Vaucluse, or Valchiusa as I shall call it, which is much the prettier name. He found it in a

Latin letter of Petrarch to posterity. It is as follows; he had just returned from Paris, and says: 'Inde etiam reversus, cum omnium sed imprimis illius tediosissimæ urbis, (Avenionis,) fastidium et odium naturaliter animo meo insitum ferre non possum, diverticulum aliquod, quasi portum quærens, reperi vallem perexiguam, sed solitariam atque amœnam, quæ clausa, dicitur, quindecim passuum millibus ab Avenione distantem, ubi fontium Rex omnium Sorga oritur. Captus loci dulcedine, libellos meos et meipsum illuc transtuli.' Sweet Vaucluse! I do not wonder that Petrarch loved it so."

Of Pisa she says: "Pisa is a quiet, comfortable looking place. The river Arno flows through it. We stopped here one or two hours to see the curiosities, among which, of course, is the Leaning Tower. I was not disappointed in seeing this tower; it leaned quite as much as I expected, but was not quite so high as I thought it. Each of the stories leans less and less, and the upper one hardly inclines at all. I think there can be no doubt it was originally built so. We also went into the old Cathedral, which is by the side of the tower, and which is a fine old building. The bronze doors are very ancient, and exquisitely sculptured. I forgot to mention that the leaning tower was erected in 1174; and that it inclines seven feet inside and thirteen out.

"We then walked along the Campo Santo, around which is a long gallery containing many monuments, and some fresco paintings of Giotto. In the centre of the place is some soil, six feet deep, which was brought from the Holy Land. There was some beautiful statuary of Thorwaldsen's in this gallery."

"7th November. *Florence.* — We are at last arrived

here after a hazardous and adventurous journey. We left Empoli this morning about half past eight, and had five hours' drive to get to Florence. I was no better this morning when I arose, and the ride was excessively fatiguing to me. I was almost worn out when we arrived. The environs of the city are beautiful, and everywhere we saw the young women braiding the straw for the Florence bonnets. We drove to an apartment which Mr. Greenough, one of papa's friends, had engaged for us. It appears to be a very good apartment, but I could not see much of it, for I felt so ill, that I was obliged to go to bed. So it seems I must take my turn of being sick."

For the first time she was too ill to write in her journal, but at the end of a week, upon her recovery, she filled up each day in its order, giving the events of her sick-room, the progress of her disease, etc. The 14th she says: "One cannot complain of this disease as very long, but it is very uncomfortable." Happily, it assumed a very light form, and only two or three unobservable marks were left of it.

The best idea of their residence in Florence, will be obtained from the following extracts from Anne's letters to friends in Boston: —

"1st December. — But I must tell you something about Florence. Our apartment is very pleasant. It is very large, consisting of fourteen or fifteen rooms, and attached to the house is a fine large garden, where I walk a great while every day. This garden looks as ours do, in the early part of September; there are beautiful monthly roses, crysanthemums, and other beautiful flowers blooming; and oranges and lemons ripening in the open air. There is an orange tree with one large orange nearly ripe, on the wall of E. W.'s

house. He occupies a small apartment, of five or six rooms in the garden, and he declares that when it is ripe he will put his hand out of his window and pick it. I tell him our landlady would not like that, for she is very precise and particular.

"Our landlady has a niece, a very pleasing young lady, whom we visit. She is the daughter of a Swedish nobleman, and of course speaks that language. Besides that, she speaks French as well as a native, Italian, Spanish, English perfectly well, and Arabic; having passed some years in the Barbary States when a child. She is, moreover, very accomplished, and a very agreeable young lady."

"1st February.—Perhaps you may like to hear what we are doing here, how we live, and 'all that sort of thing.' We have an apartment, as it is called, which consists of fourteen or fifteen rooms in a large palace, in which four or five other families live, two of whom we visit. Our rooms are very convenient, and are comfortably furnished. In the morning we sit in a nice little parlor, and study our lessons, and take a lesson from our Italian teacher. In another place I shall say a word about the Italian. We take luncheon at one, and after luncheon, if we have any shopping, or morning visiting to do, we drive out; but ceremonious visits are here made in the evening. Each family appoints such an evening to be at home, and then about nine o'clock you have the table set, and the tea things brought in and make tea for the guests. That is all you give them, except cake. We receive, every Saturday evening, our landlady, Madame de L. every Sunday evening, and an English family, whom we visit in this house, on Wednesday evenings. So on Saturday evenings you may imagine us seeing company; last

Saturday evening mamma was not well enough to come in, so I had to pour out the tea, which was no small job, as we had a good many that evening. We do not yet, however, go much into society, for in fact there is not much here, and then we are strangers, and do not know everybody. We are going, in a day or two, to a court ball; mamma and I for the first time; papa has been once before. I am very anxious to go, for I want to see the grand duke, he is, I am told, a pleasant, agreeable man; though I suppose I shall not say much to him, or he to me. He will only ask me a few commonplace questions in French."

[To Hon. P. C. Brooks.]

"Florence, 1st March, 1841.

"Dear Grandpapa, — Papa received a letter from you the other day, the 26th February, in which you requested we would write to you. I have not written to you before, because I did not think my letters were worth sending by steamship by the way of England, and it takes so long for them to go from Leghorn.

"We are now quite accustomed to Florence and feel at home here, though I cannot say we speak the language like natives. It is only papa that can speak it with any fluency; I find it much more difficult to learn than I did French, probably because I had more knowledge of French when I came to Europe.

"We see a great many Americans here, and some English, much more than we do Italians, for the latter are not sociable like the French, but shut themselves up in their great palaces, and only appear on Sundays when they drive out in their carriages to the Cascine, and in the evening to the Opera. The people here

think nothing of going to a ball or the Opera Sunday evenings, and some of the best shows and entertainments are on that day. However, the Italians shut up their stores on Sunday and go to church in the morning. The grand duke has been very kind to us, and he gives very pleasant parties. His balls are in Carnival, but in Lent he also gives parties without dancing, and concerts.

"You mentioned in your letter that nobody had described our house to you. It is only an apartment in a large palace; the palace is called Casa Lagerswärd, from the name of the lady who owns it. Our apartment consists of about fourteen rooms. The drawing-room, mamma's and our chamber, the nursery and little parlor, as we call it, all have a southern aspect, and in these warm days we do not need a fire all day; the dining-room, papa's study, and E.'s chamber have a northern aspect, which is the right one for summer. We find the rooms here very agreeable and comfortable, and not having to go up stairs, but only from one room into another, is very pleasant. Then we have a fine large garden, full of trees and flowers, where we walk a great deal; we have a whole greenhouse full of lemon trees; the lemons are now nearly ripe, the weeping willows are all out, and also the lilac bushes, and our garden really looks like spring; there is a bed of sweet-scented violets that we take great pleasure in.

"The church we attend is a French Protestant church, very like the one we went to in Paris. The preaching in the Catholic churches begins in Lent, and yesterday we thought we would step into the Church of Santa Croce and hear the preacher. So papa, C., and I went in. The preacher was in a pulpit in the middle of the church, and a great crowd round him,

but we could not get in front of him. The sermon was in Italian, and as he was very hoarse, I did not understand above one word in ten, so that sermon did not do me much good. The only part I understood was about giving alms to the poor, and when the box came round, we each of us put in something. In this church are the monuments of Dante, Michelangelo, Alfieri, and some others, and the tomb of Galileo. One of the prettiest things in these great churches are the splendid glass windows, painted in such brilliant colors; and I have heard it said, that these colors go entirely through the glass, instead of being merely on the outside. The Cathedral is another noble church, but the windows are not so fine. On Christmas-day we went round to a good many churches, to see the service in them, but there is only one service in the churches here, in the morning, so that we cannot go in the afternoon.

"I hope you will be pleased with the pictures papa has sent you, for we all think they are very beautiful. I do not see but what those which are copies are almost as good as the originals, and some are originals themselves. The beautiful statuary here I am most struck with; the statue of Washington, by Mr. Greenough, is very grand, and is soon to go to America. Mr. G. has also a very fine head of Franklin, and a group he is making for the Capitol is also very pleasing, though it is yet only in plaster. Mr. Powers has also some beautiful statuary; his Ginevra is one of the finest things I ever saw, and his statue of Eve will be superb when it is done; he has not quite finished modelling it in clay. We do not go a great deal to the galleries of sculpture and pictures now, because they are so very cold, having stone floors, but when it is a little warmer we mean to go oftener. . . . .

"I am learning to draw, and next summer I think of learning to paint in oils.

"I must now bid you good-by, dear grandpapa.

"Your affectionate granddaughter,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

CHAPTER IX

NEW ENGLAND HABITS IN FLORENCE — CORRESPONDENCE.

Moment by moment swiftly flies,
Whilst thou, with ever earnest eyes,
Sendest each laden to the skies!

IT was in the autumn of her eighteenth year, that Anne became a resident of Florence; here she passed seven months, and, as she writes to her friend, "is quite a Florentine;" yet, not "quite," in a most essential feature; she has not learned to love the *dolce far niente* of the Italian. Her character is formed. Henceforth, it is not in the power of balmy airs, or beauty beaming in nature or in art, to woo her to forgetfulness of duty. One paragraph from her journal will show to the close observer that it was not insensibility, but firm principle, which enabled her to pursue, undeviatingly, the system of steady application, which she had marked out for herself in her earliest years.

"25th January, 1840. — After the morning lessons were over, we went out about half past twelve and found the weather delightful. The tramontana, (a high, cold wind from the mountains,) had entirely disappeared and the air was soft and mild. We staid abroad

till about one, and then came in. After luncheon, *I thought a little of walking in the garden again, but I had so much to do, that I concluded not to go.* I read my German, and then wrote my Italian, after which, I read to myself. After dinner, I did some work," etc. It is not too much praise to ascribe to the spirit manifested in the simple record, more of might, than to him "that taketh a city;" and nothing so strikingly indicates the stability of her principles and the almost miraculous activity of her mind, as her conformity to her New England habits under circumstances so inviting to self-indulgence.

Indeed, the order of her life has undergone so little change, that many portions of her journal, of which a few will be given here, might stand parallel with some written in her home in Charlestown, and the difference hardly be perceived.

"28th December. — We began with our lessons and teachers again to-day, and after the drawing master had gone, I took a walk in the garden, as it was so pleasant. When I came in I read for some time, and then did a little work. Our Italian teacher came later to-day, and therefore, we took luncheon later. After luncheon, papa and I went out to take a walk, and walked around the walls, in a place where we had not walked before; we discovered, also, an inscription, at least five hundred years old."

"19th January. — After reading my Latin and drawing for some time, I went down into the garden and drove hoop for about half an hour. It was pretty damp, owing to its having rained this morning. When I came in, I read till luncheon, after which, C. and I went directly out in the carriage to do an errand; and

when we returned, she and mamma went out and made one or two visits. In the evening I did one or two sums, and also read aloud a good deal."

"20th. — After our teachers were gone this morning, we went out into the garden as usual. . . . . After luncheon, I read my German and wrote my Italian, and then did some work. Before dinner, I read to papa, and after dinner, Edward W. and I did some hard sums."

"21st. — There was a very strong tramontana to-day, which papa said was called the black tramontana; there are different degrees of tramontanas, and this was a very severe one. However, we were able to 'pursue the rolling circle's speed,' and though it was very cold, when we came up, we felt quite warm. I did not drive out to-day; papa and C. drove out a little while. I had time to read and sew a good deal, and after dinner, we got out the sums. I did two or three, or rather had them explained to me; but they were pretty difficult."

She retains her love for early hours, and writes,

"Saturday, 16th January. — In the evening, we had some company. It is necessary to name one evening here when you will receive people, otherwise you would lose half your sleep; for they make such long visits that you cannot go to bed very early; and as we get up early, we need to go to bed earlier." In another place she says, "we begin to know those that stay late, and dread their coming."

Another time, after sitting up late the evening before, she says, "I waked at my usual time this morning, (six o'clock,) but I felt pretty sleepy, and would gladly have slept longer, but I got up, and did my lessons as usual."

Anne was not at this time without amusements. To play hoop with her brothers in the garden was her chief resource for much healthful, merry exercise. In the evening innocent games frequently interrupted her reading or severer study. She also saw much of the gayeties of the city in her drives on the Cascine which her letters describe; and several parties at the Grand Duke's Palace, gave her a view of the wealth and splendor of Florentine society. It should be remarked, however, that her journal is never occupied with these things. Her dress is never mentioned; and when an evening entertainment is in store, no anticipation or preparation for it ever interrupts the regular routine of her studies and employments during the day. In letters to her family friends, she has, in some instances, described her dress, evidently, however, not to gratify her own vanity, but their very natural curiosity.

Of her numerous interesting letters at this period, it is difficult to make a selection, but those are inserted, which, it is supposed, will give the clearest idea of her mode of life and some of the customs of the country.

[To O. B. F.]

"Florence, 8th December, 1840.

"Dear Cousin O., — As mamma has a good many other letters to write, you must accept this from me. We received your letter, and that of your mother to me, on Thanksgiving-day, the 26th ult. We celebrated Thanksgiving-day as well as we could here, but our means for doing so were slender. We wanted to have a plum-pudding of course. Now, as it is rather diffi-

cult to get an English dish well made, we never have such things. When I told our servant, (who speaks French,) that we wanted one, he looked rather surprised. I told him we must have it for our *jour de fête;* for I could not express Thanksgiving in any other way. We thought what a pleasant family meeting you would have at grandpapa's, and when we sat down to dinner at five o'clock, we said, 'Now they are just going to church.' Alas! we could not go to church. By the by, we go every Sunday morning to a French Protestant church. The service is very similar to what we had in Paris, and we have pretty good sermons. But I really think I should like to hear an English sermon once more; I have not heard one since I left America, more than six months ago. And I do not suppose I shall till we go to England; for when we are where we can have both a French and English service we choose the former in preference.

"We do not have much chance here to speak French, but I speak it when I can, that I may not get out of practice; for whatever country you go to, if people cannot speak your language, they generally speak French. Italian I can now speak a little; enough to understand and make myself understood. We have an Italian teacher three times a week, C. has a music teacher every other day, and in a day or two, I am going to begin and take drawing lessons. Then I make a point of reading a good portion of Latin every day. I am glad to hear you have begun German; I am sure you will like it, it is a language one grows very fond of. Have you yet read any of Schiller's plays? Pray read them as soon as possible, they are so interesting. As soon as I can get any German books, I mean to resume the study.

"This is a charming climate; many trees are still covered with leaves, flowers bloom in our garden in great plenty, and in the open air, against the side of the house, are one or two orange trees, with beautiful fruit nearly ripe. There are also an immense quantity of lemon trees, not exactly in the open air, but covered in part. You stand in this pretty, blooming garden and look over to the Apennines, whose tops are covered with snow; it is a beautiful sight. Papa and I stopped in the street to-day, to admire a distant mountain capped with snow.

"The river Arno runs through Florence, dividing it into two parts, as the Seine does Paris. The street on the bank of the Arno is called the 'Lungo l'Arno,' and is always warm and sunny when it is cold elsewhere; it is a very pleasant walk. But walking here is not much in vogue, as the streets are narrow, and there are no sidewalks. People drive about a great deal in their carriages, and of course we must imitate their example.

"We have been to see some of the galleries of pictures and statuary. The pictures are beautiful. We saw a good many of Raphael, Titian, and the other great masters. I could have staid looking at them I know not how long; there was such grace of form, and sweetness of expression about them.

"We take regularly an English journal, published in Paris. It reaches us a week after it is published, and we get the English news only nine days old. A day or two ago we saw the arrival of the steamship President, which brought news of the happy issue of the presidential election.

"The hours here are very convenient; by that I mean, the way of dividing the time. We get up about seven, breakfast at half past eight, and devote the

morning, till one, to our studies, sewing, etc. Nobody here thinks of calling till after two. At one, we take luncheon, and after that we generally drive out; if we stay at home we sometimes have callers. At half past five we dine, and dinner is our last meal in the day. In the evening we are very apt to have callers, when we do not make visits ourselves, for evening is the principal time for calling. We go to bed pretty early though, following our home hours in that respect. Papa has been presented to the Grand Duke, and is to dine with him to-morrow. I believe I have told you all the news. One thing, however, I did not mention. The streets here are very long; numbered up to thousands. The number of our house is 7080; the street in which we live, is called *Borgo la Croce*. . . . .

"Yours, affectionately,

"Anne G. Everett."

[To P. C.]

"Florence, 6th January, 1841.

"Dearest P.,— . . . . We have settled down into a very regular way of living here, and all my time is occupied. In the morning, after breakfast, which we have at half past eight, I study Latin for some time, then draw for an hour. I have a drawing master three times a week, and we have an Italian teacher every other day. After my drawing, I always walk in the garden, and drive hoop; *actually drive hoop*, for half an hour. We have a beautiful, blooming garden, filled with roses and other flowers. Before luncheon I read in English biography or history, and after luncheon, German. If we wish to go out shopping, the time to do it is between one and five. At half past five we

dine. Evening is the principal time for making and receiving visits.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Florence is not a remarkably pretty city. There are many noble and ancient buildings in it, and grand palaces; but most of the streets are dark and narrow. There are many superb galleries of pictures, where you see the charming originals of the copies we sometimes have in America. The pictures of Raphael and some other great masters, are beautiful beyond expression, and there is also a great deal of fine ancient statuary here. I must not omit to mention the American sculptors here, whose works I cannot praise better than by saying, they are exactly true to the life. We are acquainted with three of the American sculptors, and I really think some of their works are equal to the ancient ones.*

"The climate of Florence is delightful. Even in cold days there is a mildness and softness in the air, that is so pleasant! Many days in the month of December we sat without a fire, and with the windows open, and we never have much fire, only a few sticks of wood. The only thing I do not quite like in the climate, is the frequent rains and dampness, but after all, I do not mind them much. We have not seen any snow, except on the summits of the mountains, since we came here, though we have a little ice sometimes." . . . .

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* Greenough, Powers, and Clevenger.

[To T. B. F.]

"Florence, 11th January, 1841.

"Dear Cousin T.,— We received the packet of letters by Mr. Greenough, on the 7th of January, and were delighted with them, I assure you. We were sitting very quietly at work, in the evening, after dinner, when a packet, sent to us by Mrs. G., was handed in. Mamma seized and opened it, and we all cried out when we saw the letters. If you ever travel far away, you will know how pleasant it is to get letters from home. We are so entirely separated from the rest of the family, that it makes us feel as if we were with them again, to get letters. However, we are not lonely here, but have quite enough to do. We have drawing, music, and Italian masters, and though I cannot say we speak Italian like natives, yet I understand all they say to me, and speak it a little. . . . .

"The Grand Duke and Grand Duchess give balls sometimes. There was a splendid one at the palace New-Year's evening, to which papa went. All the gentlemen were obliged to go in uniform, and papa said the costumes were very brilliant. There was a Greek gentleman there, also an Hungarian, both in their national costumes. There was no supper, but ices and lemonade were handed, and at the close of the evening tea and coffee. Papa has also dined with the Grand Duke, who has been very polite to him. Mamma and I mean to go to the next court ball, circumstances preventing us from going to the first. I am sure I do n't know when it will be, but I wish his Imperial and Royal Highness, that is the title of the duke, would decide to give another. The Grand Duchess, who is

very young, is said to be fond of company and dancing, but as she is very modest and diffident, perhaps she does not like to have so many people presented to her.

"We have here a public drive, called the Cascine, where the Royal family and all the fashionables go to drive, especially on Sunday. After driving for some time, the carriages stop or move at a walk, and the ladies and gentlemen get out and promenade on the banks of the river. If you go at the fashionable hour, you see some very handsome coaches, with rich coronets and hammercloths. The ducal carriages have six horses each with silver trappings.

"We went the other night to see Mr. Greenough's statue of Washington in marble. It is to stand in the centre of the rotunda in the capitol at Washington; you know what a grand place it is for a statue. Washington, of colossal size, is represented as sitting with a drapery gracefully thrown over him. One hand is raised to heaven, the other extended, holding a sword. The chair is beautifully sculptured, and the back of it particularly, has very rich bas reliefs. At one corner of the back of the chair is Columbus, holding a globe in his hand; at the other, an Indian, leaning on his tomahawk. The statue is going to America in the spring, to be put up in the capitol. It would really be worth making a journey to Washington to see it. Mr. G. has also a group for the capitol, consisting of an early settler who surprises an Indian in the act of slaying his wife and child. The expression of the faces is very fine. This is yet only in plaster." . . . .

[To A. V. E.]

"Florence, 23d February, 1841.

"My dear A., — I should have written to you before, but we do not have very good chances to send letters, as ships go very seldom from Leghorn to Boston, and it seems too expensive to send them by the steamships. I assure you I sympathized with you last winter, when I heard of the sorrow you had; I never shall forget you or any one at home.

"I am delighted with Florence, particularly with the climate. On the 18th, 19th, and 20th of February, we sat all day with our windows open, and no fire, and when we walked in the garden it was necessary to keep in the shade, otherwise the sun was overpowering. The lilac bushes are nearly out, and the willow trees are very green. It is really such weather as we have at home the last days of May.

"It is now the time of the Carnival, which this year lasts till the 24th of February, and all Florence is very gay. There are splendid balls given almost every evening, a very fine Opera, the *Corso*, which I will describe to you presently, and the streets filled with masks. A great many people put on masks and dominos, and go parading round, and sometimes they will seize hold of quiet people walking in the streets, and shake them. The other day, we all walked out to see the masks, and as we went along a mask seized C. and gave her a shake. It is very amusing to see these frightful faces going round, sometimes seven or eight walking together.

"Now I will tell you about the Corso. It is neither more nor less than a drive. The last few days of the

Carnival, all the equipages, or the greater part, in town, go and drive in a sort of procession through certain streets and public squares. Great splendor is displayed on these occasions. The Grand Duke has three equipages, with six horses each, and very rich liveries and trappings. He drives with all his family on the Corso, and holds his baby in his lap. Everybody bows to him as he passes, and he in return makes very polite bows. The Neapolitan ambassador has six splendid gray horses, with three footmen behind, and a hammercloth of rich brown velvet. The Russian Prince Poniatowski has two carriages, one with six and the other with four gray horses, and equally rich liveries. The whole scene is very pretty and animated. I have been to three or four splendid balls, two of them at the Grand Duke's palace. The rooms are splendidly lighted with pyramids of candles, and the display of jewels, particularly of diamonds, was superb. The Grand Duchess had on one night, a band of diamonds round her head, a necklace and bracelets of the same, and in her braid behind she had a great star of diamonds; also, a similar star on her waist. Another lady had a coronet of diamonds standing off from her head. The breast of a third was entirely studded with them, and she had a necklace of emeralds and diamonds. I saw one lady whose whole dress was trimmed up the front with diamonds, and she had sprays of them mixed in with feathers in her hair. I am afraid you will be almost tired with the word *diamond*, but it may serve to give you some idea of the splendor of the balls here. We do not go to these great balls till ten, and *we*, that is, our family, generally come home at one, but the greater part of the company stay till four. At one ball we went to, the entrance to the reception room was lined with camelias, orange

and lemon trees, etc., and every lady on entering, had a bouquet given to her. We have also been once or twice to the Opera, and that is a most charming entertainment. It is not so exciting as a ball, but it is so sweet; I cannot think of any other word to describe it. There was one passage in the Opera the other night, that called down such enthusiastic applause, that the man who sang it had to come back three times upon the stage and bow to the audience; and he did sing *so* beautifully, it set C. and me perfectly beside ourselves, and the next day we did nothing but repeat this passage to ourselves.

"I am taking drawing lessons, you may tell L. H., and am soon going to learn to paint in oils; tell her I hope she keeps up her drawing. Pray tell her, for I shall not be able to write to her this time, that I am sorry I cannot send her a piece of my court dress for a pincushion as I promised, for every scrap was used up; there was not a bit left."

[To her Aunt F.]

"FLORENCE, 24th February, 1841.

". . . . Just now we are having charming weather; no need of fires! Dear me! while you probably have your furnace full of coal, we sit at our open windows in the Borgo la Croce, and look out on our pretty garden and the fine old convent of St. Miniato. All Florence is now very gay. Such splendid balls and Corsos as we have! The Carnival is now just ending, and the gayety has been well kept up; the masks have performed their part with great spirit, but I have seen so many instances of their rudeness that I do not like them much. Everybody, (that is, 'everybody that is

anybody,') drives to the Corso, and the equipages and liveries are so brilliant. The Grand Duke came out with new liveries and hammercloths when the Corso began, and everybody else appeared in their gayest attire. The Grand Duke generally drives in a close carriage with his wife, and his baby in his lap; but the last two times he has driven in an open carriage with his youngest daughter, the Archduchess Augusta. The oldest Archduchess is very ill, and never appears in the world. The Corso is very long, reaching from the Piazza Santa Croce to the Piazza S. Maria Novella, so we have a fine chance to see the equipages, and we pass every one twice.

"The balls also are very grand. I have been to several, two of them at the Pitti palace. There have been a great many balls at court, and ever since papa was presented to the duke, we have been asked to all of them. The night I was presented, there were a great many to be presented, a hundred I believe, principally Russians and English. The room was very brilliantly lighted, and the diamonds were superb. The two Grand Duchesses and the Archduchess wear very rich diamonds, and the Russian ladies have them very beautiful. I think the Grand Duke has a very amiable expression of face, and is a very pleasant man, and the Grand Duchess a very pretty woman.

"The next great ball we went to was given by the Marchioness of Ulugares. But this ball was eclipsed by the one given by the Prince and Princess Corsini, which we also attended. They have not given one before, since the Grand Duke's second marriage, and it was a grand affair. The train of carriages reached on one side from the Via Legnajuolo along the Lungo l'Arno to the palace, and on the other side was also

very long. The crowd was immense; it was with difficulty we could walk around the rooms without being crushed, and owing to the crowd we did not see the beautiful pictures as well as we otherwise should have done. I took care, however, to look at the Poesia of Carlo Dolce, of which papa has sent a very fine old copy to grandpapa. . . . .

"We go often to the Cascine. There are, you know, a great many pheasants there, and the other day, the Grand Duke sent us a pair. He has been very kind to us ever since we have been here. The Italian comes on pretty well, though not so fast as the French; for everybody here speaks French or English, and even two of our servants speak French, so we do not have much chance to speak Italian."

[To her Aunt H.]

"Florence, 29th March, 1841.

". . . . The Grand Duke has given two concerts since Lent began, to both of which we were all invited; one of them I went to. All the gentlemen must go in uniform of some sort, and some of the uniforms are very handsome. The Austrian uniform, which the Grand Duke wears, consists of red pantaloons and white coat lined with red; the English uniform is a red coat, with epaulettes, and blue pantaloons, with red cloth up the seams. As we Americans have no national costume, papa wore his French court dress; blue coat, embroidered with gold, white pantaloons, with gold lace, sword, and chapeau bras. There was a Greek gentleman there in his national dress, which consisted of a sort of crimson velvet coat, with the sleeves very loose at the end, richly embroidered in gold, and red

velvet pantaloons coming from under a short, stiff, white petticoat; a small shirt collar, turned over as little boys wear them. This Greek speaks English remarkably well, and is a very pleasant man.

"If you are not tired of hearing of the dresses, I will tell you a little about the ladies' dresses. The Grand Duchess had a light satin, with four or five flounces of Brussels point lace, which costs about sixty dollars a yard. In her hair were sprays and aigrettes of diamonds and pearls. Another lady, over a satin dress, had a real point lace dress; at least it appeared to be real, for, as she was a lady of the court, one would not suspect her of wearing any thing false. We had the best singers in Italy at the concert, and I had a very pleasant time. . . . .

"There was a grand fête the other day, the fête of the Holy Virgin, and there was a celebration of it in the Church of the Santissima Annunciata, which is a very handsome church. We went to see the ceremony. The Grand Duke and his court were there, and the aisle up which they went was lined with soldiers. First came some chamberlains, then the Grand Duke between two guards, and then the Grand Duchess, also between two guards. She was followed by the Dowager Grand Duchess and the Archduchess Louisa. When the court had passed up, the mass began, and the music was very fine. The ladies of the court were in ball-dresses and diamonds, and the duke and the gentlemen in uniform. When the host was lifted up, all the soldiers fell on their knees, and such a clattering as their weapons made!

"My speaking Italian does not come on as well as it ought to; for really everybody speaks French or English, and I have hardly any chance to speak Italian. I

have, however, learnt to shop in Italian, and to beat the people down, too; for here, as well as in Paris, you must not give them the prices they ask. The thing I find most difficulty in buying here is a good pair of gloves. They have French gloves, which are almost the only wearable ones, but they are so large! they hang on your arms. The French women, in fact, have large hands, and I suppose they send an inferior kind of gloves to Florence; I know they do to America. I was astonished to see the difference between the gloves they wear in Paris, and those we think so pretty in Boston. . . . .

"I have lately been translating some pretty little stories from Italian, and if I get them done in time, I will send them to you, as perhaps you may like to see them. One of them was previously translated into Italian from the German.

"I hear there is to be war. I hope it is not true, for I am scarcely ready to come home from Europe yet. . . . .

"P. S. — I send you the feather of a pheasant which the Grand Duke sent us last winter. Susy may put it in her doll's bonnet, if she likes."

[To J. H.]

"Florence, 7th April, 1841.

". . . . I shall send this letter by Mr. Edward Webster, who, after having lived with us last winter, is now returning home. The letter will be very old when you get it, as he stops on his way at Paris, but if you feel as we do when we get letters you will not mind its being a little old. . . . .

"The display of diamonds at the balls has been truly magnificent. I have seen the Grand Duchess wear diamonds alone, diamonds and pearls, diamonds and sapphires, diamonds and rubies; and a friend of mine saw her with emeralds and diamonds. All the ladies of the court, and also the Russian ladies, dress very splendidly; some of them in Brussels lace, which costs sixty dollars a yard. It is of no use to try to wear any jewels, and any thing handsome; you are downright eclipsed; the only way is to dress as plainly and simply as possible. A great many people wear Roman pearls, and imitation lace, but they are almost always detected. The Grand Duchess and the Archduchess dress very elegantly, and a friend of mine who has lived here a good many years, and goes frequently to court, told me that they never wear a ball dress twice. . . . .

"It is now Holy week, and there are a great many religious ceremonies. Among others, the Grand Duke washes the feet of six old men, and the Grand Duchess of six old women, to commemorate the washing of the disciples' feet. They say, that these old people are well scrubbed before their highnesses touch them. To-morrow we are going to see the ceremony, and I may be able to write you an account of it."

"Thursday, 8th. — Well, I have been to see this grand ceremony. We were obliged to go to the palace at half past nine, in order to get good places; and, upon entering the grand hall, we saw two long tables spread with food for the old people. Then we went to a raised platform at one side of the room, where we had to stand, there being no place to sit. The room kept filling, and pretty soon the old people were brought in, twelve old men, (not six,) and twelve old women. One of the old women was so infirm, that an officer had to carry

her in his arms. The eldest of them was ninety-seven and none younger than eighty. When all was ready, a little before eleven, their Imperial Highnesses entered, and soon after, the officers and ladies of the court began to distribute the food. I saw the Grand Duchess hand a plate to an old woman. Then an officer came up, and attended the Duchess down the line of the women, and she stooped down, and bathed the feet of each; very slightly, for it did not take her half a minute to each. The Duke did the same to the old men. The Grand Duchess was dressed in black velvet, with a blonde veil over her head, and she looked as pretty, dressed thus simply, as in a ball dress, which is what cannot be said of everybody. The Grand Duke wore his Austrian uniform, and the little Ducal children stood in another room, and looked through a window to see what their parents were doing. After the ceremony was over, the royal family left the hall, and so did we. The poor people, whose feet are washed, have a supply of food given them to carry home, and some money. . . . .

"I could say a great deal more if I had time, but my letter must be done. Pray write to me whenever you get a chance, and give me all the news, domestic, fashionable, and political."

[To her aunt, Mrs. G. B.]

"FLORENCE, 16th May, 1841.

". . . . I think when you were in Europe, you did not go to Italy. If so, you lost a great deal, for Florence and its environs are charming. Our summer is now in its full beauty and glory; the garden is full of roses, larkspur, etc., and we have had strawberries, cherries, and new potatoes for some time, and as for

green peas, they are an old story now. Apricots and fresh figs, they tell me come in June, and peaches and plums in July and August. But then, to compensate for this, we have very warm weather. Some days in the latter end of April were as warm as our July weather; we have had one thunderstorm since we came here, the first we have had for a year and a half, for we had none last summer in Paris.

"I think I have pretty well discussed the climate, and will now tell you some of the things they do here. Some of the ceremonies of Holy week or Easter week, were very curious. One day we went to see a dove fly from the Cathedral; this dove is let off from the high altar, and flies out in a blaze of fire till it reaches a little tower full of fireworks, which stands at no great distance in the square; and then flies back again; then the fireworks burst out from the tower. The dove appears to have two squibs or crackers; one in his head, and the other in his tail, one of which bursting, propels him forward, and the other back again; but I dare say the people think it comes from heaven, for they attach very superstitious ideas to it. If it does not go straight, the people think they shall not have a good harvest; so when the French had the upper hand here, they sent for the priests, who make the bird go, and told them if it did not go straight, they should have their heads cut off. The birds went very straight, during the dominion of the French. The Florentines are obliged to do this every year, having had a legacy left to them for that purpose, and if they do not, they forfeit a great many estates left to them by the same person.

"We witnessed another curious scene the other day — the drawing of the lottery; this is somewhat

different from what it is in America. The numbers from one to ninety are put into a hollow wheel, and afterwards, five of them drawn out. On three of these, it is allowed to bet. These numbers were passed round a table, at which sat the officials, and after being exhibited, were put into the wheel, by a little page dressed in red. When they were all in, another little page was blindfolded very closely, and put his hand in, and drew forth five numbers; these were 25, 56, 13, 48, and 80. Anybody that had bet on any three of these five numbers would get a good deal of money. If one number you bet on comes up, you are paid something; if you have two, a hundred times your bet, and if three, several thousand times as much. If none come up on which you have bet, of course you lose your money. But as the three numbers, or even two numbers bet on, very rarely come up, the government gains a great deal. It is said there was once a man who dreamed he bet on three numbers, and that they all came up; so he went and bet on them, and they did come up; and he gained, I think, forty thousand dollars. But the directors of the lottery said there was fraud in it and refused to pay him; upon which, he went to law, and after long delay, gained his cause and his money. This lottery is very pernicious, for you can bet as low a sum as you please, and the poorest people do bet. It has lately been abolished by the King of the French in his dominions, and also in every other country of Europe, but Italy.

"The old churches here are very interesting. In the churches of San Lorenzo are several works of Michelangelo, and at the back of this church, is the chapel of the Medici, which is truly superb. The walls are entirely composed of pietra dura, or Florentine mosaic. The ceiling is richly painted and gilded, and the stones

or marbles on the walls have the effect of a mirror; if you look into them, you see a reflection of the church and chapel. It is a hundred ells high; an ell is about two feet. The high altar is to be made of pietra dura, and also the floor of the chapel. It will be an immense work, and when they will get it done, I don't know. They are working very diligently on it; that is, diligently for the Florentines, for they are the laziest people I ever knew, and I am told that the Romans and Neapolitans are still more so.

"The Italian comes on very well. C., E., and I can speak it now without any difficulty, and we are so used to hear that or French in the shops, that when I hear English spoken in them, it sounds rather strange to me. When I talk to foreigners in English, I insensibly give my English a slight foreign accent. My drawing improves, and I have taken a very pretty view near here, which I wish to see if aunt Fanny will recognize when I get back to America.

"We were all exceedingly shocked to hear of the President's death, for it was an event of which we had never even contemplated the possibility. The Americans here, of whom there are not a great many, put on mourning, to be worn for thirty days. I have heard some foreigners also express their respect for General Harrison, and their sorrow at his death.

"We are now all very well, except that lately, some of us have suffered from the heat; but at present, it is not very warm, only that it is impossible, even with a veil and parasol to walk in the sun, as early as eight in the morning. The sun here seems to have a peculiarly penetrating power." . . . .

[To Mrs. D.]

"Florence, 23d May, 1841.

". . . . I suppose you have never tasted fresh figs; you cannot imagine how good they are. The flavor is not at all like that of the figs we have in Boston; but is very pleasant, and in a good fig very sprightly. Papa and I am very fond of them, but the rest do not like them much. I am told there are so many plums in the garden of the hotel where we live, that one year they had to take some of them to make vinegar, not being able to eat them. The palaces here are very splendid. We went the other day to look at the private rooms in the Pitti Palace, where the Grand Duke lives. We had been to the balls and concerts there last winter, but we wished to see the rooms where the Duke, Duchess, and their family live. The rooms were very handsome indeed. The walls were lined with different colored satin, and the chairs were covered with satin to match, and beautifully gilt. There was one sleeping room which I should like to sleep in. The bed had a yellow silk counterpane, and yellow silk curtains, with very handsome gilding. On each side of the bed was a sweet picture, by one of the first painters, and one of the pictures had a frame entirely composed of silver flowers, which was beautiful. I should not think the Grand Duke could be perfectly happy, notwithstanding his beautiful palace, for his eldest daughter is dying of consumption, of which disease his first wife and another daughter also died. We saw in the palace a picture of the young princess who is so ill, taken when a little girl. She has one arm over her dog's neck, and looks very pretty.

"We had some horseraces here, last month, which were amusing enough to those who liked them, but I cannot say I did. We went one day to see the first one, and just as we arrived there was one short race; then we waited an hour, and saw another race, which lasted just about four minutes; and when that was over, the clouds which had been gathering all the afternoon, poured down in rain and hail. Our carriage, though open, fortunately could shut up, so we were safe, but those persons whose carriages would not shut, were in a sad plight. Then what a running all over the meadow! and such a getting under trees! There was a large pavilion erected in the middle of the race-ground for those who did not sit in their carriages, and they were drenched through. Though not a drop of rain touched me, yet I had enough of the races, and would not go again.

"We have been for the last few days *villa hunting;* for papa thought in summer we should like to live in the country. But it is very difficult to get a villa to suit you; for one is too far from the city, another has not enough sleeping rooms, and a third is not clean enough. It is in fact difficult to get an Italian house that is clean enough. The places in the country here are very different from those we have at home. People here do not go into the country for shade or coolness, as there are no trees around a house, the inhabitants fearing the mosquitos, which are in great plenty here, in the latter end of summer and the beginning of autumn. You may imagine an Italian landscape is not very pretty, for you see very little but olive-trees, which are low, irregular shaped trees, with a light blue green leaf, and which make the country look very stiff. Then the fields are divided from the road by walls higher than a man's head!"

CHAPTER X.

VILLA CAREGGI — PURSUITS — CORRESPONDENCE — JOURNAL.

"But Italy! sweet Italy! thou bearest on thy breast
The footprints of a mighty race, whose hearts are now at rest.
Thy noble dead are with us, as we gaze upon thy sky,
And though we see them not, we feel their memory cannot die!"

AT the end of May, Mr. Everett removed from his winter residence in the Casa Lagerswärd to the Villa Careggi, in the neighborhood of Florence. It was with some regret that Anne parted from her late happy home, but she soon writes with warmest interest of the villa.

In her journal she says: "We found a good deal of its history in a work called 'The Royal Villas of Tuscany,' of which Careggi was one, till the year 1780, when the Grand Duke Leopold, the grandfather of the present Grand Duke, sold it to the family who own it now. At the time of the siege of Florence in 1530, which was undertaken to restore the Medici, a party hostile to them sallied out from Florence, burnt several villas, and set fire to Careggi; but it could not have burnt far, for the greater part is of solid stone. The pillars of the court have bands of iron round them, perhaps because they were injured in the fire. Some one suggested, the other day, that the greater part of

the building was not the original building of Lorenzo's time, on account of this said fire, but I hope it is a mistake, and that we live in the very rooms occupied by Lorenzo, and built by his grandfather Cosmo, Pater Patriæ.*

"There are other villas round Florence, which are prettier, but none which have so many interesting historical recollections. Lorenzo had many other villas, but they were all further from Florence."

The following letter gives a further description of this celebrated mansion.

[To R. T.]

"Careggi, 27th June, 1841.

"Dear R.,—I received your last letter dated the 14th of June on the 25th, and you see I am very punctual in writing again. I received it just as we were having letters from America, and while my painting master was here. I could not read it till he was gone; and then I seized it, I assure you. We, like you, have just got over the trouble and fatigue of moving. We left our lodgings in Florence the second of June, when the thermometer was nearly up to 96°, and came to this villa which is very pretty. Two days after we moved out, we had a tramontana, (north wind,) the thermometer sank to 65°, and we were almost frozen. This weather lasted a fortnight, and now it is very warm again; thermometer 80° while I write. Such changes are not uncommon here.

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* There is no reason to doubt that the building now standing is substantially the original edifice.

"Our villa is about four hundred years old, and belonged to Lorenzo de' Medici, called the Magnificent, whose history, no doubt you know; if not, read *Roscoe's* Life of him, which I found very interesting. Lorenzo died here at the age of forty-four, and there is a great well in the court where, there is a tradition, that the servants threw the unfortunate doctor for letting their master die so young. There is in this well, the most charming echo I ever heard, and an English gentleman, the other day when here, said it must be the doctor's voice. I don't know; I doubt the story a little; and papa does not like to have it talked over before S. because he is rather superstitious, and asked, the other day, if there was not a winged spirit in the well, that pushed up the water-bucket. The walls of the house, and every part of it except the window-shutters, doors, and rafters, are of solid stone; some of the inner walls are three feet thick. It is a great castle of a place; there are two immense halls, one up and one down stairs, each fifty feet long; several parlors, and a great many chambers. C. and I each have a large, lofty chamber, and beside this, I have another nice room to paint in; it is also my study, and from it I now write to you. I shall tell you a little how it looks, that you may imagine me in it.

"The table where I write is in the middle of the room; in front of me a bureau, where I keep my painting materials; on my right, a sofa; on my left, a smaller table with my books; and near the window, which is also on my left, my easel, with an unfinished landscape on it. My painting goes on very well, and I like it very much. Mamma's chamber is said to be the room where Lorenzo died, in the year 1492, and where his son, Pope Leo X. was born; and out of this cham-

ber opens a little room, where the Platonic Academy, with Lorenzo at its head, held its meetings; so we call it the Academy, and sit there reading Lorenzo's life in the evening. In this room are two old chairs, which we are sure, from their ancient look, must have been used in Lorenzo's lifetime; so we have called them 'Lorenzos;' they are the most old-fashioned things you can imagine. An American artist, who was here the other day, advised me to sketch them."

To another friend she wrote: —

"Our house is not pretty on the outside, for the upper story projects from the building in a curious manner, being supported by great stone brackets, and round this upper story, which we do not use, there is an open gallery, where one could walk in rainy weather, and which affords a most charming view of the country round. The panorama is indeed beautiful; on one side you see Castello and Petraja, two summer residences of the Grand Duke, with the blue Apennines beyond; on another side, Fiesole, from which old city Florence itself is said to draw its origin. Several other villas, very near, and innumerable distant ones, fill up the view. Then the country around is highly cultivated with vineyards and olive-trees, with their light green leaf, and though the place does not seem very elevated, you can see the tops of many of the buildings in the city. The first evening we were here, it rained most violently, and the sun then breaking through the clouds, we had a lovely rainbow; the view was then, not beautiful — for it was more — it was enchanting; and as we looked at it we wished for an artist to paint it directly. In the west, opposite the rainbow, were large

masses of rich golden and purple clouds, and as the sun went down, they became still brighter. The next morning I went out upon Lorenzo's balcony, which opens from mamma's study, and took a view of the fine country. I have sketched several views, and shall take several more. You shall see them when I get home, that you may have some idea of Italian landscapes and buildings, which are so entirely different from any you see in America. The landscapes round Florence, however, are not equal to some of those of France, in beauty; for almost every inch of land is cultivated here, so that there is no room left for trees, and we miss the shade so agreeable on a warm summer day. We have had some oppressively warm weather already; the last of April the heat was excessive, and some of the last days of May the thermometer was at ninety-six!" . .

In her charming *studio*, just described, many happy hours were passed; — here she wrote, studied, and read, but superior to all other occupations in interest to her, was her painting. She executed this summer two beautiful paintings in oil; one a view of the Villa Careggi, as she describes it the first evening after their arrival, with the dark clouds just disappearing, and, in the midst of them the magic rainbow, springing into beauty, which always suggested to her the beautiful lines of Campbell, which are copied in her journal the 15th of May, 1840, at Watertown: —

> "Triumphal arch, that fill'st the sky
> When storms prepare to part,
> I ask not proud philosophy,
> To teach me what thou art!"

The other painting is a view of their residence at

Florence, with the picturesque convent of San Miniato in the distance. It was her habit to go out with her master and sketch views from nature, and then finish them in her *studio*. Thus she writes: —

"August 20, 1841. — It has been exceedingly warm to-day. I went out with my drawing-master to take a view of the villa next to us, with a high tower. By good fortune, there was a large white mulberry tree under which we sat to take it. But going and coming it was very warm."

Of her reading, she says at this time, —

"21st. — I have just finished the Life of Gibbon, the historian of the 'Decline and Fall,' by himself. It is interesting, but so strongly tinged with his infidel principles, that it is in some places quite painful. I am now reading in English, Tytler's Universal History, and in Italian, Goldoni's comedies, which are very amusing. I have also in German, a German history, which I like very much."

If all young people read as *much* as Anne, they could afford to give some time to light reading, without injury; but with how many is history wholly displaced by works of fiction!

In addition to these pursuits, it must not be forgotten, was her sewing, useful and ornamental, upon which she always employed some portion of time daily; add to this her customary walk with her father, and the places of amusement she visited, and which are described in her letters, and we may form some estimate of her industry; this, too, in the heat of summer, under an Italian sky.

Her letters at this time are long and interesting, and it ought to be remarked, that she generally copied them;

which, of course, consumed nearly the same amount of time as the first writing.

[To R. T. in Paris.]

"Careggi, 27th June, 1841.

"Dear R., —. . . . The fêtes of San Giovanni, the patron saint of Florence, are just over, and have been quite amusing to us strangers; to the Italians, too, I think, for they are a pleasure-loving people, and abound in *fêtes*. All the *fêtes* taken together, I have heard it said amount to three months. Those of San Giovanni lasted two days. The first day there were chariot races, fireworks, and an illumination. The square of Santa Maria Novella, the largest square in Florence, was crowded to overflowing to see the chariot races. On one side was a pavilion, hung with red silk and velvet, for the Court, the Corps Diplomatique, etc. We were invited by the Grand Duke to go there, but were not able to. The chariots, four in number, were shaped like the ancient chariots, painted different colors, and had two horses each. They were very well driven, and the race, though short, was very pretty. The fireworks, which were on one of the bridges over the Arno, (the Ponte Carraja,) were very brilliant; I do not say they were equal to those we witnessed last summer in Paris, but they were nearly as fine, and being over the water much increased the effect. The illuminations were really beautiful; the Dome, the Palazzo Vecchio, and other lofty buildings being illuminated, the effect was very grand. While I looked at the fireworks, I thought how soon they would be having them at home for the 4th of July. I tell papa we must do something to celebrate

the 4th of July, to let the Italians see we care for it; the last 4th of July we passed in Rouen.

" The second day of the *fêtes*, we had a fine Corso of carriages, and races of free horses. We drove into town to see them, and papa went to the Grand Duke's pavilion for that purpose. The Grand Duke, Royal family, and Court, appeared on the Corso in seven richly ornamented State carriages, six horses each, and a body of Life Guards; the royal children were in another coach and six, and last was a carriage with two horses with silver trappings, and a coachman and footman in the ducal livery, in which sat the royal nurse, who always has a carriage to herself. She wears a black beaver hat with black plumes, which is the badge of a Florentine nurse. The free horses, five in number, which ran from one gate of the city to another, were very fine animals, and had bands of leather passed round them, with bits of tin attached, which pricked them as they ran, and made them go faster. They did not go as fast as if they had had riders, but went however very fast.

" It is very much the fashion here for the ladies to have albums, and get their friends to write or draw in them; I have a very pretty one, bound in purple velvet, and gilt, and several persons have written in it. Then there is a print of the Grand Duke in the beginning, and a drawing that a Swedish young lady, a friend of ours, made me. Several other drawings have been promised me, — two of them by American artists, who paint beautifully. If we ever come together again, I shall make you draw in it; so hold yourself in readiness.

" I am very sorry we shall not be likely to meet this summer. We shall probably stay here till the end of

September, and then we talk of going to Naples, and afterwards to Rome; it is better to be at Naples the first part of the winter, and at Rome for the Holy week in the spring. I will find out exactly our address, and put it in a postscript; I dare say I have omitted half the things I wanted to tell you, but you must take the letter as it is."

[To her cousin, L. H.]

"Villa Careggi, 4th July, 1841.

"Dear L.,— I celebrate our glorious national festival by writing to you. Papa wrote a letter to your mother, not long ago, in which he described our house, so I can add nothing to the description, except to mention that C. and I have each a large chamber, and I have another room for my study and painting room. I am painting now in oils a landscape from nature, and shall paint some more views taken about this place. Pray tell E. W., if you see him, that his paint-box which he gave to me when he left us, has done, and continues to do me very good service, and that my painting master, in speaking of it, said, 'Va bene' or 'molto bene,' or some such thing. My drawing-master speaks nothing but Italian to me, nor I to him. The other day, I gave him a full account of the visit of the Indians to Boston, three or four years ago, and he was to the last degree astonished. The next day I gave him a sketch of the Constitution of the United States, and when he heard that the people *elected* the members to Congress, he opened his eyes in wonder. Poor Tuscans! they cannot conceive of liberty, yet they are fond of the Grand Duke too; he is an amiable man and the government is as good as a despotism can be.

"The Tuscans have some queer customs. When a young peasant girl marries, her parents give her as much money as they can spare, for a dowry, from a hundred to three hundred dollars, and with this the *sposa* buys as many pearls as she can get for this sum, real, genuine pearls, and often very handsome. These pearls they only wear on *fête* days and Sundays, and they constitute their property; they consider it the safest way of investing their money. Our gardener's wife, for her dowry, bought seven strings of pearls, and handsome pearl ear-rings; and then on a *fête* day she appears with them, and her large Leghorn hat, and looks very happy. The women and men indiscriminately work in the fields, and the country is in a high state of cultivation. Strawberries and cherries have long been gone, so are raspberries, of which we have seen very few; we are now having a feast of apricots; oh, such a quantity! I never *saw* one quarter as many at home as I eat here; they are as plenty as the commonest vegetables. We also have plenty of plums and fresh figs, the latter immensely large, and the grape vines are loaded with fruit, which will soon be ripe. The olive-trees are full of young fruit, and the hedges full of blackberry vines, which, unlike ours, have a pink blossom. As a set-off to all this plenty, we are tormented almost to death by flies, mosquitos, and other wicked insects; are sadly bitten, and have to sleep under mosquito nets from June to November. It is very warm here; in Florence the other day, the thermometer was a hundred; but that was in a very warm house; about eighty is the average. Last month we had a spell of cold weather, which was rather unexpected; the thermometer fell to sixty-five." . . . .

[To Hon. P. C. Brooks.]

"CAREGGI, 31st July, 1841.

"DEAR GRANDPAPA,—I write to you from our Florentine villa, which we find very cool and pleasant this warm weather. We received your letter written to mamma, C., and myself, some time ago; and soon after C. wrote to you, and told you all about the productions here, and about the people, and so forth. I shall, therefore, tell you a little about our amusements.

"There is a Florentine lady who has a pretty garden annexed to her palace, and during the month of July she gave four balls, at which her garden was illuminated. The lamps were hung on the trees, and had paper shades around them; but they were perfectly safe, and I believe only one fell down. The company, among whom were our family at two of the balls, walked around the garden, and though it was eleven o'clock at night, there was not the slightest dampness in the air, nor the least dew on the grass. A gentleman who has lived here some years told me that in the months of July and August, there is no dew here, and I never saw any in Paris. We think, grandpapa, that such balls as these, given at Medford, would be very pleasant. You might walk into the garden from the large western parlor, and the road leading to the bridge and grove might be illuminated. Your grounds have many more advantages for such a *fête*, than the garden of this Italian lady. The fashionable hour here, for going to balls, is from ten to half past ten.

"The *fêtes* of St. John, the guardian saint of Florence, have lately taken place, and the celebration of

them was very amusing. We had extremely pretty illuminations and fireworks. . . . .

" The gentlemen were dressed in their uniforms, and the ladies in court dresses, trains, and diamonds; all this seemed a good deal to do for some racing horses; but the Grand Duke likes to keep up old customs, and I believe these races used to take place in the days of Lorenzo.

" We live close to a country-seat of the Grand Duke's, called ' La Petraja,' which we were told is a very pretty place, and advised to visit it; so we went on the warmest day we have had, when the thermometer had been at eighty-four. To be sure, we went in the evening, but it was still so warm we could hardly bear the heat. But as the carriage reached Petraja, the Grand Duke was just driving in, after some days' absence, and visitors could not be admitted. So we drove to the Cascine, and then home.

" I shall send you, on the fourth page, a little record of how the thermometer has stood lately, that you may see the average of our weather." . . . .

[To Mrs. C. F. A.]

" Careggi, 5th September, 1841.

" My dear Aunt A., — . . . . I wish you were here just at this time, to eat some of our nice fruit; we have been having peaches a great while, and plums are almost finished. But our grapes! you should see them. The estate is very large, and the fields are intersected with grape vines, which are loaded with grapes, red, white, and purple. Our landlord makes a great deal of wine, but there are so many grapes that we are allowed to help ourselves freely; and morning, noon, and night

we eat them. Before breakfast, after breakfast, at luncheon, in the afternoon, and at dinner, which is at five o'clock, we have a bunch of grapes in our hand. Grandpapa would certainly be pleased to wander through our beautiful vineyard. There are also Muscat grapes, which grow on the walls of the house.

"I dare say you have read some of the letters describing our house; how large it is, and how many rooms there are. You will have a very good idea of the villa, when we get home again, for I have some drawings and paintings of it, which I can show you. It is indeed very different from an American country house, and so is the landscape different from an American landscape. Instead of orchards, corn fields, and noble forest-trees, you look around you and see the yellow-green vines, the blue-green olive-trees, and the tall, magnificent cypresses; but there is very seldom shade about an Italian villa; the Italians think it brings insects, and do not desire it.

"I miss our beautiful rivers here; the tributaries to the Arno are very often dried up, and in their best condition are very slender streams.

"In general I like the Italians, but they have some singular notions, — such as their preference for unripe fruit. They think, or say they think, that ripe fruit is too heating; yet the same people, that will refuse a nice ripe pear, because it is too heating, and will eat a hard green one, will, on a warm summer's day, drink nearly a flask of wine! Their passion for wine is perfectly astonishing, and in settling the wages of your people, you have to give them so much a month for wine; they even give it to the babies. It is true the milk is not very good for the children, for the cows are never let out to pasture, but are shut up in the

stable year in and year out; they cut the grass in the fields, and bring it to them. You may imagine, therefore, that the milk is not very good. They will soon begin to make the wine, and in a month or two, the oil, from the plentiful crop of olives; but we shall hardly be here to see it.

"We are tolerably proficient in speaking Italian now. E. speaks it as fast as he does English, though probably not as well. S. speaks it a little, and as great pains have been taken to teach it to W. he too speaks some."

[Extracts from her Journal.]

"*Careggi*, July 10, 1841. — This afternoon we went to Pratolino; we were to meet some American friends there and walk round with them. We started a few minutes before four, and found the road almost wholly up hill, and as it was very warm and sultry, the drive was not very pleasant; however, on one hill we saw a very pretty prospect of Florence. We arrived at Pratolino at half past five, before our friends. This place was anciently a royal country-seat, and there was a palace there, built by the second Grand Duke of the Medici family; but Ferdinand III., the present Grand Duke's father, took it down by the advice of his counsellors, who thought the palace would be undermined by the waterworks in it. The park is very fine, not laid out in the usual stiff Italian style, but following the beauties of nature; and there are everywhere pretty groves, ponds, green walks, and so forth; the whole is a good specimen of this beautiful country.

'Che Apennin parte,
E 'l mar circonda, e l'Alpe.'

"The great statue by Gianbologna, is a curious sight; it is made of stone, and is not standing erect but leaning over, with one foot and one hand bent, and the other two extended; it is called the Apennine, and is represented as pushing the water out of some creature's mouth; his feet are seven feet and a half long, and one of his fingers was, I should think, nearly three feet long. At the back of the statue is a great dragon, and under one of the wings are some steps and an entrance, so we went in, and stood in the body of the monster. There is a small chamber in his head and nose, but we could not get into it, because there was an iron bar across it to keep it firm. Under the statue is a cavern, which leads through and through to the pond in front, and where you see the water dropping very refreshingly. The whole statue, if standing, would be fifty or sixty feet high.

"In the centre of the grounds is a pretty little chapel, kept very neat, with a good picture in it, said to be a copy of Andrea del Sarto; service is performed in it every Sunday. After leaving the statue, we walked round part of the grounds, and then went into the house, and took some cake and lemonade. After this, we had to wait a great while for our carriages, for the men were lazy as usual. We returned in a shorter time than we went, and reached home a little before ten."

"20th. — I have lately been reading quite an interesting book about the sepulchres of ancient Etruria, which in these modern times have been discovered and opened, and throw much light on the history of the ancient Etruscans. There have been found in them splendid sarcophagi, bronzes, vases, and engraved gems, besides fine paintings representing many different

scenes of life, giving a very good idea of what the Etruscans did. Some of these tombs cannot be less than three thousand years old. They abound in various parts of the ecclesiastical State and Tuscany, on the site of old Etrurian towns and cities. Lucien Bonaparte, Napoleon's brother, found on his estate a great many tombs, and his wife appeared at a ball in a complete set of Etruscan golden ornaments, which were very beautiful and much admired. The present Pope has founded a museum of these things at Rome."

"14th August. — We drove to Florence this morning and went to see the museum of Egyptian antiquities, which is very interesting. At the time when this subject began to attract attention, the Grand Duke sent a party to Egypt, to explore the sepulchres, and all these relics were taken from them, having been buried with the dead. The first thing we saw was an ancient Scythian chariot, taken in battle by some Egyptian warrior, and found in his tomb in many parts; it was brought to Florence, and there put together; it was very interesting to think that this chariot was made at least three thousand years ago, and perhaps more.

"We also saw all sorts of ancient hieroglpyhic inscriptions, mummies, or embalmed bodies in their cases, some exceedingly ancient, and some immense sarcophagi of stone, also one of wood, with hieroglyphies and designs on it. The hieroglyphics are discovered to be, not what was formerly supposed, mere emblems of things, but alphabetical letters, and learned men have been able to read some of them.

"I was much interested by one cabinet. The ancients imagined that their friends needed some food after death, and so they put it into their sepulchres; and there we saw the little dishes with old dried raisins, old

black eggs, nuts, onions, wheat, and so forth, all in a wonderful state of preservation. I have heard that some onions taken out of an Egyptian tomb were once planted and grew! We were shown a shirt made of papyrus, the material on which they wrote, and which is of a silky substance, of a yellowish brown color. We saw a good deal more on which something was written. There were all sorts of wooden and stone utensils, an old chair with a cloth seat, very well preserved, and many different kinds of vases. There is one piece of earthen ware with a Chinese inscription on it, which seems to show that there was some commerce between Egypt and China. Among other things preserved in the tombs, is an ibis, the sacred bird of the Egyptians, and a crocodile; and the hair of a mummy, which, on being rubbed with the fingers, fell into dust; in short, I cannot mention half the things we saw."

"18th. — I drew and read this morning as usual, and at one we drove into town to see the gems, which are kept in the Uffizi, near the picture-gallery. A considerable number of these are cameos, with likenesses of the Roman Emperors and the Empresses, also other great characters, and the gods and goddesses of antiquity. They are very beautifully cut, and their being of undoubted antiquity, makes them still more interesting. There were also many intaglios, but as these were on dark stones, and difficult to be distinguished, there are little plaster casts by the side of them to enable you to see them better. There was one with a likeness of Lorenzo de' Medici; one of Leo X.; also a cameo with Lorenzo on it, very like his picture in the gallery. We also looked at a few medals, but hastily, for the gallery was about to close. There was an old Etruscan one, and another of solid gold, of

the Florentine republic, of which this is the only copy; another which was at Paris, was stolen. We were shown the last seal of the republic at Florence, which was an ancient intaglio and very beautiful." . . . .

"13th September. — . . . . We drove to the *Campanile* of the Duomo to see the fine prospect. The ascent was fatiguing; there are four hundred and twelve steps; but, at last, we arrived at the top, and there was a beautiful view. We could see Careggi, Fiesole, Poggio Imperiale, and all the adjacent country, and the Apennines closed the view. There we could see every house and church in Florence. How much smaller the city is than Paris, which we looked down upon from the Arc de l'Etoile, at this time, last year!

"The descent was accomplished more safely, or at least more quickly, than the ascent. The guide who showed us the way, said that the gilt ball on the top of the large dome could admit eight persons to sit down to dinner, but this I may be allowed to doubt." . . . .

"17th. — There is at present meeting in Florence, a society of learned men, (scienziati,) which met last year at Turin, and takes its turn here this year. It is composed chiefly of Italians, but strangers from all countries are also admitted as members. Papa is a delegate on behalf of the American Academy of Arts and Sciences. While it is sitting, there are many amusements in the city; concerts, conversaziones, all the public places thrown open, and an exhibition something like our Mechanics Fair in Boston.

"We went to see the latter to-day. There were specimens of beautiful leather, silks, velvets, and fine Leghorn straw for hats; also beautiful pianos, tables, and vases, and some raw silk as it is spun from the cocoon, very pretty and curious. There were also pic-

tures and statuary; among the former were several very beautiful landscapes, a likeness of the Grand Duchess, — which however did not do her justice, — and some busts; I saw also a picture painted by Mr. Nichols. Among the statuary I was glad to see some busts by Mr. Clevenger and Mr. Powers; and two busts of the Grand Duke were there, which looked very like. Upon the whole it was an interesting exhibition.

"When we left it we drove to the Ricardi Palace, a superb palace built by Cosmo, *Pater Patriæ*, and afterwards owned by the Ricardi family. Upon the family becoming reduced, the government bought it for only twenty-five thousand dollars!

"We went into the large hall, of which the ceiling is richly painted in fresco by Ghirlandajo, and the whole room superbly gilt; it must have been magnificent when new! Inlaid with the gold is red velvet.

"We then went into the old chapel, of which the walls are painted in fresco; one part is said to represent Careggi. There is also on the walls a portrait of the Greek Emperor, who came to Florence to attend a council; this immense palace is now occupied by public officers. On leaving it, we went to the church of San Lorenzo, to see the place where Lorenzo de' Medici was buried, which we had never seen before. He was placed in a porphyry urn with his brother who was assassinated, and an inscription underneath marks the place, which must be an object of curiosity to every one who feels as interested as I do in the life of Lorenzo.

"We also took a last look of Michelangelo's statues in the little sacristy."

"21st September. — We went into town to-day to see the Museum of Natural History. We went first

into a room which has nothing to do with the rest of the museum; it is called the tribune of Galileo, and is beautifully fitted up; the walls and floor are marble, and the ceiling rich gilding and blue intermixed. Here is a statue of the great astronomer, with the *first telescope* made by him, and others of his instruments. The whole room has a very pleasing effect, and all one has to wish is, that some such honors could have been paid him while living, instead of his being dragged before the Inquisition for proclaiming the most glorious truths. But that is always the way. Witness Dante's fate!

"We then went into a room where there were all sorts of stuffed animals — a very fine giraffe, a hippopotamus, a fearful looking creature with a tremendous mouth, and the skeleton of a young elephant. Also some fossil animals, or rather parts of them, colossal in size; there were a shark and a crocodile, very formidable, and a lion and lioness, both looking ready to eat one up. All the animals are stuffed with the greatest care and look very natural. Then there is all the animal kingdom, beginning with the lowest living things, such as fungi, polypi, sponges, and so forth, and ending with birds. Next to the polypi are serpents, insects, and beetles, and so upward. There were some immense snakes, preserved in bottles, also a great collection of shells and a great number of fishes. The birds were really beautiful, of all sizes and colors, from the immense ostrich to the little humming-bird, and beside each bird was laid a specimen of its nest and egg. The nest of the flamingo was very curious, looking like small sticks of wood braided together. There was a fine collection of parrots, blue, green, and yellow, and innumerable other birds.

"Then we went into a room where there were all sorts of wax flowers and plants, extremely well imitated from nature; they really looked so natural one could hardly tell them apart. Then a cabinet of minerals, stones, carnelians, and agates scientifically arranged, which did not interest me so much, and many beautiful specimens of marble. I forgot to mention that there was one cabinet with stuffed monkeys, which looked as roguish as possible. But the thing the most interesting of all is the 'Sala de Galileo,' which the present Grand Duke has had arranged."

CHAPTER XI.

DEPARTURE FROM CAREGGI — JOURNAL — A FORTNIGHT'S SURVEY OF NAPLES AND ITS ENVIRONS.

"Farewell, my home, my home no longer now,
Witness of many a calm and happy day;
And thou, fair eminence, upon whose brow
Dwells the last sunshine of the evening ray,
Farewell!"

ANNE'S agreeable expectation of passing the winter at Naples and Rome, was disappointed at the outset, by the appointment of Mr. Everett as Minister to England. In the hurried visits which she was permitted to make to these interesting cities, she could only console herself by saying, "it is better than none." Again and again she expresses her sorrow at leaving the Villa Careggi, to which she "had become so much attached," but at last she wrote cheerfully, —

"30th September, 1841. — Our last morning at Careggi, — we have been busy all the morning packing and putting up our last things. The *contadini* who have served us seemed really sorry to part with us, and all in taking leave of us said, '*a rivederla.*' I am sorry to leave Careggi myself, where every thing is so pleasant; but then I want to see Naples, and I shall not break my heart. Good-by to Careggi, the home of

the benevolent Cosmo, and the wise, the elegant Lorenzo de' Medici!"

A letter written on the 6th October gives a condensed account of their journey to Naples, although, let it be understood, her journal keeps its faithful record of each day in its order; on board the steamboat, and at every stopping place for the night, one page or more is written. How she accomplished the writing, in her elegant, fair hand, is not the only mystery; a greater still lies in the mind that never rested till its task was done, and in the steady purpose that never waited till to-morrow to do the work of to-day.

[To Miss L., at Florence.]

"Naples, 6th October, 1841.

"My dear L.,—I write to you from this beautiful city, where we arrived on the 4th of October. . . . . We left Lorenzo's villa on the last day of September, and Florence on the 1st of October, at six in the morning; the evening of the same day we reached Leghorn, where we only staid till the next day; for it is not a very pleasant place, and as in our former visit, we saw what is worth seeing, we had no motive for staying.

"We had a passage in the steamboat of about thirty-six or thirty-seven hours from Leghorn to Naples. It was a pretty good passage, only the latter part of it there was a head wind, which caused a great deal of motion, and almost everybody was sick; I was not actually so, but felt uncomfortable enough to wish myself on shore."

In her journal she wrote: "The sickness still continued, and I was very nearly attacked by it; but I sat

very still on the deck, and repeated pieces of poetry to myself, and so kept it off.

" We landed here in a drizzling rain, and after passing through the custom-house, the officers of which were not at all strict with us, we came to the Hotel Gran Bretagna. This hotel is situated on the Via Chiaja, which street is called the *Via dei Forestieri*, from the fact of strangers coming here so much. It overlooks the *Villa Reale*, a public promenade, rather small, but very pretty, cool, and shady. At the end of this walk is the lovely bay of Naples, which, in a bright, clear day, is truly beautiful; alive with innumerable little boats, and in the distance, perhaps a steamer; with high hills on each side covered with white houses. It is, indeed, very pleasant.

" The streets of Naples, that I have seen, appear in general wider and more commodious than those of Florence; and this is saying something, as I saw them the first time in a violent rain. . . . .

" We were told by everybody, before we came here, that we must lock up all our trunks and carpet-bags, or else we should lose something, for that the people of Naples had a bad habit of laying their hands on other people's property. This seems to be true, for as papa was walking in the street, he felt some one at his pocket, and caught a boy in the very act of stealing his handkerchief. That time he lost nothing; but afterwards somebody came behind him and took away his pocket-handkerchief without his perceiving it; so when I went out I guarded my watch and pocket very carefully.

" The Italian, as spoken here, is a little different from that of Tuscany, but it sounds equally pleasant to the ear, and is equally easy to understand; but in one thing

I observe, the Neapolitans are different from the Tuscans. On board the steamboat a Neapolitan gentleman, in addressing us, used *voi* and *vostro*, instead of *Lei* and *Suo*, to which I have always been accustomed. This, I must own, made me a little indignant, and I had a good mind to speak cross to the gentleman, especially as I was in the politest manner using the third person to him; but I restrained myself, and only exchanged glances with C. who sat beside me. After we arrived here the chambermaid said *Vostro* to me, and I thought to myself, the Neapolitans do not know how to be polite. . . . .

"We shall stay here a few weeks and then go to Rome; after that we have planned nothing." . . . .

JOURNAL. "6th October. — All day to-day we have had what is called a Scirocco; that is, a violent storm of wind and rain from the sea. A Scirocco sometimes lasts three days, even a week. We went to see the Museum this morning, which consists principally of things taken from Herculaneum and Pompeii. First, we saw some old mosaic from the latter place, which, though coarse, is very well done, and in a spirited manner; then a great many ancient inscriptions, some from the famous temple of Isis at Pompeii; then we went into a long gallery full of ancient statues, many of which are in entire preservation. The two equestrian statues of Balbus and his son from Herculaneum, seem to be perfect, and are beautifully done. Then there is a collection of busts, and a great many statues of the Roman Emperors and Empresses, also some of Julius Cæsar, but these are doubtful. There is a statue, called of Aristides, which is considered a chef d'œuvre, and Canova, when he was here, marked three places in

the floor from which you can look at it to the greatest advantage. The celebrated group of the *Toro Farnese* we looked at with much less interest, from considering that so much of it is modern. I wish they would not restore the ancient statues which are mutilated, but would leave them as they are found. In one room there is a collection of miscellaneous articles from Pompeii; such as little images, vases, and many ornaments found in the temple of the Egyptian goddess Isis, who was much worshipped at Pompeii; there were some mummies also from Egypt, but these were revolting objects; and part of a fountain, in which some of the water still remains, having been carefully kept from the air for seventeen hundred years. Close by this fountain is the celebrated head of the bronze horse, the body of which is said to have been melted. The last room we went into had a collection of bronze busts and statues, which were generally in better preservation than the marble ones. We could not go through this immense Museum to-day, but must finish it if we can to-morrow. I forgot to mention, among the statues, one of Hercules, of which the legs are said to have been missing, and restored by a pupil of Michelangelo; and afterwards the original legs found in the Tiber. But this seems doubtful."

"7th October. — The Scirocco was over this morning, and the day very bright and clear. We went to finish our inspection of the Museum to-day, and saw a great many more interesting things. Those excavated from Pompeii were the most curious. There were all sorts of kitchen utensils, and some of the old Pompeian lamps, with a little oil left in them; then there was a collection of all sorts of glasses, and some of them were shaped just like those of the present day;

some articles of a lady's toilette were found, and we saw the polished steel mirrors, and something that looked like rouge. You see, also, in many of the rooms, the old mosaic floors, taken from houses in Pompeii; one from the Villa of Diomed, which is mentioned in Bulwer's interesting work, 'The Last Days of Pompeii.' In one room we saw the old bread which was baking in the oven at the time of the eruption, also old eggs, in very good preservation, as far as shape goes, olives, prunes, and barley. In this same room were many sets of gold ornaments, rings, necklaces, etc.; and a collection of richly carved cameos, some of great size and value. There is, too, a sort of shallow cup, made of a single onyx, superbly cut, and which was found by accident by a soldier; they once thought of setting it on a pedestal, and bored a hole in the middle, which is a sad pity. In this room were some little perfume bottles with perfume in them.

"There is in this building a large gallery of pictures, of which a few are good, but the greater part are not worth looking at. There were some fine views of Venice among them. We saw, also, a noble library, containing, it is said, two hundred thousand volumes; and I can readily believe it. But the most interesting thing of all was the manuscripts from Herculaneum. These were written on the papyrus, and charred by the lava to cinders. When these were discovered they looked like charcoal, but somebody found out what they were, and invented a method of unrolling them; then with great labor and difficulty they were deciphered. We saw the machine for unrolling them; — by a very delicate process, gold beaters skin is fastened to the back of them by way of a lining, and so they have made out several works of an author called Philo-

demus. The expense of unrolling one manuscript was nearly two thousand ducats, about $1,500. To-morrow we go to see, if nothing prevents, Pompeii and Herculaneum themselves, of which we saw models to-day at the Museum."

"8th October. — We started this morning for the buried cities, in a vehicle with three horses; a good deal of the road lay by the sea-shore, and it did not take us long to arrive at Herculaneum, which is five miles from Naples. The greater part of this city being buried sixty feet deep, and closed in by solid lava, was extremely difficult to excavate. We went down, first lighting torches, into a deep sort of cellar, which cellar was once a city open to the light of heaven. We saw the seats of the old theatre, and ascended part of them; here were found a great many statues and the ancient manuscripts; it was excessively damp here, in some parts even wet. A part, however, of Herculaneum is laid open to the light, and there you can see the chambers and the mosaic floors, and the old street, which was nicely paved with lava, though narrow. We got some bits of marble to carry away with us, but were obliged to do it by stealth, for the Neapolitan government is very unwilling to have any thing taken from these cities.

"On leaving Herculaneum, a drive of seven miles further took us to Pompeii, which interested me more than Herculaneum, inasmuch as it is larger, and much more laid open. Instead of being covered with lava, Pompeii was covered with a shower of ashes and pumice-stone, which was much easier to remove. The first street you enter is a continuation of the great Appian Way, is paved with lava, and on it you can see ruts, worn by the chariot wheels of the Pompeians.

You then enter the villa of Diomed, which is described by Bulwer, and which has very extensive wine cellars, in which were found seventeen skeletons, a larger number than in any other place together. The house is large, and the floors paved with mosaic, but the rooms are very small; the sleeping chambers opened into the peristyle, or court, and had no other windows. We took our dinner in the house of the Vestals, which has a beautiful mosaic floor. It was quite agreeable to be eating dinner in Pompeii.

"Afterwards we went into the house of Sallust, which, in one room, has a beautiful marble floor, the Temples of Augustus, Venus, and Fortune, and the Temple of Isis, which is in a very good state of preservation; but none of these buildings have roofs, for they were broken down by the ashes; so it presents the appearance of a roofless city. In one building is a mosaic floor, representing the battles of Alexander and Darius, which is very curious. Also we saw a statue of a sphinx, very white indeed and well preserved. The Forum Nundinarium is in good preservation; but the most interesting thing of all is the amphitheatre, which is almost perfect, and answers exactly the descriptions we have of them; here were found several skeletons of men and beasts. Yesterday a house was opened and its contents carried to Naples."

"9th. — It has been as warm to-day as I ever knew it anywhere else in August.

"We went out this morning to buy some of those little coral and lava ornaments, which are made here, and are very pretty; we bought several of them to carry home for presents.

"This afternoon we took a very pleasant drive; we drove along this street till we came to a high mountain,

which we ascended to see the reputed tomb of Virgil. We then went down till we came to a sort of grotto, where Virgil is said to have been buried. It is a very pretty, rural spot, but difficult of access, and it is very doubtful if he was buried there. There is a modern tombstone with the inscription he is said to have written for himself—

'Mantua me genuit; Calabri rapuere; tenet nunc
Parthenope: cecini pascua, rura, duces.'

"After leaving Virgil's tomb, we drove along to the west of Naples, a beautiful drive by the sea-shore, till we came to the lake of Agnano, a pretty lake, which is thought to have been originally the crater of a volcano, and where we saw in one part a sulphur spring bubbling up. Then they took us to the *Grotta del Cane*, a natural cave in the rock, where at the bottom is a kind of bad air, (*carbonic acid gas*,) which has the effect of extinguishing fire. They also put a dog in, (from which it takes its name,) to see how long he can live without breathing, but this is a very cruel experiment, and we begged to have it dispensed with; however, they would do it, and the poor dog seemed to suffer very much for two minutes. They then showed us some natural sulphur warm baths, (vapor baths,) in a small building; they appear to have a connection with Vesuvius under the city of Naples, and when there is an eruption from the volcano the walls of the bath-house crumble. This I think is extremely curious. The vapor was so warm we could hardly bear it. In fact all that region seems to be volcanic, and it is wonderful Naples has stood safe so long. We saw here some ruins of baths, built in the time of Augustus.

"In returning we drove through the Grotto of Posilipo, a passage cut through the solid rock; it is very ancient; Pliny mentions it. It is near a mile long, and in some places dark, and lighted with lamps; the air is in some parts very damp and unpleasant."

"10th. — We have been this morning to see some of the principal churches in Naples; all we saw were very elegantly ornamented, and much richer than those of Florence. We went first to the Church of San Francisco di Paolo, which was begun in 1817. It is a very handsome church with pictures and statues and beautiful marble columns. The next we saw is called the 'Chiesa di Gesù,' and the ceiling is superbly gilt; it has also fine columns. The Church of *Santa Chiara* has very rich gilding and some frescoes said to be by Giotto. Here we saw the tombs of poor Joanna of Naples, of her father, the Duke of Calabria, and her grandfather, King Robert, which interested me very much. The Chapel of San Severo is private, belonging to the Prince of San Severo; here were some fine statues, with veils drawn over the faces and bodies, and through these marble veils the statue is perfectly distinct. These are considered very fine, and were made in the middle of the last century; this church has been much injured by an earthquake.

"We then went into San Filippo Neri, which has a magnificent ceiling and some fine paintings. The Church of San Gennaro, the patron saint of Naples, is the Metropolitan Church and very handsome. We were taken into a side room, and shown some images of different saints, forty-one in number, and all of solid silver, and many of them with very rich jewels; these images are displayed three times a year, at solemn festivals, one of which is just over. The festival dresses

of the priests, embroidered with silver and gold, are very splendid, and also the silver flowers, and other ornaments of the church. They have a vessel said to contain the blood of San Gennaro, which is made to liquefy, as by miracle, on festival days, but this we could not see, for it was locked by two keys, of which the king keeps one and the archbishop the other.

"We went to one more church, which contains the monument of Joanna II. of Naples, and her brother Ladislas; but has not much that is interesting in it. . . . .

"To-morrow, if possible, we go to Vesuvius."

[To L. P. H. in Boston.]

"CRATER OF MOUNT VESUVIUS,
11th October, 1841.

"DEAR L., — I write to you from the burning mountain, after a difficult ascent. Sulphurous smoke is all around me, and I am quite tired, so I must stop.

"A. G. EVERETT."

"*Naples.* — Well, I have got down from the mountain alive, and now I will give you an account of our excursion. But, first, I should tell you we have been a week in Naples, running round all the time seeing many interesting things, and enjoying ourselves very much. Next, I must beg you to excuse the above writing, for I really could not write well on the mountain; now for the excursion.

"We started from our house in Naples after breakfast, about half past eight, and drove to Resina, a little town at the foot of the mountain. There we stopped

at the house of Salvâtore, the best guide to the summit, and mounted horses to ascend. I was put on a great high horse, with a hard leather saddle, and went up a stony road continually ascending; I assure you it was not so pleasant, especially as I have not been in the saddle for two years. My horse had to be led part of the way, but at last we reached the Hermitage, a little house part way up, and rested ourselves a while; then again mounted our steeds and rode till we were obliged to stop. Then began the most difficult part. We had to step on the projecting bits of lava, which were very steep. C. and I, (for mamma did not make the expedition,) were carried part of the way, taking turns in a chair; otherwise, I do not think we could have got up, for it takes away the breath. Well, at last, we were at the top, and began to walk around the crater, following our guide Salvatore. We looked down into the crater, which is very deep, and from which a thick column of smoke was proceeding, and occasionally we heard a distant rumbling noise; but Salvatore said he had often been down into the crater. I would not have gone there for the world, although we were told it was not dangerous. We proceeded partly round the crater, which is three miles in circumference, and came at length to a place where it was disagreeably warm to the feet; I had on India-rubber shoes, and was really afraid of melting them, and my cloak, which I laid down for a few minutes on a bank, was singed a little. Here there was a deep hole, and the guide put his stick in, which was soon on fire; there was also another hole, a sort of natural little oven, where a guide cooked some eggs, and toasted some bread, which we ate. There was a fine prospect of the charming bay, the

city, and adjacent country. A good deal of the time we were up there, we were enveloped in a cloud of sulphurous smoke, which was not pleasing.

"The descent was curious; we did not come the way we went, which would have been too laborious; but we ran, rather than walked, a descent of near a thousand feet, over the ancles deep, in burnt ashes and cinders. We accomplished this descent very rapidly, and soon reached our horses; these we mounted, and now we were obliged to go down the stony road we came up in the morning, which was much more fatiguing. On each side of us for part of the way, the country around was black, and laid waste with lava, and presented a sad picture of desolation. We reached Resina again in safety about four o'clock, and I think I never felt more bruised and tired than when I dismounted, and entering our carriage threw myself back in it; yet I am glad I went, for it is a thing to be done once in your life. Sometimes people go on donkeys.

"Those few lines I wrote on the smoking mountain, keep, and let me see them when I get back to America. It will recall Vesuvius to me more vividly.

"I have been to see the buried cities of Herculaneum and Pompeii, which, particularly the latter, interested me very much; it was a sad interest too, to see the ruined walls, roofless houses, and silent streets of the once gay, rich, and elegant Pompeii. The scenes in Bulwer's 'Last Days of Pompeii,' recurred forcibly to my mind on visiting the city. No doubt you have read the book. Do you remember *Diomed's banquet* in the second volume? I have been through the rooms where it was given, and they are richly paved with mosaic, though very small, as all the Pompeian rooms

are. Diomed, you should know, is an historical personage; so are Sallust and Pansa, whose houses we saw; in the house of the former is an elegant marble floor. But all the statues, vases, utensils, and articles of every description, have been removed to Naples, and are in the museum, where we have seen them; they are very curious and interesting.

"The amphitheatre at Pompeii is almost perfect, and as I stepped through the now deserted arena, it seemed as if I could see the combats which are described in Bulwer's book. The streets are paved with lava, and on them you can see the marks of the Pompeian chariot-wheels.

"Pompeii was buried under a shower of ashes and pumice-stone to the depth of about fifteen feet; Herculaneum was buried under lava to the depth of fifty or sixty feet. . . . . These cities are just as the eruption left them seventeen hundred years ago, and some buildings are in very good preservation. They have interested me more than any thing I have seen since I came to Europe. We have seen many things which I have not room to mention; every day we go to see something, and shall soon have finished our survey of Naples; in a few days we shall proceed to the Eternal City."

Journal. "12th October, 1841.— We did not go out early this morning anywhere, for we were so tired and bruised after our excursion to Vesuvius that we could hardly move. . . . . We took a drive this afternoon to Portici, to see the Royal Palace there. This is very extensive and very richly furnished. We saw portraits of Napoleon, his mother, and brother Joseph; also of Murat, king of Naples. There was one curious room,

lined almost wholly with mirrors, and where there were not mirrors, the walls were porcelain, ornamented with grotesque figures of monkeys, etc. The floor was mosaic, taken from Pompeii, and the pedestal of the centre-table consisted of little statues taken also from Pompeii. The table itself was wood petrified, and very beautiful. The floor of another room is marble, taken from Herculaneum. We also walked in the gardens called 'Le Delizie,' but which are not remarkably handsome. The grove is pretty."

"13th. — Soon after we were up this morning it began to rain very violently, and the Scirocco recommenced in all its force. We have not been able to go out all day, but have been obliged to keep close in the house. I have, however, been able to do a great deal of work and reading, and to finish a letter to L. Our landlord's little daughter also brought us in some dissected maps which amused E. and S. and in fact, their sisters also, very much."

"14th. — We have seen a great many things to-day, for as it was pleasant we started on our excursion. We drove through the Grotto Posilipo, as far as Pozzuoli, anciently Puteoli, an old Greek city, and famous for its warm baths. Here we took a guide, and went to see the Solfatara, a sort of plain, covered with hillocks of volcanic sulphur, which is then boiled to be fit for use. The whole region is volcanic, and the ground hollow under our feet. There is a little smoke issuing from one part, and when Vesuvius has an eruption the smoke stops. It is certainly very curious, but the fumes of the sulphur were unpleasant. We then went to inspect the old Amphitheatre of Puteoli, which is not in nearly so good preservation as that of Pompeii, for the seats can hardly be discerned; but it is

large, and our guide said, could hold forty-five thousand persons.

"We next saw the Temple of Jupiter Serapis of which the fine marble floor is now covered with water, because the sea comes up higher than formerly; we went round it on stepping-stones. It appears by certain corrosions, made by a shell-fish, far up on the columns, that the sea was once several feet higher than it is at present; but having once subsided, it is now rising again. Some of the splendid columns of this temple have been taken to ornament the Royal Palace at Caserta, which I think is a pity.

"We then drove to Cumæ, the residence of Virgil's sybil, whom Æneas visited. Here it unfortunately began to rain, but not much. We went to the top of a high hill, and saw a fine prospect. We saw the place where Scipio Africanus was buried. We could not go into the Sybil's cave, because the bottom was covered with water, and we should have had to go in on horses.

"On leaving Cumæ we went to the promontory of Cape Misenum, said to be named for the pilot of Æneas, who was lost there. Here we saw a ruined sort of cellar under ground, which was once a cistern to supply the Roman army with water. It is immense, and very curious. Then we went into a subterranean place, called the 'Prisons of Nero,' very dark and dismal looking, when we had lighted torches. I think I should not have liked to be one of Nero's prisoners. From Cape Misenum, where Nero had his mother murdered, there is a fine prospect. You see the islands of Nesida and Procida, and Puteoli opposite. On returning, we stopped to see the ruins of Bai, which are an old temple of Venus, and a temple of Hercules, where

there is a very fine echo, which we tried several times.

"At a place called Nero's Baths, there is a subterranean spring of hot water, which will boil an egg in two minutes. A man went down with an egg in a bucket and brought up some water, panting with heat. Papa and I ate the egg. A great many persons afflicted with rheumatism come here to take the baths.

"The rain continued at intervals all day, but not violently. We were much troubled with beggars all day, who held up old bits of marble and little stones to sell, of which we bought two or three. We, however, arrived safely at home about half past five."

"15th. — We have now about finished our survey of Naples and its environs. I walked in the Villa Reale with the bambini this morning, and we went as far as the little temples, one of which contains Virgil's, the other Tasso's bust; both modern. But the *cautious policy* of the King of Naples prevents people from entering them! The rest of the day I employed myself in reading and sewing as usual."

"16th. — We have been busy all day packing our trunks, to start early to-morrow morning. About one o'clock we went with papa to see a group of statuary, which Mr. Persico, an Italian sculptor, is making for the capitol at Washington. The group consists of Columbus, who is represented as having just landed in the new world, and near him an Indian girl, in a posture of wonder. The figure of Columbus is yet only sketched out in marble. We saw here a bust of papa, taken in Boston four years ago.

"We received intelligence to-day that papa had been appointed Minister to England; we shall have to go im-

mediately to London, and must, therefore, make a short and hurried visit to Rome. I am sorry for this, but any visit is better than none. So good-by to beautiful Naples, where we have passed so pleasant a fortnight, and seen so many agreeable things."

CHAPTER XII.

A WEEK IN ROME — ADIEU TO ITALY — RETURN TO PARIS — ADIEU TO "LA BELLE FRANCE" — LAST LETTER FROM PARIS.

"I see the beauty that thy skies at morn and evening wear,
And hear the soft and melting strains, that float upon thy air;
The wind steals o'er me, laden with the incense of thy flowers,
And I gaze upon thy lofty domes and on thy marble towers."

THREE days of land travel, a fatiguing, though interesting journey, brought our party to Rome. "Here we are at last in the Eternal City; the city of Cicero, Cæsar, and the Emperors; the capital of the world!" Such was Anne's exclamation on entering Rome; her enthusiasm seemed only to increase, as she saw more of the city. "Alas," she says, "we must hurry to England, and have but little time for this delightful city."

Her journal, given for five successive days, will not be found tedious.

"20th October. — After breakfast this morning we went out to see the city, having no time to lose. We have seen a great deal to-day, beginning, of course, with St. Peter's, the grandest church in the world. As you approach it, it does not strike you as very large, but as you walk round its immense circuit, you perceive its great size. The whole walls are lined with rich marbles, some of it ancient yellow, which is very beautiful,

but it is not known where it was found. Some of the pillars were taken from ancient temples. The statues on some of the sepulchres of the popes are wrought by Canova, and are very fine. He made a tomb for the Pretender and his brother, who died here. The pictures in mosaic, copies of the great masters, are admirably done; there are many of them in the church. There is a statue in bronze of St. Peter, and one foot has been so much handled and kissed that it is worn bright. The sacristy has some good pictures in it. The great vestibule of St. Peter's has a fresco by Giotto, and some ancient columns, and is as large as a good-sized church. It has one door called the sacred door, which is walled up, and every twenty-five years is opened by blows of the hammer, the pope giving the first blow. The last opening was in 1825. The whole church is indeed grand and magnificent, and should be seen several times to be enjoyed.

"After leaving it, we stepped into the place where they make the mosaic pictures. They are very curious. The frame consists of bars of solid iron, over which is put clay, and into the clay, the mosaic stones are set, copying the pattern. It takes three years to make a tolerably sized figure, but though it looks rough at first, when it is polished it has a beautiful appearance. The mosaic stones consist of coarse glass, and there are eighteen thousand different shades of color. The mosaic that is worn is made of finer glass.

"This is all we saw in the morning. In the afternoon we drove out to see some of the ruins of the ancient city. The different convulsions that afflicted ancient Rome, have so choked up the old city, that it is quite below the modern city, and has to be excavated. The old Forum is fifteen feet deep now, and is

filled with broken columns. In it you see the remains of the old Via Sacra, which goes under the arch of Septimius Severus. This arch is a fine specimen of ancient work, and well preserved.

"The ancient Tarpeian Rock, which was originally a hundred feet high, and from which criminals were thrown, is now only twenty feet high. The arches of Titus and Constantine are still entire; the bas reliefs on the former represent the victories of Titus over the Jews. We entered the Coliseum and ascended its ruined walls. From the top there is a fine prospect of the Palatine, Quirinal, Viminal, and Cœlian hills, the ruins of the temple of Venus, and of the baths of Titus. The edifice is in a very ruined state, having been sadly pulled to pieces in the middle ages, to build other buildings. In modern times they have put little chapels in the arena, with pictures representing Scripture scenes. These, though well in their place, greatly injure the effect of this heathen amphitheatre. Many of the ancient steps are still quite perfect, others very much decayed. It must have been a superb edifice when entire. The French excavated a great deal of it.

"On our way home we saw the remaining columns of the temple of Antoninus and Faustina, which were very deeply buried; and also, part of a temple of Romulus and Remus, of which the door is really antique. These are the outlines of what we have seen to-day; the details it is impossible to write. Interesting as Rome is, it makes you feel a little sad, to see all these ruins of departed greatness. It is quite different from the gay city of Naples."

"21st October. — This morning we again went forth, taking mamma with us, who being unwell yesterday, did not go out. We passed by the Fontana Trevi, a

beautiful fountain, dashing out in three streams, very gracefully, with statues all around it. The fountain played in ancient times. Then we went to the Forum, Coliseum, and through the several arches, that mamma might see them. As we drove along, we saw the ruins of the palace of the Cæsars on the Palatine hill, also the ruins of the temples of Hercules, Diana, Venus, and the Temple of Peace. Then we passed through the arch of Constantine, and drove outside the walls to see the Pyramid of Caius Cestius, which is in excellent preservation, and overgrown with ivy. We also went to the Pantheon, which was originally built by Agrippa the favorite of Augustus, and now turned into a Christian church. It is a large building, with beautiful ancient yellow columns; the tomb of Raphael is in this church. The roof was originally covered with plates of bronze, taken at the battle of Actium, from the beaks of Antony's ships; but part of the bronze was taken by Pope Urban VIII. to make the four twisted pillars that support the *baldachino* in St. Peter's; the rest of the bronze was cast into cannon for the castle of St. Angelo. The Vandals carried away the bronze doors of this church, but it is otherwise still perfect. In driving along we saw the Temple of Vesta, a pretty little building with Corinthian pillars, which is a favorite subject for mosaic work. Also, we saw the Theatre of Marcellus, which is now turned into a modern palace. We saw many other ruins, too numerous to mention.

"In the afternoon we went to see the Museum of the Vatican, which adjoins St. Peters. It is truly an immense museum, but we contrived to go through it all in about two hours; very hastily, of course. There is a great quantity of ancient statues, bass-reliefs, and inscriptions, dug up at different places. Here we saw

the Apollo Belvedere, found at Terracina, of which we have a copy at home; also several beautiful Venuses, Dianas, and Minervas. In one room there were all sorts of marble animals, dogs, boars, stags, etc., all beautifully done, as indeed all ancient works are. There are a great many beautiful vases of ancient red marble and porphyry, and some vases of spotted marble. The Egyptian antiquities are monstrous, ill-shaped things, but curious. One of the immense vases of red marble was from the tomb of Helena, the mother of Constantine. The number of ancient statues is wonderful; and they are all arranged with great taste, on beautiful pedestals of marble, and many ancient pillars of marble dispersed around, which were found at the Villa of Adrian at Tivoli, where more antiquities have been found than at all other places.

"The picture gallery in the Vatican is not very large, but all the pictures in it are *chefs d'œuvre*. There are a good many of Guido, and some of Raphael. The 'Transfiguration' of Raphael, is indeed very fine; though I think so many figures in the foreground take away from the effect of the main subject. But the coloring is exceedingly rich, and the expressions beautiful. Opposite to it is the Communion of St. Jerome, by Domenichino, which by some is considered as fine as the Transfiguration. But this picture we had not time to examine, for there was a cry that the pope was to pass through this room, and everybody had to go out. I do not know what harm the pope thought we should do him, and after all, it was a false alarm.

"There are a good many rooms painted in fresco by Raphael and his scholars, which are very fine. I should like to have examined things a little more closely, but we had not time.

"We then stepped into St. Peter's to let mamma see it. I liked it better than even the first time. Under the *baldachino*, or canopy, is a kneeling statue of Pius VII. by Canova, and opposite to it is the place where the Catholics think half of St. Peter and half of St. Paul are buried. The other halves, they think, are in the church of St. Paul, outside the walls of the city, and that they were exchanged by the two churches in the middle ages. In returning home, we drove by the Castle of St. Angelo, once the Mausoleum of the Emperor Adrian, and now a strong fortress."

"22d October. — Papa, C., E., and I started this morning to go up to the top of the cupola of St. Peter's. We passed through the church, and then ascended over four hundred steps. It was very fatiguing to be sure, but we stopped at different stages, and looked down the dome, and by the small size of the people below, you saw how big the church is. At the top of the cupola is a very fine prospect of Rome and the adjacent country. At last we came to the steps leading to the ball, and it was some time before I would consent to go up into it, for the only passage was up a perpendicular ladder; but I am glad I went at last, for it is something to say you have been in the ball of St. Peter's. We only staid a minute, for it is dark and hot. We descended rapidly, and soon reached the church again. On the walls of the staircase to the dome, are the names of royal personages who have at different times ascended. There are in all, from the ground to the top, about five hundred and ninety steps. This dome, the work of Michelangelo, has some cracks in it, and able architects have thought that some time it would fall, but it kept up safe to-day. We also descended to the subterranean part of the church, which is the old church

formerly built by Constantine. It contains the tombs of some of the popes, which are covered with statues and bass-reliefs of great beauty. Also a little chapel richly adorned, where mass is said for St. Peter and St. Paul. It was rather damp and we did not stay there long.

"We then went into the Etruscan museum of the Vatican, founded by the present Pope, out of the things founded in the excavated Etruscan tombs. The vases and *tazze*, or cups, are very beautiful. Some had black figures on a yellow ground, and others yellow figures on a black ground. The former, I believe, are considered the most ancient. In the tombs were also found household utensils of every sort, and a great deal of rich jewelry, the gold ornaments being beautifully wrought. There is a model of an ancient Etruscan sepulchre, as it looks when opened, with the vases and *tazze* standing round on shelves, and the sarcophagi for the bodies, which were laid down without a coffin. In one room the walls exhibited copies of paintings found in the tombs, but they are very stiff, not the least shading or perspective, and strange colors, such as blue horses, etc. The whole collection is very interesting, and it is wonderful to think that these things are the only history of a great and warlike people who flourished three thousand years ago.

"In the afternoon we went to see the Capitol, built on the site of the ancient temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, though facing the other way. In the square before it, is a bronze statue of Marcus Aurelius on horseback, which, before those of the Balbi were found at Herculaneum, was thought to be the only equestrian statue remaining of antiquity. The capitol contains a fine museum of statues and pictures.

"Among other statues, is the dying Gladiator, which is thought so fine, and which is so, certainly in the expression of the face. There is an Antinous, which is very fine, also a Faun of great beauty, and a boy in bronze, taking a thorn out of his foot, is a sweet little statue. There are also busts of almost all the Roman Emperors and Empresses, and a room with busts of the philosophers, among them one of Cicero. In another apartment are modern busts of distinguished men, some of them by Canova, and all put up at his expense; also a very beautiful monument to Canova, with his statue on the top, erected by order of Pope Leo XII.

"In the painting gallery are some very fine pictures by Guido, and one grand one by Guercino, with a great many figures in it. Some fine pictures, too, by Domenichino. There is a very curious thing in the capitol, namely, an ancient plan of Rome, found on the floor of the temple of Romulus and Remus, and now pieced together in many parts.

"By the time we had seen all this we were tired, and drove home."

"23d October. — We went this morning to the Sistine Chapel in the Vatican, to see the frescoes of Michelangelo. The principal of these is the celebrated fresco of the Last Judgment. I was disappointed in this; whether the figures did not suit me, or the coloring, or whether I had formed too high an idea of it, I do not know; but I was disappointed. Michelangelo may have more power, but he wants the sweetness, delicacy, and a certain feeling of human interest which Raphael imparts to his pictures. In this chapel the Pope performs many ceremonies in Holy week.

"Next we came to the library of the Vatican, which

consists almost wholly of manuscripts. They are locked up in cases, but the ceiling and walls are handsomely painted in fresco. We saw some curious old manuscripts; a Greek Bible of the 5th century, a Virgil of the same date, and a manuscript, containing some of the original letters of Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn; and a rewritten manuscript, that is, a work of a Latin author erased to make way for a monkish sermon of the middle ages, and then the ancient writing brought back by a chemical preparation. This manuscript was a part of Cicero's 'de Republica,' previously lost. One feels indignant at the monks for effacing *Cicero's* writings to substitute their own!

"There are many remains of antiquity in this library; some sacred utensils, and other relics taken from the Catacombs, where the early Christians used to hold their meetings under the city. There are preserved here some of the few remains of *ancient painting* that have come down to us, and they are very interesting, though being done without oil, they have not the lustre of modern painting. There is a progressive series of paintings from Cimabue and Giotto down to the later painters, exhibiting a fine view of the advance of the art.

"We left the library at one, and after luncheon went to see the studios of Crawford and Thorwaldsen, — the former an American artist, who has been here a few years, and has some very beautiful works; a statue of Orpheus, just entering *Inferno*, and having put Cerberus asleep by the power of his music; and a group of Hebe and Ganymede, very fine; as yet only in clay. He has also some very beautiful bass-reliefs. Everybody knows who the celebrated Thorwaldsen is, and his works are astonishing in number and beauty. There is a group of large statues, consisting of the Saviour

and the twelve Apostles, of which the marble went to Copenhagen, being presented by Thorwaldsen to the church, I believe, in which he was baptized. The group is very fine, and must have been an immense labor. There is another group representing the preaching of John the Baptist, and his different auditors around him, with all sorts of expressions in their attitudes and looks. There are the old man and baby, middle-aged man and young girl, all listening eagerly. Some of the bass-reliefs are very beautiful, there is such truth and nature in their expression. The statues are innumerable, and he has two other *studios*, each full. I was as much pleased with his works as by any thing I have seen in Rome."

"24th October. — We have been visiting several of the churches this morning. The first we went to was St. John of the Lateran, the Metropolitan Church of Rome. The form of this church is strange; it is all cut up into little chapels and passages, which produce a singular effect, but the ceiling is very richly gilded. In this church the Corsini family have a richly ornamented private chapel, where are the tombs of the family. There is a fine piece of sculpture here by Bernini. In this church they show several relics; a piece of wood which they call the real table of the Last Supper, and the curb of a well in the court which they call the well of the Samaritan woman.

"In the church of S. Maria Maggiore, is the chapel of the Borghese family, with columns of verd antique, from the baths of Diocletian. Indeed, all the churches have ancient columns found in the old ruins. In this church, the columns of the middle nave are from the Temple of Juno, which was near the situation of the modern church. The church of Santa Maria degli Angeli is the

most interesting we saw, being built on the spot where were the baths of Diocletian, and part of the wall is the ancient one. The ceiling is the same as that of the old baths, only as it was covered with heathen paintings, Michelangelo caused it to be whitewashed over. This church contains a fresco by Domenichino, which is copied in mosaic in St. Peter's. It also contains the tomb of Salvator Rosa. The last church we saw was the church of St. Peter, *in vinculis*, or the chains. It is built over the ruins of the baths of Titus, and in it is a chair found in those baths. It also contains a statue of Moses, by Michelangelo, which he made for the tomb of Julius II. I like it better than any work of his I ever saw; there is great power and strength in it. This church has, what are supposed to be, the real chains of St. Peter and St. Paul, from which it derives its name; also a fine picture by Guido, and one by Domenichino.

"In the course of our drive we went to the top of Quirinal hill, now called Monte Cavallo, on account of two marble horses there, said to be wrought by Phidias and Praxiteles. Beside the horses is a beautiful fountain, and between them an Egyptian obelisk, one of the many in Rome. They were brought by the ancient Emperors from Egypt, found in modern times among the ruins, and again erected by different popes.

"At half past two we went and took a drive on the Monte Pincio, out of the Porta del Popolo. It is a very pretty place, and there is an ancient obelisk there set up by Pope Pius VII. We also drove to the Villa Borghese, which is a beautiful country-seat; its owner, the Prince Borghese, is one of the richest noblemen in Rome. On entering the villa, which is shown to strangers, we were told that E., who was with us, must not

go in, as no boys were permitted to enter. So as E. was turned away, none of us went in. I cannot imagine what harm they thought E. could have done, he being with papa; but so it was."

The next morning she wrote: "This is our last morning in Rome. Oh! how I wish we were to stay longer, but we must go. If I ever can I will come to Rome again, and let it be in Holy week, for that is the most favorable time to see the city. Meantime, adieu to what was once the queen of cities, and which, even from the little I have seen of it, appears to deserve the name!"

On the way back to France she was gratified with a distant view of Genoa, built on the side of a hill and sloping down to the water's edge. "The city," she writes, "certainly merits its appellation of 'Genova la Superba,' and as it was the birthplace of Columbus, I am sorry I could not enter it." Here, also, she took leave of Italy, still feeling, as she writes to a friend, "that it does not seem quite right to pass the summer in Italy, and then on the approach of winter, to leave this delicious, sunny region to go to the cold, damp climate of England."

"29th. — We left Genoa at half past two, and turned our prow to Marseilles. We have now taken our last look of Italy, for I do not know how long; but I really hope to see it again, for I have passed nearly a year very pleasantly in it. One cannot, indeed, approve the character of the generality of the Italians. They are good-natured it is true, and generally polite; but not really honest. They do not actually take your money from your pocket, but they try to impose upon you, and sometimes make you lose your time, patience, and temper. There are, of course, exceptions to this.

But adieu to them, and their delicious, sunny, lovely climate."

Some annoyance was experienced in their journey, by the dilatoriness of the captain of the steamer in sailing from Civita Vecchia for Genoa. It would not be noticeable except for the characteristic emphasis with which Anne says: "We have nothing to do, but to resign ourselves to the *loss of a whole day*, and employ our time as best we can." Always prompt herself, she could not bear the want of the same promptness in others; and afterwards, in commenting upon their slow passage to Marseilles, she adds: "We have the additional trouble of reflecting that yesterday the captain idled away two hours and a half at Genoa, after the time of starting."

From Marseilles they started in their travelling carriage, by post, and encountered no delays in the journey of eight days. "We entered Paris in great style, with two postilions, and every thing, as we drove along, looked very natural. On going to the Hotel Wagram we found a note to mamma from Mrs. T. saying she had engaged an apartment for us, as mamma had requested she would do. We drove immediately to it; it is in the Rue de Rivoli, and very convenient, though small. But we do not mind that, for we shall only stay a month, while papa goes to London, and gets a house; and then he will come back and take us over. It is a rather cold season to go to England, but that cannot be helped. We are so tired to-night, that we have unpacked nothing, but shall go to bed early."

A month in Paris passed rapidly, in seeing old friends and doing the shopping for a winter in England; still, any thing like an unsettled feeling was Anne's aversion,

and she looked forward with a little impatience to their established home in England.

The evening before their departure, she wrote: "A long adieu to Paris; I do not know when we may see it again; but I have passed my time very agreeably here, and shall always think of it with pleasure." Her only sister and oldest brother were to be left in Paris; and it is not surprising, that she had no sooner left Paris, than, "owing to some strange revulsion of feeling," she wished herself back again. She had no sooner written herself in "Old England," than she is obliged to say: "Somehow or other I felt very homesick this morning, and wished myself back in Paris a hundred times."

The following letter is given as her *last from Paris*, albeit it is but a lively recapitulation of what has been already gathered from her journal.

[To Mrs. P. C. Brooks, Jr.]

"Paris, 14th November, 1841.

"Dear Aunt S.— . . . . Now I write once more from Paris, where we arrived a few days ago. Since C. wrote, we have visited Rome and Naples, both delightful and fascinating cities, and more interesting from old associations than Florence is. We have *ascended* to the top of Mount Vesuvius, and *descended* to the depth of Herculaneum; stood in the gilt ball on the top of St. Peter's Church, and visited the Coliseum. We had charming weather for our excursion to Rome and Naples, and though in the month of October, it was as warm as our New England June.

"We had a disagreeable passage in the steamboat from Italy to France, and a most fatiguing journey to

Paris. We went as fast as post-horses and postilions could carry us, but when we drove into Paris, we were almost worn out. We are very pleasantly situated here in a small apartment, but large enough for a short residence, as we go to England in a month. Papa goes to London in a few days to find a house, and then comes back for us. Meanwhile mamma and I are obliged to run round and get us some new dresses, hats, etc. Young ladies, this winter, do not wear light-colored hats; they wear dark brown velvet ones, so I suppose I must have one, though I should greatly prefer a light one. Also, they wear velvet mantillas, (not cloaks,) lined with silk. The fashionable color for every thing this winter is dark purple; merino dresses are trimmed with little gold buttons up the front and sleeves. Black watered silks are very much *à la mode*, so if you still have the one mamma sent you, you will be wholly in the fashion; only you must have the sleeves made tight, for nobody now ever wears any sleeves except those made tight to the arm. Our court dresses we must get in England, for the French and English courts are so different, that what would do here would not probably do there. I have given you a long chapter on dress, and forgot to say what I meant to about collars; they are worn very close in the throat, with the inside handkerchief below in large plaits.

"Since we have been here, the weather has been cold, wet, and disagreeable. We have really suffered from cold since we left delicious, sunny Italy; but they tell us it will not be much colder than this all winter in England, and there they have excellent coal fires. I shall rejoice to see a coal fire once more; I have not seen one since I left America.

"We have not had any letters for so long a time

from home, that we hardly know what to think of it. We expected to find them awaiting us in Paris, and there were several from papa's relations, but none from grandpapa's family. I hope we shall receive some soon, by the next Boston steamer. It will be convenient on one account to live in England; that we shall be able to receive and send letters so soon. But the climate! that we all dread, and probably more than most people would, because we have been living so long in a warm one. But we must keep ourselves as warm as we can. Indeed, I believe the climate is more foggy than cold, for a gentleman to-day was telling us, that there were often days in England so dark that you burnt candles all day long, and that people, in the thick fog, often stepped into the river, not knowing where they went.

"I suppose you have left Medford and come to town by this time. It is indeed rather late to be in the country. We saw by the papers that Thanksgiving is to be the twenty-fifth of this month. What a pleasant time you will have then; I should really like to join you! We kept Thanksgiving to the best of our ability in Florence, last year, and I dare say we shall do so this year.

"I believe I must bid you good-by now, my dear aunt, for I wish to send this letter by the steamship, and have not time to make it longer. Give my love to all the family. Your affectionate niece,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

CHAPTER XIII.

ARRIVAL IN LONDON — RESIDENCE IN UPPER GROSVENOR STREET — FIRST IMPRESSIONS — ORDER OF LIFE — CORRESPONDENCE.

"She was a flower
New opened, and no living thing had left
Print of the world's pollution."

THE journey of five days, from Paris to London, had been one of extreme fatigue, which could be alleviated by little enjoyment in the month of December. In crossing the English Channel, Anne yielded herself captive, for the first time, to the power of the sea. During the passage of nearly four hours, she lay in her berth suffering greatly. Their arrival in London was, therefore, a matter of no little satisfaction.

A description of their new home in Upper Grosvenor street, is given in her first letter to her sister at Paris.

[To C. B. E.]

"LONDON, 17th December, 1841.

"DEAR C., — We have just received your letter of the 9th, 10th, and 11th December to mamma; but as she wrote you a long letter the day after our arrival here, I thought I would answer it. We are rejoiced to hear

you are happy and pleased with your situation. I wrote a letter to E. when mamma wrote to you, describing our journey, so I need say no more about that, as doubtless he showed you the letter. Also I hope you received the letter we sent by Thomas from Boulogne. I really think you are better off than we are, for you are in a place you know something of; in short, you are at home in Paris, and we are strangers in the vast city of London. Oh! how homesick I was when we first came, and the feeling has not yet wholly worn off. I wished myself back in Paris a hundred times, and wondered I ever could have left it. Every thing seemed so strange; the house, streets, people, manner of life, and every thing else; and then not a soul to speak to, after my pleasant companions of the last month. But people tell us that we should not give way to this feeling; that when we know London more, we shall like it better. It is very dull here now; almost every one is in the country for the Christmas holidays, and the gay season does not begin till after the meeting of Parliament, the 3d of February.

"Our house is all that papa described it to us, on his return from London. It is very shabbily, and in many things, scantily furnished, and has a very rusty look. It is tolerably convenient, and has a good many bureaus and wardrobes, but they are all for folding, none for hanging dresses. I have a very good room on one side of the house, with a great many conveniences in it, and I have a fire in it, so that I can sit and read and write very comfortably. The nursery is over the drawing-room in the third story; it is a large, warm, and cheerful room, and W. has been very well, and in good spirits since we came. Mrs. A. has called upon us, and her daughter appears to be a very nice girl; I have only

seen her once, but then I spent an hour at her house, and had a very pleasant conversation. . . . .

"Papa has been presented to the Queen. She is now at Windsor Castle, and invited papa there to deliver his credentials, and then to dine and pass the night, which he did. The Queen and Prince Albert were very amiable and polite to him, and he had a very pleasant visit. He saw the state-rooms of the Castle, which they are now fitting up for the christening of the Prince of Wales; also, he saw the splendid service of silver gilt for a hundred and twenty persons; plates, dishes, candelabra, and all. I do not know when mamma and I are to be presented; perhaps not till after the meeting of parliament. When we have been, then we shall make a business of leaving cards on all the ambassador's and minister's ladies; the cards only, are to be left; you do not, at the first visit, go in.

"I give S. a lesson every morning in French, arithmetic, and so forth, and he is a very good boy about learning. I also study and read myself a good deal." . . . .

Writing to a friend, at Paris, she says still further of their situation: "My room is not so handsomely furnished, and does not look so much like a parlor as yours does, but it is very comfortable, and has every convenience. I don't know whether you know where Upper Grosvenor street is, but it is one of the best situations in London; and its vicinity to Hyde Park makes it very agreeable for us. We take our morning walk there, and at the hour we walk a beautiful band of music plays. Regent's Park is also said to be very pleasant, but not so fashionable as Hyde Park. I should not care for that, if we were near the former, but as it is distant, I have not yet seen it.

"We are invited to a dinner-party the day after to-morrow, at a quarter before seven. This is rather late, and the most fashionable hour is eight. . . . .

"Papa, as I wrote to C., has been presented to the Queen, but mamma and I shall not probably be till the first drawing-room in February, when I may be able to give you some amusing particulars about my train and nodding plumes. I dare say I shall be frightened to death, though I ought not to be." . . . .

Of London she wrote still further: "London is very different from Paris. In the first place it is twice as large; it is perfectly immense; twenty times as large as Boston. Then the streets are broader and better paved. But there is a constant atmosphere of coal smoke, and sometimes such dense, smoky fogs that you must light candles at noonday in order to pursue your work."

For the first few weeks after their arrival in England, an unaccountable dark shadow seemed to rest over the spirit of dear Anne. Was it a presage of the future? She had made three homes before in strange lands, adapting herself with wonderful ease, at once to climate, language, and people. Why, in a country so nearly allied to her own, should such gloom overshadow her, where, too, she had reason preëminently to anticipate pleasure and gayety?

But this cloud passed away as she became at home in London, and made her *début* in society. Yet amid all the excitement of court scenes and the brilliant circle to which she was introduced, the beautiful simplicity of Anne's character remains undimmed. In the sense of the world, she was never "gay." She was yet "subject to her parents." A routine of regular study occupied her morning hours, and reading and sewing daily en-

gaged a portion of her thoughts and time. She scrupulously reserved time for out-door exercise; having a partiality for the fresh air like the little child's, who asked to leave the nursery and play out-doors; "for he liked the air just as it came down from the sky." In this walk she was always accompanied by her father, when his duties would permit. She says: "We never omit our daily walks in the park; neither rain, snow, or cold, keep us in; we brave all weathers. I put on my clogs, blanket-shawl, and old dress, and thus equipped, can defy the elements."

She still as heretofore gave but little time to dress. In reading her record of a day before a court-ball, there is nothing in the different employment of her time which discloses that such an event is in prospect. Many a country lady, going out to her long afternoon visit, "to tea," expends more time upon her dress than was devoted to it by Anne before going to the Queen's drawing-room. And how often is she found at evening enjoying the fine paintings which adorn the walls, rather than captivated with the brilliant display and ceremony around her! After returning from such a scene, she can write: "We took off the feathers and ball-dresses we wore to the ceremony, and sat down quietly." She deprecates in strong terms the lateness of the hour for evening entertainments; yet she also says: "After such an evening party I did not rise any later this morning, for I never do that, let me sit up as late as I may."

Anne's pure spirit rose above this external show which surrounded her, looking upon it with more than indifference, almost positive disrelish, seeking still the improvement of her heart and mind, as the higher good, "the

merchandise of which is better than the merchandise of silver, and the gain thereof than fine gold."

The history of Anne's winter in London must be given in her numerous letters; all of which are of so much interest, developing in different ways her character, as well as events around her, that the difficulty lies in making a choice.

Her letters to her brother at Paris reveal so sweetly an older sister's gentle care and love, that a few extracts will be taken from them.

". . . . I suppose you are pleased with your school. I hope you will study hard, and learn French very fast, and Italian and German too, if possible. You must write to us sometimes, and let us hear how you get on, and whether you have made any pleasant acquaintances. . . . .

". . . I am very sorry you were so unwell as to be confined to your room, and hope you will take care not to expose yourself to cold. Wrap up well when you go out, for you know how easily you take cold, and the climate of France is very damp. Also, pray take care of your *eyes*, and not write in the evening, if you can help it. I say this, my dear E., not because I want to dictate, but because I thought it might be useful to you, as you are separated from the family, and might not always think to take care of yourself. . . . . Though I love to receive your letters, yet if you have not much time to write do not hurry yourself to answer this. Good-by, my dear little brother; we all send our love to you and C."

". . . . I have not received a letter from you for some time, but I have concluded you were too busy to write. I hope you study very hard, considering how

much money papa is paying for you, and that you read as many French books as you can, and as few English. You will have plenty of time to read English books, you know, when you come over here." . . . .

As the oldest daughter, her attention and interest in the welfare and progress of all the younger members of the family, was ever most lovely, gentle, and disinterested.

"London, 10th January, 1842.

"My dear Sister, — I wrote to you not long since, and have had no answer; but concluding you may be too busy to write, I thought I would write again. We have gone on pretty much the same since I wrote last week, for at present there is no great variety in our lives. It is very cold here at present, but we contrive to keep ourselves comfortable by walking fast when out-doors, and by keeping close by the fire when in the house. . . . . We have at last been to Mrs. M., the great court dress-maker, and she is a very nice person. I must tell you a little of her history, for it is singular. She was lady's maid in a family in Scotland, and married the butler of the family. He turned out badly and treated her very ill; so she had to leave her place, having several children, and live in a garret. There she supported them and her husband by making flannel waistcoats, at sixpence apiece. She made a great many friends, who were kind to her, and by degrees, she learnt the trade of a dress-maker and rose to her present eminence. She has now been thirty years the favorite court dress-maker, and her taste is unquestioned. Lady W., who told us about her, said she was an excellent woman, that when her brother died, and left seven children, she took them, and brought them up.

We have engaged her to make our dresses for the first drawing-room. Mamma's is to be a velvet train, over a white watered silk, or perhaps, a white satin. Mine is to be a white tulle, over plain white silk, a white watered silk train, (not lined at all,) and any colored flowers I like.

"We are going to dine next Friday with Mrs. R., who is the niece of Mrs. W. We were asked ten days beforehand, so I suppose it is to be a great dinner. I shall wear my velvet spencer, and a white muslin skirt, with *fourteen* tucks, each about an inch wide.

"We passed the other evening at Mrs. W's. First, coffee, with *brown sugar* (which is the custom here) was handed round, and then about twenty minutes afterwards tea. A young gentleman there told me of a new and curious mode of skating now in fashion here. He said as there was so little genuine ice, that there was a sort of white substance, soft, which was strewed over the floor of a room, and which soon hardened and became slippery, so that people could skate on it. He also said that there is to be a regular building for this amusement, and fitted up to represent winter scenery, snowy mountains, and landscapes.

"We shall probably have letters from America in less than a week, and shall not fail to inform you of their contents. . . . . How is E. now? Take good care of him, and don't let him get ill. I believe I must say good-by, with love from everybody to everybody."

[To the same.]

"London, 16th January, 1842.

"My dear C., — I received a letter from you last week, dated the 7th January, and since then mamma

has received one dated the 10th. We are glad to hear you continue well and happy. You did not mention E. in your last letters; but as 'no news is good news,' I shall conclude he is well.

"We have been reading aloud lately Cooper's last new novel, the 'Deerslayer,' and it is so interesting! The Deerslayer, the hero, is the same person who figures as the 'Scout' in the Mohicans, the 'Leatherstocking' in the 'Pioneers' and the 'Pathfinder.' After we had finished 'Deerslayer,' we liked it so much, that we procured the 'Prairie,' by Cooper, which contains the closing scenes of this remarkable hero, and where he is called the 'Trapper,' and is represented as more than eighty years old. I advise you to read the 'Deerslayer.' When I was in Paris I saw it lying on Dr. B.'s table, and I dare say he will lend it to you.

"We went on Friday to a dinner party as I told you in my last letter we should. Unlike the French dinners are the English, and not as pleasant. The ladies leave the table alone; the gentlemen remain, as at the American dinners. They have a practice which we also have in Boston, but which I never saw on the continent, of asking each other to take wine, which makes everybody look so stiff. It also seems to be the custom to carve the dishes at table.

". . . . I have not yet seen one of the curiosities of London, for it is not a very good time of the year to begin, and we have time enough before us. Papa accompanies S. and me in our walks whenever he has time, but he has a great deal of writing to do. When the weather gets a little more settled he says he and I shall ride on horseback. This will be very pleasant, for Hyde Park is a charming place for equestrian exercise.

". . . . I have engaged in a new work lately. I am making a patchwork bedquilt of pieces of silk, and as we have not a great many remnants, I shall soon be in want of some. If you could procure me any pieces in Paris, of silk, satin, or velvet, I should be very glad. Perhaps the dress-makers would give you little bits. I suppose the quilt will take me two or three years, but that is no matter as it amuses me. I have nearly done the muslin collar I brought from Paris to embroider, and as soon as my frame comes, I shall begin worsted work. Then I read German, and write Italian exercises, and when our books come from Italy I shall read Latin and Goldoni; so my time is fully occupied, as I dare say yours is."

[To the same.]

"London, 31st January, 1842.

"Dear C.,—I received your letters of the 25th January by Mr. L.; you must have thought it strange to have received no letter from me for some time, but the truth is this: I wrote a letter to you on the 23d, meaning to send it the 25th, by the English Ambassador's bag. But the 25th being the day for the christening of the Prince of Wales, the bag did not go, nor my epistle either. So papa gave that, and some others, to Mr. ——, the American Minister to Vienna, whom I dare say you have seen. He did not start till the 27th; when you received the letters they must have been old.

". . . . Our chests, boxes, etc., arrived the other day as you have heard, from Leghorn, and among the other things we opened, we found the stone fruit we bought upon the 'Lungo l'Arno,' in 'Firenze la bella,' all but the two stone figs; where do you suppose they are?

In the Marseilles trunks, I suppose, which, by the way, have reached London, though they are still at the custom-house.

"The 'Assistant Minister at the Court of St. James'* was much pleased with your letter to him, and more especially the direction to it; it quite elated him, and I believe he is now answering it.

"I am delighted to hear that you had an opportunity at Mrs. W.'s of conversing with an Italian gentleman, even if he were a Neapolitan, though, really, I don't know why you should mind that, for don't you remember that our friend 'Salvatore,' complimented you on speaking Neapolitan *à merveille?* I wish I ever had a chance of speaking Italian; I know I shall forget it before long. Why can't you write letters to me in Italian, and I will do the same. Don't think this request unreasonable, for you must remember I never hear a word of the language." . . . .

[To her Brother E.]

"London, 7th February, 1842.

"My dear E., — As I have lately been to the opening of Parliament, I thought it might amuse you to hear an account of it, for it will be as new to you as to me. Of course you know that the English Parliament is something like the Congress of the United States at Washington; and when it begins to sit, the Queen opens it by reading a speech in the House of Lords, and a great many spectators go to see the ceremony; we went among others. Papa was dressed in his plain-

* Her little brother.

est suit of uniform, and mamma and I were dressed in such dresses as we should wear at an evening party, with feathers in our hair. We went to the Parliament House a little after one; and found an immense crowd assembled in the streets and near the Queen's palace, to see the royal carriages. We arrived at the House of Lords, and passed through two long lines of soldiers to get to our places. We were very near to the throne, which is a red velvet chair embroidered in gold, under a superb red velvet canopy, with gold fringe and tassels. On the right of the throne is a splendid red velvet chair for the Prince of Wales, which he will sit in when he is old enough. On the left of the throne was another red velvet chair, not quite so rich, for Prince Albert, the Queen's husband. We waited a good while, but at last there was a cry, 'The Queen is coming.' A great many guards and noblemen came in, and then Her Majesty, led by Prince Albert. She took her seat on the throne, and after a short interval she read the speech, which began as all the speeches do, 'My Lords and Gentlemen.' She read the speech very well, in a clear, distinct voice. Perhaps you may like to know how the Queen was dressed. She had on a white satin dress, embroidered in gold, and a train of purple velvet, trimmed with ermine, which train was held up by ladies and pages. She had on a splendid coronet of diamonds, and superb necklace, ear-rings, and bracelets of diamonds; and also the whole waist of her dress was covered with diamonds. Prince Albert is a very handsome man, and was dressed in uniform. The King of Prussia was there also. He has lately been making a visit here, and papa, with the other foreign ministers, was presented to him.

"We had sent to us the other day, a piece of the christening cake of the little Prince of Wales. It came

in a small white box, on the outside of which was written, 'Christening Cake of H. R. H. the Prince of Wales; Windsor, 25th January, 1842;' and at the top the three feathers which compose the crest of the Prince of Wales. I have given you a long account, but it may serve to amuse you and your young friends.

"I hear it has been very cold in Paris lately. I hope you contrive to keep warm. It has been quite warm here lately, more like spring than winter. A week or two ago, when the river in Hyde Park was frozen over, (the Serpentine,) papa, S., and I crossed it twice on the ice, and it made us a very pleasant walk, but now there is not a particle of ice on it.

"We are looking round very busily for a house to move into next month, but have not yet found one; for it is no easy matter to find a house to suit. . . . .

"I suppose you have no one to look over your letters as I used to do, for we observe some instances of wrong spelling in them. It is a good plan, if you do not quite know how a word is spelt, to look it out in the English dictionary; but perhaps, you have none.

"Little W. has not forgotten you, and we shall not let him do so."

[To O. B. F.]

"London, 28th February, 1842.

"Dear Cousin O., — I received your letter of the 31st January, by the Britannia steamship. These steamers are grand things certainly; they make us feel as if we were not so very far from home.

"I was amused at the account you gave of the reception of Mr. Dickens. I supposed people would be glad to see him, but I did not think he would be pursued so

zealously. I have his autograph among my collection; for since I came to London I have begun to collect autographs, and have already some very nice ones, among which, I may mention those of the Duke of Wellington, the Duke of Sussex, Sir Robert Peel, etc. If you should ever be in the way of getting autographs, I wish you would send me some.

"I think you said you wished to hear about statuary. I cannot tell you about English statuary, for I have seen none here; but in Rome and Naples we saw quantities of it, particularly in Rome, mostly ancient. . . . .

"The object that most interested me in Rome, was the old Forum, which is partly uncovered, and is full of remains of the old temples, and the arch of Septimius Severus, on which you can still read the inscription with great ease. The modern city is, as it were, over the ancient, and you look *down* into the Forum, upon the Via Sacra, which still winds up to the capitol, part of the ancient wall of which is still standing. The grandest ruin is, of course, the Coliseum; the most curious, the arch of Titus; the prettiest, the little temple of Vesta; and the best preserved, the columns of Trajan and Antoninus.

"To leave antiquity, I suppose you have seen prints of Mr. Greenough's statue of General Washington, which is now in the capitol. We saw it in Italy. Mr. G. showed it to us by torchlight, and it had a grand appearance. I am sure Americans *ought* to be satisfied with it, but I hear a great many cavils have been made about it. Papa wrote an article about it, entitled 'American sculptors in Italy,' in a magazine, edited by his nephew, Nathan Hale, jr.; if you should fall in with it, it will give you a better idea of it than I could if I talked a month. . . . .

"The Queen, Prince Albert, and the two royal infants are now staying at Brighton. The Prince of Wales is said to be a very fine large baby. I am sure he needs to be, for he has titles enough to crush him, if he were not. Perhaps you may be amused with an enumeration of them as I saw them in the papers. They are, 'Duke of Saxony, Duke of Cornwall and Rothsay, Earl of Carrick, Baron Renfrew, Lord of the Isles, and Lord High Steward of Scotland, Prince of Wales, and Earl of Chester.' All these titles he inherited, *except the two last*, which were given him when about a month old. His name, as I suppose you have seen by the papers, is Albert Edward, but his mother, it is said, will have him called Albert.

"I do not have quite as much time to study as formerly, but I do find a little time every morning. I have just finished Horace, and have begun to read Tacitus, but find it rather difficult. However, *labor omnia vincit;* I suppose it will grow easier. I wish I could learn to speak German, but am certain I never shall till I go to Germany. I have written you a long, and I fear tiresome letter, but you must 'take the will for the deed.'

"With remembrances to all the family, I am," etc.

[To her Sister.]

"London, 14th March, 1842.

"My dear C.,— . . . . We were asked the other evening to Lady L.'s soirée, and went there early! that is, about ten o'clock. The Marquis of L.'s house is really a palace in size, very handsomely furnished, and *such* pictures! It made my mouth water (to use a vulgar expression) to see them, even by candlelight. Then

there are some beautiful pieces of statuary, among others a duplicate of Canova's Venus, made by Canova himself. I am not quite sure of the story; but I believe it was made by Canova for Lucien Bonaparte, and captured and brought to England. I do not know how it came in Lord L.'s possession. . . . .

"Mamma and I are reading now 'Stephens' Travels in Central America.' I advise you to read it. I saw it, when in Paris, on Mrs. T.'s table, and perhaps she can lend it you. You know we read, at Watertown, 'Travels in Arabia and the Holy Land,' by the same author. This is written with his characteristic fun and good-humor, and also with his usual simplicity and *naïveté*. It makes you feel as if you had known the author all your life; and I am sure if I ever meet him anywhere, I shall be tempted to address him as an old acquaintance, and ask him about some of his queer adventures. I tell mamma that if ever he comes here, she must give him a dinner-party, by way of acknowledgment for the pleasure his book has given us.

"We have made the acquaintance of Sir E. L. Bulwer, but I shall not undertake to describe him. Some day you may see him." . . . .

CHAPTER XIV.

REMOVAL TO GROSVENOR PLACE — CORRESPONDENCE CONTINUED — PRESENTATION TO THE QUEEN — EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL — COURT GAYETIES.

"No mist breathed o'er her brightness; but the pure
Full light of virtue rested there, and shed
New lustre on the light that ever came
Through her transparent features, and revealed
Each movement of the soul that swelled within."

"LONDON, 25th March, 1842.

"DEAR AUNT A., — I suppose by this time you have recovered from the fatigue of moving, and are ready to receive some letters from abroad. We have just been moving ourselves, but probably we have not had so much trouble and fatigue as you, because we had not the whole furniture of a house to move; though we found we had accumulated a great many things, living in a house only three months. We are now in a very pleasant house in Grosvenor Place; our windows overlook the private gardens of Buckingham Palace, the royal residence. The Queen's first drawing-room is on the 7th of April, and on that day we shall be presented at court. I do not like the idea of the train and feathers, but you cannot attend a drawing-room with-

out them. After Easter, the London season of gayety begins, and then large balls and assemblies abound. Before Easter, the parties are small, but there are a good many of them. It is a very common thing here to go from a dinner-party to one or more evening parties; and as the hours are so late it can be done very well. The other day we went to a dinner at seven, left it a little after ten, and went to one party. After staying there a little while, we went to another and returned from the last a little before twelve. The fashionable hour for going to a ball is eleven o'clock; to a small party somewhat earlier. Are not these hours terrible? Particularly to us, who get up as early as we did in America. The generality of people who lead this life, rise at ten o'clock. It does seem wrong to waste thus the best hours of the day, and yet you must have your sleep some time or other. Let us get up as early as we may, we cannot have breakfast before half past eight, even at this season. I am writing this before breakfast. . . . .

"Is there any probability that grandpapa will come out to us in the course of the spring? We have a very nice house to receive him in, and can promise him a very kind reception.

"We have received in good condition, several favorite little articles of furniture, books, and so forth, from our house in Summer Street, and they make a very good appearance in our house in Grosvenor Place."

The time of her presentation now drew near. Some annoyance arose with regard to her dress; a blue train having actually been ordered before it was understood that custom required that young ladies, presented for the first time, should appear in white. "All this trouble

and talk about the *dresses*," she writes her sister, "has made me lose all desire to go, and I now look upon a drawing-room presentation as a tiresome business; there is so much ceremony about it. Lady W. told mamma that it was generally considered proper for a Minister's lady to go to every drawing-room, unless her health or any other insuperable objection prevented. Only think of mamma's going to every drawing-room! *I* shall not have, however, to go to every one, unless I wish, and I do not think I shall choose it, for you know to be dressed up in ball-dresses at midday is not so agreeable. However, when we are used to it, I dare say we shall go on as other people do."

That she never did become *used to it*, however, is evident from the tenor of her letters and journal. It is sad, too, to reflect, that while this "dissipation," as she herself calls it, afforded her but little pleasure, it was, undoubtedly, sowing the seeds of her future, almost mysterious disease. Her apparent health and untiring activity concealed this fact from her parents, and, doubtless, from herself also. She gave herself no indulgences after late hours; but pursued her studies, and improved every hour of the succeeding day with undiminished zeal. This may have been too much for her delicate constitution.

Writing to another friend of their numerous invitations, and the unseasonable hours for visiting, she again says: "This will bear rather hard upon us, as we rise early. As I cannot bring my mind to pass the best hours of the day in bed, I do not know what I shall do."

[To P. C.]

"London, April, 1842.

"My dearest P., — I promised, after my presentation, to write you an account of it; here you have it, such as it is; not worth much after all. You may like to know our dresses. I wrote H. word, I believe, that I should wear a blue train, but afterwards, hearing that young ladies, on their first presentation, had the privilege of wearing all white, I decided for that. My petticoat was white gros de nap, with two skirts of tulle, looped up with bunches of delicate pink and white hawthorn flowers. My train was white watered silk, rich, but simple, the waist of it, which is precisely like any waist, likewise trimmed with hawthorn, and trimmings of the same to my gloves. Mamma's petticoat was white watered silk, trimmed with blonde; her train blue satin, trimmed also with blonde. We both had feathers and blonde lappets. So much for the dresses, which we put on about half past twelve in the morning, and proceeded to the palace a little after one. We put our trains in folds over our arms, and passing through several antechambers, went into a room appropriated to the diplomatic body. The room was soon filled, and looking out of the windows, we saw the Queen's suite of splendid carriages drive up. The drawing-rooms are held in St. James's Palace, and the Queen lives in Buckingham Palace, so she has to drive from one to the other. The doors of the throne room were at last thrown open; we took our trains from our arms, let them sweep the floor, and advanced towards the Queen and Prince Albert, who were standing side

by side, near the foot of the throne. Her Majesty and the Prince bowed, and we curtsied, but she did not speak to me; there were too many persons for that. Mamma and I were presented by the French ambassadress, the Countess de Ste. Aulaire. After we had passed the Queen and Prince, our trains were gathered up and placed upon our arms by some gentlemen in waiting, and we, (that is, the ladies of the diplomatic body,) took our places on the left hand of the Queen. Then the English ladies, a great many in number, were presented. The young ladies, presented for the first time, kissed the Queen's hand, which she had ungloved for that purpose; only the English do this; also the Queen kissed the cheek of two or three married ladies; by what rule this was done, I do not know.

"When the presentations, which lasted more than two hours, were all over, the Queen and Prince Albert bowed to the diplomatic corps, which bow we returned by curtsying, and then the royal cortège left the room, two little pages holding her Majesty's train.

"You may like to know the dress of the Queen. She wore a white satin petticoat, embroidered in gold, and trimmed with diamonds, of English (Spitalfields) manufacture; and a tulle dress over it. Her train was also white satin, embroidered in gold, and trimmed round with gold wheat ears, red poppies, and little blue flowers, which always grow together in England. She had a diamond coronet, necklace, and ear-rings. I have not time or space to describe to you any of the other dresses, though some of them were very elegant. One lady had a purple velvet train, and purple feathers. Some who were in mourning, wore all black, train and all.

"We left the throne room, passed through the ante-

rooms, and had not long to wait for our carriage. We reached home a little before four, took off our trains and feathers, and that affair was over, and not worth the trouble and the expense. It is perfectly amazing to me how any American can go, who is not obliged to; but many do.

"I have not time to write an account of this ceremony to H. H., as I am extremely busy; so I should like to have this letter do for both. The fashionable season has now really begun, and we have invitations enough to tire us out.

"I have lately begun to ride on horseback, and enjoy it very much. I have a purple riding habit, and a gentleman's black hat, which everybody wears here. Do you ever ride? It is certainly a very pleasant way of taking exercise, and in my opinion not at all dangerous, if you are only courageous and self-possessed.

"Thank H. for her letter, which I received by the last steamer. She mentioned that you had been quite ill, which I was very sorry to hear, but I hope your health is in general good. I have hardly been ill at all since we came here, and though, since spring come in, we have had very disagreeable east winds, yet they do not seem to affect my health.

"Do you remember our old schoolmistresses, the Misses K.? If you ever see them, ask them if they remember me, and give my respects to them." . . . .

Journal. "12th April, 1842. — We had proposed a pleasant expedition for to-day — a visit to Strawberry Hill, the country-seat of the famous Horace Walpole (Lord Orford) where he made a fine collection of pictures, manuscripts, antiques, medals, and a fine library. This collection is now to be sold at auction, and before

it is sold, the public are admitted to view it. But we were prevented from going to-day, and shall probably go Saturday, that being our first leisure day.

"We received an invitation to-day to the Queen's ball on Friday, and of course we attend. To-morrow night we go to the Russian Minister's, and to one other party; and on Thursday, to a small party at Dr. and Mrs. B.'s. I am afraid we shall be a little tired with all this dissipation and these late hours."

"15th. — I rode this morning about an hour and enjoyed it very much, as I had an uncommonly easy horse. . . . . In the evening we went to the Queen's ball, at Buckingham Palace. We were rather late, owing to the delay of our coachman, and came into the line of carriages at the corner of St. James street, so that we proceeded very slowly to the palace, and there was a great crowd when we arrived. The rooms were very brilliantly lighted, and very extensive, particularly the picture gallery; but we could not see the pictures well by candlelight. There is one picture there of the Queen's marriage, just finished.

"We saw the Queen dancing. She danced always opposite to Prince Albert, and no other couples were on the same side with her. She did not look as well to-night as she sometimes does, for her dress did not become her much. We staid till about one o'clock, and then came away, after waiting some time for our carriage. At every turn in the staircase, there were beautiful hothouse flowers arranged in semicircles. Altogether it was very brilliant though somewhat fatiguing."

"19th. — We went to Strawberry Hill at last to-day, starting about ten o'clock from London. We passed through Kensington and Richmond, and arrived at Strawberry Hill at half past eleven. The house is low,

Gothic, and old-fashioned, and does not look very comfortable inside, though I dare say if it were fitted up for a residence it would look better. In the lower rooms we saw a portrait of Horace Walpole, which had an intelligent and pleasing, though somewhat of a wild expression; and a portrait of his father, Sir Robert, with his first wife (the mother of Horace), on one side, and his second wife on the other. There are some portraits by Sir Joshua Reynolds here, of ladies of the Waldegrave family, which was connected with that of Walpole. There is also a great deal of curious old China in one of these lower rooms.

"In the great hall up stairs, is a very large and interesting collection of miniatures; one of Cowley, the poet, which is very beautiful, and it is thought will sell for a very large sum; one also of Charlotte, Countess of Derby, who is so famous in Peveril of the Peak. In this room were some fine portraits, an ancient bust of Vespasian, and some rich old tapestry. The most interesting things were in a side room. These were a silver bell, not very large, said to be wrought by the celebrated Benvenuto Cellini. It is deeply wrought all over in serpents, lizards, leaves, etc. The other most interesting thing was a missal, painted by *il divino Raffaello*, and his scholars, for Claude, Queen of Francis I. of France. The paintings, as may be imagined, were beautiful, and the outside was richly set with precious stones, with a superb carnelian intaglio on one side. There was another missal painted by a pupil of Giulio Romano, which was not so handsome.

"In the library, we saw some very interesting autographs; namely, a letter from Oliver Cromwell to his wife, the day after the battle of Dunbar; very curious, and not very well written; four letters of Madame

de Sevigné, the handwriting very large; a letter of Catherine Parr, the last Queen of Henry VIII., and a letter from Peter, the Czar of Russia. In the library also is a curious old clock, presented by Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, when they were married. The case is gilt, with two heavy balance weights, and very old-fashioned. I forgot to mention, that among the autographs, we saw a letter from Mme. de Maintenon, wife of Louis XIV., and some of her hair. In the gallery adjoining the library is some curious old armor; a suit worn by Francis I. of France. All over the house are old painted glass windows in brilliant colors, which give the rooms a very ancient look.

"We went to stroll in the grounds, after walking through the house. These are very beautiful, in the true English style. There is a little chapel in the grounds, with a fine painted glass window, and some old furniture in it.

"We found our walk in the Park very pleasant, for the air was mild, the wind slight, and the grounds very pretty. We returned to the house again, and looked at a few more miniatures. In one of the rooms is the Cardinal's hat worn by Wolsey; also a silver kettle that belonged to Queen Anne Boleyn.

"There were numerous other things, but together with a great many interesting articles, there was a great deal of rubbish; that, however, could perhaps hardly be avoided in a collection of antiquities. We were, upon the whole, much pleased with our visit, and reached home just before five. The distance is twelve miles.

"Papa and mamma afterwards went to a party at the Russian Minister's, but I had too severe a cold to venture out in the evening air, and went to bed early."

"20th. — I rode on horseback again to-day, had a very good horse and a nice ride. . . . .

"In the evening we went to a party at Count St. Aulaire's, the French Ambassador. There were so many carriages, that it was a great while before we could get into the house; when we did get in, the crowd was so terrible, we were almost squeezed to death. After walking round the rooms a short time, and speaking to our friends and acquaintances, we thought it best to return. Then there was such a crowded scene in the cloak room, every one hunting for their things. One lady was looking for her yellow bag, containing her cloak, and said to a gentleman, 'Have you seen a yellow bag? Do tell me.' 'No,' said he, 'but if I do, I'll tell you,' and went immediately off. In short, it was a disagreeable scene. We did not have to wait *very* long for our carriage, and reached home, I think, a little before one."

"24th. — . . . . A friend called for us, and took us to see the *studio* of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, the celebrated English sculptor. There are several statues there, principally for monuments, and a great many busts, some of which we recognized, in particular one very pretty bust of the Queen. The cast of the statue of Washington is there, the original of which is in the State House in Boston. But I was rather disappointed in this statue, after seeing that by Mr. Greenough, — which, by the way, is now fixed in its place in the Capitol.

"We were taken into Chantrey's foundry, where the bronze statues are cast, and where they are now casting an equestrian bronze statue of the Duke of Wellington, which is to be placed on the arch at Hyde Park corner,

opposite Apsley House. There was also an equestrian statue of George the Fourth. The process of casting is very curious, but I could not quite understand it.

"In one room is a fine figure of a dog, in clay, which was unfinished when Sir Francis died, and now, I suppose, it will not be finished. All the casts, with a few exceptions, have been presented by Lady Chantrey to the University of Oxford. Among the statues was a fine one of Mr. Canning, the late celebrated statesman. I am glad all the collection is to go together, for it would be a pity to separate it. There are almost as many pieces as we saw in Thorwaldsen's *studio* at Rome, but very few bass-reliefs in Sir Francis's *studio*, in that respect differing from Thorwaldsen's, whose bass-reliefs are some of the most exquisite of his works." . . . .

"10th May. — It has not been so pleasant to-day as for some days past; the cold east winds seem to have returned. A lady with whom we have lately become acquainted, Lady Charlotte D., called to-day for me and took me to see the exhibition of water-color paintings. There are more than three hundred of them, and some of them are very beautiful, and so well done that they look really like oil-colors. Some flower pieces struck me as particularly well done; and there were some very charming landscapes, representing scenes in England and Scotland.

"There was a picture of the Forum of Pompeii, very natural; also one of the gardens of the Tuileries at Paris.

"Some of the best of these pictures, Lady Charlotte told me, often sold for sixty or seventy guineas. In returning we stopped at a shop where the famous Spital-

fields silks are sold, but they do not compare in beauty with the French silks.

"Mamma and I did not go out this evening, which I was glad of, that I might rest a little."

"12th. — . . . . This evening we went to the Queen's fancy ball, which has been so long in preparation. It was exceedingly brilliant; a vast number of people being there, the rooms brilliantly lighted, and with the addition of the costumes, it was a fairy scene. There were several distinct sets of quadrilles, all dressed in uniform, the prettiest of which was the Russian quadrille, in red velvet and ermine. The quadrille of the Crusaders was very pretty, as also the Waverley quadrille, taken from Sir Walter Scott's novels. The Queen and Prince Albert were dressed as King Edward III. and Queen Philippa, and both looked very well. The Queen's mantle was of cloth of gold, lined with meniver; the Prince's of scarlet velvet, lined with ermine; they both had golden crowns on their heads; and the Prince looked as if he enjoyed the part of King, which he has never played before.

"It is impossible to describe or even recollect one half of the splendid and rich dresses. There were a great number of Greek dresses, almost exactly like mine; a great many Spanish, and some Italian dresses, almost all of them of the *moyen age*. The display of diamonds and other jewels was really magnificent; some persons were loaded with them; in particular the Marchioness of Londonderry. The Bavarian Minister's lady also had splendid jewels. It was almost impossible to see the dancing of the separate quadrilles, on account of the crowd; though afterwards we saw a mixed one danced, which was very pretty.

"About one o'clock supper was served, and on the side table was a splendid display of gold plate. The supper was handsome, but nothing extraordinary. The Queen and Prince Albert, whenever they moved about, were attended by a guard in the dresses of Edward III.'s time. Some of the attendants were sheathed in complete armor. The Queen could not dance on account of her long train, which was borne by two little pages, dressed in red. We staid till nearly two o'clock, and then, after waiting for our carriage some time, returned home. The whole scene was most brilliant, and a sight we may never see again, so I am delighted we were able to witness it."

"19th. — We went this morning to the Queen's drawing-room; as it was held to celebrate her birthday, almost everybody went, and it was excessively crowded. As for the trains, they are only on the floor for a few minutes, and all the rest of the time carried on your arm, and do not show at all. It seems a great pity to have them. The Queen was dressed in white satin, embroidered in gold, but owing to the length of the drawing-room, she became very tired. Almost all the royal family were there, and made a very large circle. When we returned home, at half past four, it rained hard; and we heard afterwards that some of the carriages did not get away from the palace till half past five. This waiting is very tiresome.

"Papa dined with the diplomatic corps at the Earl of Aberdeen's, and in the evening we went to the Duke of Wellington's great ball. On our way we saw a great part of the illuminations in honor of the Queen's birthday, some of which were very brilliant, though a great many of them were only the letters 'V. R.' illuminated.

Apsley House, the Duke of Wellington's residence, is very large and handsome. The great hall is hung with fine pictures, and the ceiling superbly gilt. Indeed, in all the rooms the pictures were very fine, though they did not of course show to advantage by candlelight. We staid about an hour, walked round, and spoke to our acquaintances, and then returned home exceedingly tired with our exertions all day."

"20th.--I took a riding lesson to-day; my lessons are now almost finished, and I think I have profited by them, at any rate I have enjoyed them. I do not know whether papa will be able to ride with me in the park after they are over or not.

"We went this evening to a concert, given by the Queen at the palace. As we were rather late, we had some difficulty at first in getting seats, for the music room was small, in proportion to the company it was to hold. The large picture gallery, I think, would have been better for the purpose. After we had been there some time, the Queen and royal family entered, and took their seats at the head of the room, near the performers. The Queen was dressed in blue satin, diamond necklace, etc., and over her left shoulder the broad, dark blue ribbon of the Order of the Garter. Prince Albert looked better in his citizen's dress than he does in uniform. He wore the Garter in splendid diamonds below his left knee, and around his neck the jewelled collar of the Order.

"The music was very fine; all the best Italian singers performing. We heard Mario, the tenor, for the first time; his voice is powerful, but not so sweet as that of our old acquaintance Moriani; and I was rather disappointed in him. Persiani and Lablache sung beauti-

fully; we heard them in Paris, and Ronconi, who was hoarse the other night at the Opera, had recovered his voice, and sang with great power.

"The singing, though very fine indeed, was too much protracted. After the singing was over, the Queen, royal family, etc., left the room, and then we followed, with the rest of the company; but having to wait some time for our carriage, we did not get home till after one o'clock. I had been much entertained during the evening."

"24th. — . . . . In the evening we went to the Duchess of Sutherland's fancy ball. Stafford House, the residence of the Duke and Duchess, is the handsomest and most splendid private mansion in London, and furnished in the most superb style. The ceilings are richly gilded and painted in fresco, and in the large gallery are some splendid pictures; we noticed some very fine Murillos, which the Duke has lately bought; also a beautiful Paul Veronese.

"The great picture gallery was lighted partly by arches of lamps, resting on green moss, which had a beautiful effect under the rich gilded ceiling; and the place where the musicians were was concealed by a perfect garden of flowers. There being a large mirror at the end of this room it was reflected back double. The next room that struck us was the green velvet room, the walls wholly lined with green velvet, and richly gilt. It was a bright, clear, moonlight night, not a cloud in the sky, and looking from the window of this room to the bright moon and green lawn without, the effect was lovely. In this room were some very beautiful pieces of statuary.

"The next room to this was very richly furnished with damask furniture, and in it a table of Sevres china,

exquisitely done, presented to the Duke and Duchess by King Louis Philippe. The grand hall of entrance, and the great staircase are the most magnificent of the kind I ever saw, and were beautifully arranged with flowers and lamps intermingled; and it was a beautiful sight to look down from the gallery, and see the company in their gay dresses come in. Most persons who had been at the Queen's ball, wore the dresses they did on that night, but the Duchess of Sutherland herself had on an entirely different costume; she wore a Scotch dress, very rich in all its parts, and her diamonds were magnificent.

"Yet, with all her wealth and splendor, she is so amiable, kind, and affable to every one, that I am sure no person could, in the least, envy her grandeur. She treated us in the kindest manner the whole evening; and being handsome and graceful, is exactly the sort of person to be mistress of that great palace.

"There was a profusion of refreshments, and afterwards, of supper, five rooms being filled with large supper tables. Several members of the Royal family were there, and the Duchess of Gloucester, the Queen's aunt, spoke very kindly to us, as she always does. We went to supper a little after one, and soon after returned home.

"We did not go to bed till nearly three o'clock."

CHAPTER XV.

BRITISH MUSEUM — ILLNESS — DEJEUNERS — EXCURSIONS TO MANCHESTER — CAMBRIDGE — ETON — OXFORD.

"Her conduct gentle, and her well-trained mind,
Replete with love of books and human kind."

JOURNAL. "26th May, 1842. — We went to-day about two o'clock, to explore the British Museum, where we have never been before. It is an immense building, and they are now engaged in erecting a new one, and pulling down part of the old. The new one is about three fifths completed, and very much larger than the old one. Mr. Forshall was very civil to us and showed us round everywhere. He took us first into the manuscript room, where, I think he said, there are twenty-five thousand manuscripts. One of the most curious of them is the manuscript of Pope's translation of the Iliad, which is written entirely on letter covers; not a bit of fresh paper throughout; and it was very curious to read on one side the poetry, and then turn over, and read on the other side of the paper, 'To A. Pope, Esq.' The manuscript, as one would imagine, is full of corrections. It must have been difficult to print from it. There was a book with the autographs of many of the Kings and Queens of England, very interesting; there

was the handwriting of poor Lady Jane Grey, during her short reign; 'Jane the Quene,' written in a firm, bold hand. The writings of Edward the Sixth and of Queen Elizabeth were very much alike, and very good; that of their sister, Bloody Mary, not so good. We saw several very beautiful illuminated missals, quite ancient, and some specimens of oriental writing, very curious. Hanging on the wall of the room, was an autograph of the Duke of Wellington, written on the field of Waterloo. The printed books, I believe, are in number about five hundred thousand, seventy thousand of which were a library collected by George III., and presented by George IV. to the nation. Truly a noble present, and fit for a King to give.

"From the library we went into the room of Egyptian antiquities, and there we saw sphinxes, statues, sarcophagi, etc., just like those in the museums of France and the Vatican, and all in the tasteless style of Egyptian art. It is easy to see why the Egyptian sculptures are so devoid of beauty and grace; because they did not copy nature, unless the Egyptian nature of those days was different from the modern. We saw among these antiquities, the celebrated Rosetta stone, which gave the first clue to the discovery that the hieroglyphics of the ancient Egyptians were an alphabetical character. There were a good many Greek statues, but, in general, all much more mutilated than those in the Italian museums. There were a great many pieces of sculpture from the Parthenon at Athens. In one of the rooms is the celebrated Barberini or Portland vase, made of dark blue glass, and sculptured beautifully in white. It is not known how ancient it is, or by whom done. Once in about seven years, Mr. F. said the Duke of Portland takes the vase away for a little while, to

show that it belongs to him. Some of the old things in this room are very curious. There are two bits of rusty bronze, said to be a part of the armor of King Pyrrhus, for which the Museum paid a very large sum! We saw also some articles taken from Herculaneum. There was a small collection of Etruscan vases, like those in the Vatican, and a great many Egyptian mummies, and skeletons of animals; horrible looking things. There was a curled wig, in very good preservation, and of a very good color.

"One of the prettiest sights was that of the room, where is an immense collection of birds, all beautifully arranged in cases, and some of them very brilliant and handsome. We had not time to stay as long as I should have liked in this room. The collection of insects was very fine too, though some of them were frightful looking creatures. On one side of the insect room were serpents, toads, and all such animals, preserved in bottles, which almost made you start back when you looked at them. The collection of corals was very pretty; so was the collection of minerals, which we did not have time to examine very closely. We saw among other things a large piece of meteoric iron, perfectly pure, and weighing fifteen hundred pounds.

"Having gone through the rooms above, we descended, and saw what is called the original of Magna Charta, which has been greatly damaged by fire, and the seal almost melted away; it was a very interesting sight however. There is a contemporary copy of it in the manuscript room.

"We left the Museum at five o'clock, and promised ourselves the pleasure of going again and seeing many things we were obliged to omit to-day for want of time.

It is, altogether, a most interesting monument, and worthy of a great nation. I wish we had such an one in America, but that, I suppose, in the present state of our country, is not likely to take place."

A second visit to the Museum in the fall, is thus described: —

"25th November. — We went this morning to the British Museum. We did not undertake to go over the whole of its vast extent, but went to the most interesting parts, some of which we inspected, on our visit last summer. The old and curious manuscripts and missals, now, as then, interested us exceedingly; and we saw some to-day, which we did not see before; such as the handwritings of Tasso, Ariosto, and Michelangelo, and several very valuable autographs of Washington, our own Washington, which, I was glad to see, are very highly prized. Some of the Mexican and Oriental manuscripts are very curious; and there are two cases of manuscripts, which, as the Librarian told us, are valued at £150,000.

"Next we went into the room of Egyptian antiquities, and from these to the Elgin marbles; after which, Mr. F., the Secretary of the Museum, who kindly accompanied us, was so good as to show us the collection of coins, which is very valuable, and not generally shown. There are very early Grecian and Roman coins, in gold, silver, and copper; and though the shape of most of them is irregular, yet the impressions of the heads are, for the most part, very beautiful and distinct. In the same room are some ornaments of Etruscan jewelry, taken from the lately discovered Etruscan tombs. They consist of necklaces, ear-rings, bracelets, and so on, and the workmanship and design of them are very delicate and beautiful. It carries one back

most truly to ancient times, to see these exquisitely wrought works, made by a people who flourished long before the proud Romans, and whose only history is read from their tombs.

"We were taken suddenly from ancient to modern times, by being shown a portrait of Napoleon, richly set in brilliants, and given by him to an English lady, whose name I forget, who had executed for the Emperor a bust of Charles James Fox. The lady presented it to the British Museum. It appears to be a good likeness and is a very pretty painting.

"After spending two or three hours in the Museum, we left it, having had a delightful visit. It is truly an immense collection of art and science!

Again we turn to the order of her

Journal. "31st May. — We breakfasted this morning with Mr. Rogers. He has been a good deal in Italy, and among his other works has written a beautiful poem on that country, which we read last summer at Careggi. He has a noble collection of pictures, many by the first masters, many Etruscan vases, and other antiquities, and some very curious autographs. His house, in the rear, opens on Green Park, and there is a delightful view from the windows.

"We had at breakfast beside ourselves, the Van Rensselaers, New York friends of ours, and Mr. M., the Master of the Queen's Household, who has been in America, and is a very entertaining gentleman. Some curious anecdotes were told at breakfast, but I forget them almost all for I was not well. One, however, I recollect. 'A nobleman,' whose name I did not catch, 'thought himself obliged to fight a duel with his friend, Lord A.' So one morning, he went to his bedside,

before Lord A. had risen, and said, 'Now, my Lord, you must fight me; here are pistols; so get up!' 'Surely,' said Lord A., 'you would not shoot a man in his bed?' 'No,' replied the other, 'I will never do that.' 'Then,' said Lord A., 'I will never rise, as long as I live.' His opponent went away baffled. This story caused great laughter.

"After breakfast, we looked at the pictures, and the other articles of interest, one of the most curious of which, is the contract for Milton's Paradise Lost, with his own signature. Mr. Rogers showed us also a copy of the first edition that was ever printed of Paradise Lost; Milton received but five guineas at first, for his great work. There were some pretty little statues, and miniature pictures in this room.

"Mr. Rogers then showed us his autographs. There were several of Pope, of Dryden, and of Dr. Johnson; we saw a journal kept by the latter while he was in Paris; not very well written. Also there was a letter from Lord Byron, very badly written, and addressed to Mr. Rogers. We then examined the back of a manuscript of the New Testament. When the Scriptures were read in the ancient churches, the back of the book was held toward the congregation, and very richly ornamented. This one had on it saints, etc., carved in ivory, and around the edge a row of precious stones. Mr. Rogers, I think, said it was as old as the time of Constantine. We saw also some beautiful illuminated missals, — the art of doing which is now lost, — like those in the British Museum, only not quite as handsome.

"After looking at all these interesting things, we returned home. In the afternoon papa went to see Lord

Francis Egerton's splendid picture gallery; Lord Francis is the brother of the Duke of Sutherland; but I was so ill I could not go with him."

For a week, from this time, Anne suffered from a very severe illness; which, she writes, 'proved to be fever and ague; caught, I suppose, on those dreadful Pontine Marshes between Rome and Naples." This painful sickness left its traces in her constitution, and was supposed by her medical advisers to be the original melancholy cause of the fatal disease, which began to manifest itself, at nearly the same season, the following year.

On the 15th of June she was well enough to attend a charming fête, which she thus describes.

"We went to-day to a *déjeuner*, as it is called, given by Mme. Rothschild, the widow of the late celebrated banker. She has a charming place in the country, about six miles from town, where we went. When we first arrived, there was a regular concert, at which all the principal Italians sung, except Rubini, who was engaged to come, but was prevented by ill health. I was excessively disappointed at not hearing the first tenor in the world, especially as we have several times missed him, and he is now singing here for his last engagement, before retiring from the stage.

"After the concert, at which Thalberg, the famous pianist played exquisitely, the company walked about the beautiful lawn and grounds, and took refreshment in a little temple on the bank of a pretty piece of water. The scene was lovely, with the noble trees, many of them cedars of Lebanon, the green grass, and the water. The English certainly understand how to make the most of the advantages of natural scenery.

"Afterwards, a regular dinner under the name of breakfast, at six o'clock, was served, and most elegantly and profusely served too. After dinner, when it was cooler, we again walked in the gardens, fragrant with beautiful roses and honeysuckles. There was a little boat sailing about on the sheet of water, which had a very picturesque effect. The concert, both vocal and instrumental, was renewed after dinner, but as we had heard the first of it, and it was getting late, we did not stay to hear it out.

"Altogether, the party was a very splendid, and, at the same time, a very easy one; and infinitely pleasanter in the fresh air, than the hot and crowded evening assemblies, one of which, at the French Ambassador's, we attend to-morrow. There is also the Queen's drawing-room, but that I shall not go to; papa and mamma will go alone."

"22d June. — We went this morning to Apsley House, to see the Duke of Wellington's picture gallery, the Duke having kindly given us permission. The collection was very fine; there are some few Titians and Coreggios, and a great many of the Dutch school, particularly of Teniers, whose pictures I like very much. There is one noble picture by Van Dyke, representing King Charles I. on horseback with an attendant. It is a splendid painting of an immense size, and well preserved. There were a great many heads by Velasquez, of which the coloring was exceedingly rich, and some beautiful landscapes by Claude. In some other rooms, where were principally portraits, we saw the likenesses of the Emperor Napoleon, of Josephine, of the Marquis of Wellesley, Marshal Soult, etc. The latter looked exactly like his portrait by Healey. In the dining-

room are full length portraits of several Kings and Emperors, all of them dead now but one, namely, the ex-King of Holland.

"The great hall, where most of the pictures are, is richly gilt, and the large windows which look on the Park, can in the evening be converted into mirrors, which draw across. In this large hall the Duke gives every year, on the 18th of June, a great banquet to celebrate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo. The banquet took place last week. Apsley House is not as large or as handsome as Stafford House, but it is a very fine mansion. At the foot of the staircase is the large marble statue of Napoleon, by Canova, which was formerly on the top of the column in the Place Vendôme; but which after Napoleon's fall the populace tried to destroy. It was, however, saved, taken down, and presented to the Duke.

"To-morrow, we go to a breakfast given in the country by the Duchess of Buccleugh, where the Queen and the Prince are to be present. The breakfast is at five in the afternoon! breakfast, indeed!"

"23d. — We went to the breakfast to-day, and as it is a long drive to Richmond, we started about four. When we arrived near the Duke of Buccleugh's villa, there was a long train of carriages, and we did not get there till some time after five. The house is rather old, and like most old houses, cut up into small, low rooms, and long passages.

"The Queen and her suite did not arrive till very late. After she had come, the company left the house, and walked about the grounds; these are very pretty, the land sloping down to the river Thames, which was covered with boats, gaily decorated. But all this pretty scene was marred, by the weather being very damp and

raw, with a sharp, cold wind; so that almost everybody put on large shawls to keep themselves warm, which entirely hid their gay dresses. There were several bands of music playing, and whenever the people along the river saw the Queen walking about, they cheered.

"About seven there was a breakfast (dinner) served. The Queen, Royal family and suite had a table to themselves, elegantly covered and served. . . . .

"About eight, they began to light some of the lamps prepared for the illuminations, which had a very pretty effect, glancing out from among the green trees, where they were suspended from the branches. The lamps on the bank of the river, too, which hung in festoons, were very pretty and tasteful. The Queen walked about among the company, with the King and Queen of the Belgians, who are now visiting her, and appeared to enjoy the scene. All the Royal family were there, and about five hundred other persons. We came away about nine, as we had a long drive home; but there were fireworks and illuminations afterwards, and most of the company staid till midnight. It was, altogether, a very brilliant fête, and would have been still more so, had it not been so cold."

The 24th of June, Anne accompanied her father in a short visit to Manchester, during the meeting of the Association, corresponding with the meeting of *Savans* at Florence, which she attended the previous year. They were invited to the hospitable mansion of Mr. ——, whose daughter was married to an American. Anne enjoyed the visit exceedingly, although she saw but little of the city, owing to the bad weather and the engagements of the gentlemen at the meetings. At these meetings her father made several addresses; and with a daughter's pride, which can never be otherwise

than pleasing and becoming, writes: — "An address was made to papa, to which he replied, greatly to the delight of all. Indeed, anybody that has ever heard papa speak, must be delighted." On another occasion, when Mr. Everett attended the meeting at Bristol, of the Royal Agricultural Society, of which he was elected a member, Anne writes with the same ardor: — "He was received there in a most flattering manner, with many marks of distinction; and delighted everybody with the three speeches he made." Similar expressions are of frequent recurrence in her journal; always mingling the highest honor and respect with the most tender affection; — the perfect style of a daughter's love.

Anne left Manchester with regret, writing of the kind family, who had made her stay with them so agreeable, "nothing could exceed their politeness, kindness, and attention." On their journey home they fell in with a German and his family, consisting of six persons. Anne says: "He found it very difficult to make the waiters understand him, till papa spoke to him in German and then called for what he wanted. This pleased him very much, and on hearing that papa was an American, he observed that it was singular that a German, travelling in England, should have to get an American to interpret for him."

The first week of July she passed very delightfully in Cambridge, at Trinity Lodge; witnessing also the interesting ceremonies of the Installation of the Duke of Northumberland as Chancellor of the University.

Cambridge. "4th July. — I am very sorry we have no means of celebrating to-day; but I suppose we must let the firing of the guns here go as the celebration. We went this morning to the Senate House to witness some of the ceremonies of the Installation. We had

to go very early in order to get seats, for the Senate House was crowded in every part. The galleries were filled with young men, who, every now and then, would give 'three cheers' for some one. The Queen and Royal family, the Church dignitaries, the Dukes of Wellington and Northumberland were successively cheered, and to hear the huzzas, and see the waving of hats, was very inspiriting. 'Her Majesty's Ministers' were loudly cheered, and everybody seemed to be in high spirits.

"It was long before the Chancellor, accompanied by the Duke of Wellington, and the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst, entered the hall. They took their places, and then we waited a good while before the exercises began. First, the public Orator, as he is called, who always speaks on behalf of the University, made an an excellent address in Latin. He paid many compliments to the Duke of Northumberland; and to the Dukes of Cambridge and Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, the Archbishops, and finally to the Foreign Ministers, of whom there were four present, the Hanoverian, Saxon, Prussian, and papa, (the American). I thought the speech extremely good, though rather too long. Afterward, several degrees of 'Doctor of Laws' were conferred; among others on the Foreign Ministers. Papa as well as all the other doctors, wore a red gown. After these ceremonies were over, we left the Senate House, being very much tired at sitting five hours.

"In the afternoon we walked in the beautiful grounds of Magdalen (pronounced Maudlin) College, where there was a reception of company and a band of music." . . . .

"5th. — This morning, before breakfast, papa and I walked in the beautiful grounds belonging to Trinity

College; they are delightful; the little river *Cam*, covered with stone bridges, (from whence the name Cambridge,) runs through the grounds, and gives them a very fine and cool look; then the long rows of venerable trees, meeting in the form of a Gothic arch, add greatly to the effect. The little river is poetically called 'Granta.' After a pleasant walk, we returned to the house, took breakfast, and prepared ourselves again for the Senate House.

"It was even more crowded than yesterday, but the weather being much cooler, we suffered no inconvenience; and on the platform, where we sat, we had plenty of room. We did not wait long for the exercises; they began with conferring some doctor's degrees in theology and medicine, with very peculiar ceremonies, at which few people could refrain from smiling, not to say laughing. When this was over some of the students recited prize poems of their own composition. One young man had gained a prize for three poems, one English and two Latin, and delivered them most beautifully, with a voice so well modulated! He received three prizes from the Chancellor's hand. After the recitations, an installation ode, highly complimentary to the Duke of Northumberland, was sung; this was followed by the national anthem, 'God save the Queen,' at the close of which there was a glorious cheering for the Queen and the Prince, and then the company left the house.

"In the afternoon we went to see Trinity College Library, where they showed us the manuscripts of Newton, Milton, Bacon, etc., all extremely interesting; there are about fifty thousand books in the library. We saw, also, Newton's telescope, a rude one I was told. On leaving the library, we went to a rural party in the

grounds of St. John's College, which are even prettier than those of Trinity. We first partook of a very elegant collation, in an immense tent erected for the purpose, and then walked round the grounds, paid our respects to the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, and spoke to our acquaintances. There were two tents erected for dancing, with regular floors, and we had some very pleasant dances. Refreshments, besides the collation, were served all the afternoon; and the weather was delightful, though a little cool. We staid till about eight, and then, when it began to grow damp, we returned to the Lodge. In the evening there were fireworks at another college, but being very tired we did not go there. Miss B., the daughter of the Bishop of London, who is staying here, and I amused ourselves with looking at some caricatures, and afterwards Mr. R. M. again sung us some charming pieces. So happily ended the day."

"6th. — The ceremonies of the Installation being now almost over, wholly as regards the Senate House, we determined to see a little of Cambridge to-day. The Master of Trinity went out with us, and took us to see an old round church, of a kind of which, I believe, there are only four remaining in England. This one is of the eleventh or twelfth century, and a good deal in ruins; they are now restoring it, and mean to have a service there when it is done. The master next took us to see the chapel of Jesus College; this is a small college, but very pleasantly situated, and the chapel is interesting from its age, though it has no peculiar beauty. We mounted to the top of this college, Miss B. and myself, and saw a very pretty view.

"We then went to Sidney and Sussex College, where

Oliver Cromwell was educated. We saw a portrait and a bust of him in the Lodge, and both had a most stern, even an unamiable look. The chapel of this college is small, but very pretty; and the college was founded by the Puritans, about the end of the sixteenth century, among the many other good things they did. Harvard, the founder of our University at Cambridge, was educated in Emanuel College, and Sir Isaac Newton, in Trinity. Milton belonged to Christ's College. We stepped into Trinity College Chapel as we returned, which was built in the time of Queen Mary. In the antechapel there is the famous statue of Newton by Roubilliac. We returned to Trinity Lodge for luncheon, and in the afternoon, again went out to see more sights.

" We went first to the Geological Museum, where we found Professor Sedgwick, the eminent geologist, who explained every thing to us so clearly that I am sure I could study geology with pleasure, if I could have such a teacher. We saw some very curious fossil animals, one of which (Ichthyosaurus) looked like a great fish, and must have been a most formidable creature when alive. There were many other strange and interesting fossil animals, too numerous to mention; and a curious stone, which bent backwards and forwards in a flexible way. In this Museum we saw a plaster bust of the new Chancellor, just finished, but it did not look much like him.

" On leaving this Museum we went into King's College Chapel, which mamma had not yet seen. Its richness and beauty struck her as much as it did me. We then mounted to the top, only a hundred and thirty steps, and stood over the arched vault, and under the roof, in a space between. From a little window, on

one side of this place, was a fine view of the college grounds. We then went a little higher, and stood upon the top of the exterior roof. It was not a very pleasant place to stand on, to be sure, but the view was splendid, embracing all the college buildings and adjacent country. When our heads were a little giddy we came down, and returned to the Lodge."

"7th. — Papa and I took our last walk in the beautiful grounds of Trinity and St. John's yesterday morning, as we knew we could not walk to-day. They were lovely as ever, and looked so calm and still that I could hardly bear to think of exchanging them for noisy London. I could live very happily, I think, in this beautiful place, which, besides its native attractions, has so many pleasant associations. But we must leave it and perhaps never see it again.

"We started in our post-carriage at a little after nine from Cambridge, and arrived at the railroad depot at twelve. We found the cars were not to go till half past two, and so we had to wait a long time at the inn; however, I had my book and work, and we took luncheon.

"We found every thing safe on our arrival and the children delighted to see us. So ends our agreeable excursion to Cambridge."

"15th. — We went this morning to a concert given by subscription for the benefit of the poor, suffering Polish exiles; a most laudable charity. The Duke and Duchess of Sutherland had most kindly offered their splendid mansion for the purpose; and the concert was accordingly arranged in the grand hall, the music and singers being between the staircases. The hall was beautifully festooned with natural flowers, and with its rich gilding and ornament, looked as well by day-

light as by candlelight, and that is saying a good deal.

"The Italian and German companies of singers had offered their services. I heard Rubini, whom I have been so anxious to hear, for the first time, and much as I had heard of his singing, I do not think I was disappointed. His voice is certainly exquisite, divine. I think that in his high notes he is not superior to Moriani, but I never heard any thing like the sweetness and expression of his low notes. I should not have imagined that the human voice had such powers. The concert concluded with 'God save the Queen,' and the performers were loudly cheered. After the concert we walked a little around the splendid apartments, and looked at the fine paintings. The rooms opening to the garden looked beautifully, and the whole mansion is as pleasant and agreeable as it is magnificent."

"21st.— We went this afternoon to a *déjeuner*, given by the Duke and Duchess of Northumberland, at Syon House, a country-seat about nine miles from London. We arrived about five o'clock, and drove through a most extensive and beautiful park, with fine old trees, and a little river running through it. The house is a noble mansion, presenting a front of two hundred feet, and within elegantly furnished with statuary, paintings, etc. Presently we went to walk in the varied and extensive grounds. The flower-garden is laid out beautifully, and in the midst of it is a conservatory, of an immense extent, filled with rare and choice plants. There are a great number of fine old trees about the grounds, among others, walnut trees raised from nuts brought by the late Duke from our own country. On the bank of the river were some black swans, which are very pretty creatures.

"After making the tour, we stood awhile on the lawn in front of the house, which was the principal rendezvous of the company. About six, we were summoned to breakfast, in an elegant tent erected for the purpose and richly decorated. There were six long tables, three on each side, and a semicircular table in the centre, at which sat our host and hostess, such of the Royal family as were present, with other guests, among them ourselves.

"The entertainment was extremely *recherché* and elegant, the tables ornamented with French bonbons and beautiful fruit, etc., and a hot dinner served of the finest kind. After the dinner, or breakfast, as it was called, we left the tent and walked round a little, and then sat down on the lawn, and listened to the band. They played several national airs very finely. When it grew dark, there were some magnificent fireworks on the lawn in front of the house; rockets, with stars, wheels, burning temples, serpents, and vases, of the most brilliant description. The weather was very fine, and the air clear; and the moon shining brightly, rather added to, than diminished the effect.

"This fête was decidedly the handsomest of the season, that I have seen, and the only thing that took away a little from the gayety of it, was everybody's being in black or white, as court mourning for the late Duke of Orleans, Prince Royal of France. We left when the fireworks were over, but many of the company staid much later, dancing in the great tent. The Park was illuminated as we drove through it, and had a very pleasing effect. We reached home a little after eleven."

"*Eton College.* 24th July. — We received an invitation some time ago to come here from the head-master,

Dr. Hawtrey, and his sister, Miss H. It is a sort of celebration, called 'Election,' which is to take place to-morrow; and yesterday there were a boat procession and fireworks, but unfortunately we could not come till to-day.

. . . . "We were received very kindly by Dr. and Miss H., and after breakfast, we proceeded to church in St. George's Chapel, which belongs to Windsor Castle; which is very near. The Prince of Wales was christened in this Chapel, and it is really a splendid one. The sides are lined with the stalls of the Knights of the Garter; and the banners of the different knights hang on each side. At the end of the hall is a very fine picture, and opposite to it the grand organ, which has an exceedingly rich tone. In this church is the tomb and monument of the Princess Charlotte of Wales; the design of it is pleasing and tasteful. The Queen and Prince Albert attended the service, both dressed in deep mourning for the late Duke of Orleans.

"In the afternoon, we attended service in Eton College Chapel, which though ancient has nothing remarkable about it. It was a very pretty sight to see the boys, who are scholars, march in and take their places for the service. They looked very happy.

"After the service, papa took mamma and me to walk in the pretty college play-ground, with noble trees scattered over it, and the river Thames winding through. Though not equal to the grounds at Cambridge, yet they perhaps produce as pleasing an effect.

"They bring strongly to your mind, 'Gray's Ode' on a 'distant view of Eton College.' There is a fine view of the noble old Towers of Windsor from these grounds."

Passing over her account of the exercises at the col-

lege, which she attended the next day, and her visit to the library, we come to her description of Windsor.

"26th. — Papa and I took a walk before breakfast this morning, as the weather was delightful. We walked up to the Castle, and nearly made the circuit of it. It is truly an immense pile, as large as a small city; and the round tower at the entrance, perched on a steep ascent, with the Royal flag floating from its summit, has a most picturesque appearance.

"After breakfast, we went to view the interior of the Castle, where the Queen is at present residing. We were fortunate enough to meet with Mr. Murray, the Master of the Household, a friend of ours, who was so kind as to show us the private apartments, which are not generally accessible. In the public rooms are many good pictures; a great many by Rubens, Holbein, Van Dyke, and other great masters. The apartments themselves are most gorgeous. The great ballroom is richly gilt and lined with mirrors, and commands a beautiful view of Windsor Park, Eton, etc. In this room is a splendid vase, presented to the Queen by the Emperor of Russia. The throne room is equally superb, though a great deal of the furniture is covered up. The King of Prussia, at his late visit, was installed a Knight of the Garter here.

"St. George's Hall is a grand room, two hundred feet long, and contains the coats of arms of all the Knights of the Garter from King Edward III., the founder of the Order, down to the present time. These escutcheons cover the ceiling, and there is room for many succeeding knights on the sides. In this hall was given the great banquet at the christening of the Prince of Wales. The Waterloo gallery is filled with the portraits of distinguished personages; but, perhaps the

most interesting room of all, is a chamber full of armor, and containing a portion of the mast of the Victory, — the ship in which Nelson fell; — pierced through with a cannon ball. It really excited strong emotion to look at it.

" In this room is also a shield, wrought by Benvenuto Cellini, and given to King Henry VIII., by King Francis I., at the 'field of the cloth of gold.' It is very richly wrought and inlaid with gold. The bedroom occupied by the King of Prussia is lined with blue silk, has some fine pictures, and a very comfortable look. The library is a noble room, commanding a fine prospect, and has a great many nice little recesses, where one could sit and read very pleasantly. We saw here Bibles in every language of the world, almost. The private apartments, also, have an air of great comfort as well as elegance. We saw two or three drawing-rooms, opening into the beautiful park and garden, and a dining-room rich with gilding and mirrors. In this room is a magnificent vase of gold plate, which, on the night of the Prince's christening, was filled with claret. Next to the drawing-room, is a pretty little room, where the Queen takes her luncheon. The great corridor, which runs several hundred feet along two sides of the building, is one of the most splendid rooms that can be imagined; richly gilt, with fine old antique cabinets, and hung with fine pictures, it presents a brilliant *coup d'œil.* From this fine apartment, Mr. Murray took us into the room where the gold plate is kept; and this is beyond expression rich; the variety of salvers, dishes, plates, candlesticks, and centre ornaments, baffles description! There is one piece just completed, for a centre ornament, representing three of the Queen's favorite dogs, in silver gilt like the others, and beauti-

fully executed. There is a jewelled and gold peacock, brought, with other spoils, from India, by Lord Wellesley, with many other rich pieces of gold plate, impossible to mention or even to remember. It is a pity that all this magnificent plate should be kept, as it is, in a small, confined room, and not placed where everybody can see it. Mr. Murray afterwards took us to see the kitchen, which is very extensive and airy, and where they were busily preparing dinner. Here we finished our survey of the Castle; many of the things we could not have seen unless Mr. Murray had been with us. Windsor is truly a Royal residence. It was begun by Edward III., and a great deal was done to it under George IV.; he it was who began the magnificent corridor, but he did not live to see it finished.

"After leaving Windsor, we drove out to Stoke, a place a few miles from Eton, and which contains the churchyard where Gray is supposed to have written his 'Elegy.' We were invited there by a Mr. Penn, whose father, now quite old, is a grandson of William Penn, who first settled Pennsylvania. Interesting memorials of him are preserved by the family, among others, is a picture by West, representing William Penn, as making the treaty with the Indians under the shadow of a spreading plane-tree. They also showed us in the hall a piece of the trunk of this very tree, carefully preserved. The family consists of the father, who is eighty years old, and quite infirm, his wife, son, and daughters. The house, which is large and handsome, was built by the brother of the present owner; it commands a fine view of Windsor Castle. Gray's churchyard is not far from Mr. Penn's house, and belongs, I think, to the estate. It is small, and looks old and venerable; and you feel the truth of his description, —

'Beneath those nodding elms, that yew tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell, forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.'

"The church is small, but has some fine painted glass windows, put there by Mr. Penn, and taken from an old family mansion of his ancestors, now pulled down. Gray, with his mother and aunt, lies buried in the churchyard; and near it on an eminence, is a monument erected to his memory by Mr. Penn, with some of the poet's own verses inscribed on its sides. The whole scene, where in addition to the associations with Gray, you are surrounded with memorials of William Penn, is highly interesting.

"After luncheon we went back to Eton about half past four, and prepared ourselves to return home, as we were to go in the cars a little after six."

Returning safely to London, the next day she went to see Lambeth Palace, the residence of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the primate of England. Among the interesting things she saw here, she mentions the Coronation chairs of the late King William IV., and of Queen Victoria, which are always given to the Archbishop of Canterbury. "May it be a long time," she exclaims, "before an archbishop has another!" A few days afterwards, she visited Hampton Court. It is an immense building, begun by Cardinal Wolsey, and in the dining-room, which is hung with Gobelin tapestry, the arms and titles of the unhappy Cardinal are now ostentatiously emblazoned.

In visiting these palaces, Anne had ample opportunity of gratifying her taste for the fine arts. Of all their grandeur and magnificence, their paintings and statuary attracted her chief admiration. She remarks: "If I

were to wish for a fortune, it would be to purchase pictures." After enumerating many of the fine paintings she saw at Hampton, she says: "We then went into the room where are hung the celebrated cartoons of Raphael, from which the tapestry in the Vatican at Rome, which we had seen, is wrought. These cartoons are more or less injured, all of them, as they were very ill treated after they had been once copied. Horrible it is, indeed, to think that the works of Raphael should have been neglected, torn, and defaced, like any common pictures; but now they hang very well, and will no doubt long be preserved safe. Their beauties, like those of all his works, are not to be described in words, and they need more careful examination than we then had time to give them.

"There are also many pictures of Coreggio, with all his delicacy and softness of shading; and some of Titian, with his fine rich color; also many of Guercino and Guido.

"After surveying the pictures, in which we were much incommoded by the crowd, we went down into the gardens, which, though a little formal, are very beautiful and agreeable. In one part of them is an enormous grape-vine, the largest, perhaps, in Europe, coming all from one root, trained in the nicest manner, and covering the wall of an immense grape-house. One year it bore, they say, one thousand nine hundred pounds weight of grapes. The man who showed it, said it was seventy-four years old. It is altogether a wonderful vine. The grapes were just beginning to turn purple. After we had taken one or two turns in the garden, we bade adieu to the grand old Palace of Hampton Court. Though a Royal palace, the Queen never resides there; and the inhabited apartments are

occupied by families who live there, rent free, by permission."

The middle of August, Anne passed several days delightfully at Oxford; staying at the house of the celebrated Dr. Buckland, one of the canons of Christ Church College. While here she visited the various colleges, halls, and chapels, and enjoyed in several of them, as usual, a feast of fine old paintings. While here she visited Blenheim Castle. The magnificent rooms of the palace, its splendid library and chapel, ornamented with elegant statues and paintings, are all described by her in glowing terms. She adds: "Blenheim Park is on the site of the ancient Woodstock, where Henry II. hid fair Rosamond, and where Sir Walter has placed the scene of his interesting novel. They showed us the old oak, a thousand years old, under which Charles and Everard were to fight; and also Rosamond's well, where the King first met Alice Lee. It is a clear, fresh, sweet spring, gushing out of the side of a hill, in the same manner, I suppose, as it did in Rosamond's time. We drank some of the water, and took some away in a phial to preserve; I have since sealed it up, and hope to take it to America. We looked at the monument erected in memory of the battle of Blenheim, and then through the beautiful park back to Oxford."

She visited here the Botanic Garden, the immense Bodleian Library, and finally the picturesque seat of the Archbishop of York, Nuneham Park. After the view of the noble mansion, she thus describes their drive in the park: "A boundless variety of hill, dale, forest, and water is continually presented to the eye in quick succession, and in lovely contrast; the place is really the most beautiful we have yet seen. There is nothing like it in America or France. After walking and driving

about these delicious grounds, and seeing Oxford from several points of view, we walked over the flower and kitchen gardens, greenhouses, etc., and then looked at a beautiful little house built for a steward, and picturesquely situated among the trees.

"A little after seven we went into the house. A large and elegant dinner party followed; and about ten we ordered our carriage to return to Oxford, as we are to start very early to-morrow for London. We had enjoyed our visit very much at this delightful place, and were invited by the Archbishop and his daughter to visit them in Yorkshire."

"18th August. — We took leave of Dr. B. and of his most hospitable and singular house. Its occupant being a zealous geologist, every room is crowded with his stones and specimens; the dining-room is so incumbered with them that but little space is left, and sideboard, chairs, and tables are heaped in the same manner. The freshness of the early morning was beautiful. The cars started from the station at Steventon a little after eight, and reached London at half past ten."

CHAPTER XVI.

TOWER OF LONDON — THAMES TUNNEL — VISITS IN THE COUNTRY — BELVOIR CASTLE — WENTWORTH HOUSE — BISHOPSTHORPE PALACE — THE GRANGE.

"It is sure,
Stamped by the seal of nature, that the well
Of mind, where all its waters gather pure,
Shall, with unquestioned spell, all hearts allure.
Wisdom enshrined in beauty — Oh! how high
The order of that loveliness."

"2d SEPTEMBER. — After the rain of yesterday it has been exceedingly warm to-day; but, as we had formed a project for going to see the Tower of London, we did not let the heat deter us. We accordingly went about half past two, and proceeded through the city, performing the long drive in about an hour.

"One wing of the Tower was burnt down last year; the cause of the fire is not known; but a great part still remains standing, and it is really a little city in itself, there being accommodation for one thousand persons within its walls. We entered the inner court through the gloomy Arch of Traitor's Gate, over which is the Bloody Tower, where the two young Princes, sons of Edward IV., were smothered; and meeting with one of the wardens, he conducted us to the Armory, in the White Tower, the most ancient of the

buildings. Here there are many statues of the old Kings of England on horseback, dressed in the armor they wore in their lifetime; some of the horses, also, of the earlier monarchs, were in complete armor. The whole apparatus, indeed, must have been rather weighty for a steed to carry. All this armor is very beautifully and neatly arranged, and a large quantity of swords, muskets, and pistols are placed round the walls in the form of stars and other figures, very prettily.

"The chamber in which Sir Walter Raleigh was confined for twelve years, is in the White Tower, and though now lighted by several windows, was, in his days, dark and gloomy. Yet he contrived to write his history here. In this room are a beheading block, used in 1745, the axe that beheaded Queen Anne Boleyn, and a statue of Queen Elizabeth on horseback. There are, also, many other interesting things in this room, such as instruments of torture, etc., too numerous to mention.

"We went over the burnt part of the Tower, and among other things saved from the fire, is one of the oldest existing fire-arms, used at the battle of Crecy; also some large pieces of ordnance taken at Waterloo. In one part of the ruins, were placed for sale some relics saved from the fire, and papa bought an old spear head by way of a trophy.

"We then went to see the crown jewels and regalia, which are deposited in a small room by themselves, and are magnificent in the extreme. The crown of the present Queen is very rich, and sparkling with jewels, containing the largest ruby and sapphire known. There are the sceptre, the gold saltcellars, used at a coronation feast, the sword of justice, and all the other regalia of the sovereigns of England. A small crown and

sceptre, made for Queen Anne Boleyn, are very pretty. After looking at the jewels we walked into the court-yard, and were shown the very spot where the lovely and unfortunate Lady Jane Grey was beheaded; also the tower in which she was confined before her execution. Several other towers were also pointed out to us, all of which are mentioned in a very interesting tale called the 'Tower of London,' which we read last year, and of which Lady Jane is the heroine." . . . .

"7th. — We went down into the city again to-day, to see the Thames Tunnel, which we have never visited before. It is a great way off, being below all the bridges. When we arrived at the Wapping terminus, as it may properly be called, we went into a small house, and descended ninety-nine steps under the river, to the entrance of the tunnel. We then began to walk through its length. It is a double archway, for foot-passengers, carriages, etc., paved in a solid manner with brick and Roman cement, and lighted with gas. From Wapping to Rotherhithe, the other side of the river, its length is twelve hundred feet. It is truly a stupendous work, and one can hardly help feeling a sensation of awe, at walking thus deep under the bed of a river, and knowing that the water is flowing above and around you. The tunnel is, as may be expected, very damp, the moisture being apparent on the brick walls.

"The double archway is not yet quite completed, and only one side is at present open, but the other, we were told, will be opened in about four months. Carriages and other vehicles are, I believe, to descend into the tunnel by a spiral inclined plane. The keeper, whom we saw at the upper end, was quite a talker. He mentioned Mr. Webster's visit to the tunnel, two or three years ago. He showed us a beautiful little representa-

tion of the tunnel in an illuminated transparency, arranged with a camera obscura, which magnified the length; they were for sale and papa bought one. We saw, at the Rotherhithe end, the great engine used in pumping up the water; and having fully explored this wonderful work, we retraced our steps to 'upper day,' and drove home. The tunnel was begun in 1825, and at one time the works were suspended for seven years, for want of funds."

"17th. — We received a day or two ago, our semi-monthly letters from America, and the joyful news of the Treaty of Washington, and the passage of the Tariff Bill. After all the unfavorable accounts, these last are eminently agreeable. A Secretary of Legation has also been appointed to this court, — Mr. R. of Virginia. Our private news is all good, and grandpapa's health is slowly improving.

"Next Wednesday we leave London for the purpose of passing a short time in the country, and paying visits at several seats. We go first to the Duke of Rutland's, Belvoir Castle, where we stay about a week, and from thence to various other places."

These visits in the country proved even more delightful to Anne than she had anticipated; their cordial reception, and the marked attentions she received as the young lady of the party, were very gratifying to her. It should be remarked that her conversational powers were now fully developed. Her mind was always engaged in what was passing around her; never suffering herself to fall into abstractions or reveries in society. This habit of mind, with her store of general information, as well as deeper learning, and her natural sprightliness, gave her an uncommon advantage in the art of conversation, and made her a most agreeable companion

in the social circle, and an easy winner of friends. Her journal, as usual, was her faithful companion; we will, however, lay it aside and draw her description of Belvoir Castle from the following letter: —

[To P. C.]

"Boston, 28th September, 1842.

" . . . . I received a letter from you not long ago, my dear P., of the 15th August, I think; but as I have not it by me, I cannot be sure. We are now travelling in the provinces, and left London the 21st of this month for Belvoir Castle, the magnificent seat of the Duke of Rutland. The English nobility and gentry almost always have a number of persons staying with them at their country-seats. They would otherwise be lonely in their vast palaces and castles. Belvoir Castle (pronounced Beaver) is situated on an eminence, and surrounded in part, by a fine forest. It commands a noble prospect, especially from the highest tower, which I mounted; from this tower floats a standard, when the Duke is at the castle. The suite of apartments we occupied was situated in a tower, from which we had a fine view of the adjacent country; the rooms were fitted up with the utmost comfort and elegance. I generally rose about seven in the morning, which is my usual hour, and read or wrote till a quarter past nine, when we all assembled in the chapel for prayers. The chapel is a handsome room, with a fine picture over the altar. After prayers, which were read by the chaplain we went into the breakfast room. After breakfast people did what they liked; some walked, some rode or drove, some staid at home and wrote letters; and if it rained they played billiards, or something of that sort.

At two o'clock we sat down to luncheon, a pretty substantial meal. After luncheon we generally took a drive in an open carriage and four horses, with two postilions; some rode, who did not care to drive, and some preferred walking. We returned to the castle about five or half past, and dressed for dinner in low-necked dresses and short sleeves, the dinner hour being seven o'clock.

"The dining-room is a noble hall, brilliantly lighted, (in the lamp-room we saw a statement that nine gallons of oil are consumed in the castle in one evening,) and presenting a fine appearance as you enter. The table was covered with splendid gilt and silver plate, and the dishes for the food and the plates from which we ate were silver. We rose from table a little before nine, and went into the drawing-room, where we had tea and coffee handed round; and then we played chess or back-gammon, or amused ourselves in any other way till about eleven o'clock, when we went to bed. On Sunday evening prayers were again read in the chapel by the chaplain, and we went to bed rather earlier that night. This is a fair specimen of the manner in which you pass your time in an English country-house. In winter, which is the principal season for visiting in the country, Belvoir Castle, I am told, is filled with guests, and thirty persons sit down to dinner a considerable part of the season. The Duke kindly invited us to come again in winter.

"The castle is a magnificent building; it is modern, the old one being entirely burnt in 1816. There is a large picture-gallery, full of fine pictures; and several grand drawing-rooms, galleries, and state apartments. Even the cellars are worth seeing, which were stowed with large barrels of ale, all brewed in the castle.

Though the establishment is so very extensive, yet it is all conducted in the most exact and orderly manner.

"We went all over, also, the kitchen-garden, the stables, poultry yard, dairy, kennel, and farm. The poultry have a nice green yard, filled with flowers, to run about in, and seem very happy. In the dairy, which is prettily situated among trees, at the foot of a hill, is a large fountain constantly playing, which keeps every thing cool. In the kennel are lodged fifty-two pairs of hounds, beautiful dogs, which go out with the gentlemen to hunt the fox, for the English, you know, are great hunters and sportsmen.

"The mode of life is very different from ours in America, and yet I like it, perhaps because it is new; but you need not tell anybody that I say so; else very likely, they will say I give myself airs, and forget my country, which I know you will not attribute to me. The best part of Belvoir is the Duke and his family. They are not in the least cold and formal, as some of the English are, but were as kind to us, and as easy as possible, and seemed really sorry to have us go. I dare say now, I have been too prolix in my description of Belvoir Castle, for, perhaps, it will not interest you as much as it does me.

"We left Belvoir Castle the 27th. I forgot to mention that there are in the estate about 40,000 acres, and that you may ride for miles without going out of the Duke's territories. We proceeded to Boston, from which our own city takes its name, but which is by no means as large as ours, having only eleven thousand inhabitants. There is an old church here, whose steeple is one of the highest in England, and commands a fine view, although the building stands on low ground.

"We have been up to the top of the old church, three hundred and forty-nine steps, many of them being so narrow and worn, that I am not sure it was not dangerous to undertake it. However, here we are safe down, and we were rewarded for our toilsome ascent, by the beauty and extent of the prospect, which embraced a wide expanse of country, extending on the east to the North Sea, or German Ocean, and on the west, south and north far into the interior. Except this church, there is not much interesting in Boston, and it appears to be rather a dull place. We leave Boston to-morrow and go to Wentworth, the seat of Earl Fitzwilliam, passing through Lincoln on our way."

"Wentworth House, 1st October.

"We arrived last night at this magnificent seat. The house, as you drive up to it, presents a front of six hundred feet, and is surrounded by a most beautiful park and grounds. The house is furnished with great splendor, and contains fine pictures and statuary. We stay here two or three days, and then go to pay a visit at the Archbishop of York's; we shall go quite to the north and then to the west of England, and probably not return to London till the 18th or 19th October.

"Papa says the letters for America must be ready very soon, so I must now say good-by, my dearest P., with wishing you all kinds of happiness."

"Bishopsthorpe Palace, near York.

Journal. "4th October. — We arrived here at half past five, having left Wentworth about half past one. We drove to the station at Masborough, and there took the railroad to the city of York, which we reached

before five. The old wall of the city has a venerable appearance as you enter, and the view of the noble Cathedral or Minster is very striking as seen from the gate. When we left the cars, we had post-horses put to our carriage, and drove out to Bishopsthorpe, about two miles from the city. We were received very kindly, and found an agreeable party staying here. One lady sang some very beautiful songs in the evening.

"This morning, before breakfast, we read some letters just received from America by the steamer, in which they mention that Uncle S. and Aunt F. are coming to England, and that we shall see them in a few weeks. This is very good news, though I am sorry to say that Uncle S. comes on account of bad health. Uncle E. and wife take our house in town.

"At half past nine the Archbishop read prayers in the Chapel, and at ten we had breakfast. About twelve, I went out to take a short walk with Miss V., the Archbishop's granddaughter, a very pleasing young lady. We walked about the garden and pleasure-grounds for about half an hour. The place is pretty, but by no means so extensive and beautiful as Nuneham, the Archbishop's other seat near Oxford. We took a hasty luncheon at half past one, and then drove out to see the races, which are taking place in York at this season.

"We staid to see two courses, but I cannot say that I was much interested in them, though they were well conducted, for it always seemed to me a cruel amusement. We left the race-course a little before four, and drove into York to the old Cathedral, or Minster. We heard the service performed, with a most magnificent anthem, and after it was over we walked round the Cathedral. It is truly a grand and sublime building,

and the number of colored glass windows in it is really astonishing.

"About thirteen years ago, it was set on fire by a madman, in the most deliberate manner, and severely injured. It was, however, restored very handsomely. About a year and a half ago, it again took fire; this time, accidentally, and a considerable part was burnt. They are now engaged in repairing it, but it will probably be some time before it is done, as there seems some difficulty about raising the money. The church is indeed the grandest I ever saw, and he must have been mad indeed, who could have set fire to it. The chapter house is beautiful and is to be restored; the painted windows and rich carving give an indescribable effect of grandeur and magnificence. It was too late and damp to go into the vault, where the remains of the very old church before the present one, are to be seen. We returned to the house just in time for dinner. In the evening there was a ball in the city of York, which papa, mamma, and I declined attending, and went to bed at our usual hour. I think we have quite enough balls in the London season."

"6th October. — This morning we took a walk in the grounds, while some of the party went to York to attend a meeting convened for the purpose of raising money to rebuild the Cathedral. Several gentlemen made speeches; among others, they got papa to make one, which everybody applauded, and which I should like to have heard, but in the morning, we had been told there was nothing worth hearing at the meeting; and, as usually follows from taking such advice, we repented it.

"In the afternoon we went into the city to see the Museum of Natural History, which is a very good one,

with curious fossils and some fine birds. Near the Museum are the ruins of the old Abbey of St. Mary, which are very picturesque and beautiful, and seen among the green trees have a most charming effect. Not far from them are the remains of the ancient Roman wall of the city, with many old stone coffins lying around, recently discovered. When we had passed through the ruins, we went to look at the School for the Blind, which is very much like our institution in Boston, though not on so large a scale." . . . .

"7th. — We went into York early this morning to see the crypt or vault of the Cathedral, which was lighted up for the occasion. It is really very curious, and contains the remains of the old Saxon and Norman churches, which stood on the spot before the present church, and there even remain many pieces of Roman wall, which would seem to show that the Romans had a temple of some kind in the same spot. The Roman bricks or stones are of a peculiar oblong shape. The old churches were much smaller than the present, as one may see by the walls of the old being inclosed entirely in the new. A part of the churchyard of the ancient church, with a monument in it, is now within the vault. The present edifice, I believe, was begun in the year 1220 or thereabout; I do not remember the exact year. In the vestry they showed us a great many curiosities and antiquities, belonging to the Minster, many of them found in the tombs of the former Archbishops." . . . .

The next day, taking leave of the Archbishop and his family, they departed for Aukland Castle, the seat of the Bishop of Durham. Here they met a most kind reception; and, though so far north, they found roses blooming, and the country in full verdure.

While here she visited the old Cathedral at Durham, about ten miles distant from Aukland. "It is a fine old Norman building, one of the oldest, perhaps, of the Cathedrals in England. The most ancient part of it was built by the Saxons, before the Conquest, but the greater part of the present structure is Norman, and though the style is certainly imposing, yet it is by no means as elegant as the architecture of somewhat later times. Very few of the windows contain painted glass, that having been removed about a hundred years ago; a barbarous deed, certainly, but avaricious people will do any thing. The venerable Bede and the famous Saint Cuthbert are buried in this church; and we saw some gold ornaments taken out of the tomb of the Saint, which are still perfect, though buried with him long before the Conquest. I believe he was Bishop here and had such a hatred for our sex, that he placed a barrier near the entrance of the church, further than which he would not let women advance. I don't know what he would say, to have known that women would hereafter stand upon his very tomb, as we did.

"After we had gone through the church, we walked into the old cloisters and the library, where we saw some curious ancient manuscripts and some Roman antiquities; the manuscripts are very curious, and some of them very beautiful. From the library Mrs. M. took us to see the castle, which was formerly the residence of the Bishops of Durham, but is now a college. It is a grand old building, though now in a dilapidated state; but some of the apartments are finely carved; it does not look, however, as if it could be made a very comfortable residence. The keep of the castle resembles a good deal the Round Tower at Windsor Castle."

Here a severe disappointment awaited Anne, of which she thus wrote: — "When we reached Aukland Castle, a letter was received by papa from London, which required him to return on important public business. So we must give up our journey to the lakes, and go back to-morrow. This is exceedingly provoking for more reasons than one; but there is no remedy but patience, and all we can hope is, that next year we shall be able to come north again, and visit the lakes and other places that we have been obliged to omit this time."

The next day she turned her face homeward, bearing the trial with her usual cheerfulness; as she remarks upon "the glorious day, warm and clear, the sun shining brightly, which it has not done for many days before," she exclaimed, "What a day it would have been for the lakes!" Alas! those lakes she never saw. In her second northern tour, nature had already begun to yield to the power of disease, and her strength was unequal to the fatigue of travelling.

In the latter part of December she made a visit to the country-seat of Lord Ashburton, from whence is dated the following letter.

[To P. C.]

"The Grange, Hants, 25th December, 1842.

"Dearest P., — I received a nice long letter from you a month or two ago; in it you mention several new engagements in Charlestown; really, it is surprising how fast people are getting married. I suppose you will follow suit next, which I own I should be a little sorry for, as I could not then expect so much of your attention and thoughts as I now have. A truly wise

and selfish reason, is it not? And yet I am sure, that were you married you would never neglect me. Enough, however, of matrimony.

"You will perhaps not exactly understand the date of my letter. We are now staying for a few days at the country-seat of Lord Ashburton, who, you know, has just returned from America, after so happily concluding the Treaty with Mr. Webster. Very likely you saw him when he was in the United States. We are having a very pleasant visit; Lady Ashburton and her daughters, the Misses Baring, are very agreeable persons, and the place is so lovely, it would be impossible not to like it. The estate, called the Grange, is very extensive, consisting of about twelve thousand acres, the greater part of which is leased to tenants who cultivate it. The house stands on somewhat of a rising ground, about in the centre of the estate, and commands on every side a beautiful view of hill, forest, valley, and the little river Itchin winding through it in a most picturesque way. We take long walks about the grounds every day, and since we came here have been having the most delicious weather possible; one day was as clear and bright as any thing I ever saw, and as for cold weather, dear me! we have had nothing of it yet, though a month of the winter is nearly gone. The climate of England thus far is certainly a *most delightful* one.

"We rise here about half past seven or eight, and till breakfast, I write or read; we all assemble at breakfast a quarter before ten, and have a very pleasant meeting. Then, after breakfast we generally separate. The amusements within doors are music, billiards, the library, and conversation; without doors, there is always walking, riding, and driving for the ladies; and the young gentlemen go hunting or shooting. At luncheon,

which is at half past one, those of the company who are in the house, meet; and then generally disperse again till dinner-time.

"We dine at a quarter before seven. To show you the manner of dressing for dinner, I will mention how I was dressed one day, first observing that the circle here is a small one. I had on a pink Tarletan dress, worked in white up the front and round the bottom, and worn over pink silk, low neck and short sleeves and natural flowers of laurestinus in my hair; black satin shoes, and black net mits, with the usual number of bracelets on my arms; and I was by no means much dressed. I might have been dressed more without being out of the way; for instance, I might have worn *white* satin shoes and white kid gloves; but I prefer black generally. But to return. We all assemble in the drawing-room and then proceed to the dinner table. There is the usual array of a dinner party, and as usual, the ladies are asked to take wine with the gentlemen. I always feel like laughing when asked to take wine, and so I told a young gentleman yesterday, and he seemed to think there might be some sense in my remark. The ladies leave the table first, and return to the drawing-room, and soon after we are joined by the gentlemen, and have tea and coffee; and then for the amusement of the evening, there are cards, dominos, chess, and conversation.

"The English, certainly, as far as I know any thing of them, are very amiable, pleasant, and hospitable; they have treated us in the kindest manner. To-day is Christmas day; and I am sitting writing to you in my dressing-grown, just before dinner, while my maid is getting ready the dress I am to wear at dinner this evening. A bedroom in an English country house is

charmingly furnished; by that I mean, so conveniently. You have all sorts of sofas, lolling chairs, and footstools, a fire all day long, if you wish it, and a table completely furnished with writing materials of every kind, which is really a necessary of life here, there is always so much writing to be done. England is, certainly, a very enjoyable country to live in; but I have not forgotten my own country. I am an American, and shall be so to the end of my days. I shall not have time to finish my letter here, and so if you do not object I will finish it after my return to London." . . . .

"29th. — Here I am again, my dear P., safe at home, and sitting at my own table, pen in hand. We left the Grange the 27th, and the whole party who were staying there, broke up at the same time. We have now several dinner and evening engagements on hand, and the prospect of some more visits to the country in the course of the winter — for the winter is the great time for visiting at the English country-seats, and our friends are very kind in asking us. If we should make any more visits, and you would like to hear about them, I shall be very happy to describe them."

"1st January, 1843. — Oh dear! Here is another year! I can hardly believe that a whole year has passed since we entered this charming country, and since I last said 'Happy New-Year.' I repeat my warmest wishes to you, dearest P., for many, many happy New-Years; I am sure I don't know when I shall exchange that greeting with you in person; not for a long time, I fear.. When a new year comes, I am very apt to think over old times. Do you remember how we used to sit together at Mrs. D.'s school, and write, write — for ever, books full of child's stories? Do you ever write now? now that you are older and wiser

grown. I sometimes amuse myself by writing a little, when I have time; but I always keep my effusions to myself. I had great numbers of New-Year's presents this year, and am now sitting at a new writing-desk, papa's gift.

"I dare say I have sufficiently wearied you now, dear, so I will say good-by, begging you to give my compliments and kind remembrances to your parents and sisters, and also to all my friends you may see."

CHAPTER XVII.

SECOND WINTER IN LONDON — EMPLOYMENTS — READING — VIEWS OF LONDON DISSIPATION — FEEBLE HEALTH — VISITS IN THE COUNTRY — EXTRACTS FROM JOURNAL.

"Time with such a silent motion
Floats along on wings of air,
To eternity's dark ocean,
Burying all its treasures there."

WE now enter upon the last year of Anne's life. If this portrait of her character exhibits at all the symmetrical proportions of the beautiful original; — if her bright promise for the future is visible — a future of success and accomplishment, of which her progress hitherto, and her resolute industry may be considered the certain harbingers; — then are we sure of awakening a sympathetic sorrow as *the end* draws near. A brief entry in her journal on the last day of December, 1842, might be carelessly read, but for the touching thought that the last day of another year dawned upon her grave. "Notwithstanding the gayety attending the giving and receiving the presents, one can hardly help feeling serious, too, at the idea that another year has passed, and so very rapidly too, as they do pass! I can scarcely believe that it is more than a year since we arrived in this country; it seems but a few months.

And yet how much we have seen and done since we have been here, and how much I love this country and the people in it! I should once have hardly thought it possible that I could be so attached to any land, not my own. But, by the blessing of Heaven, I have been very happy here, and so I hope to continue for a long time. And last Saturday! I cannot help comparing it a little to this; one is engaged in such varying scenes! I was then walking over the beautiful hills in the country — but no matter; all that is passed, and very likely I may never see the same persons again. Adieu to 1842!"

Her second winter in London passed much more happily than the first. She no longer felt like a stranger; a melancholy feeling, whether in a vast city or in a solitary wilderness. The return of her sister and brother from Paris, united her once more in an unbroken home circle; and here she always found her sweetest pleasures. With her only sister she enjoyed a most harmonious and affectionate companionship. Her sky was sometimes dotted with clouds by the short absences of her father during the winter, but the sunshine was only brighter on his return.

One day she writes: "I went into the office for something, and encountered R., who was showing mamma his new sword, with which he is much pleased, as the design is his own. When I had duly admired it, he insisted in trying how I should look with it on; so he put the belt over my shoulder, and I was still playing the Amazon to his admiration, with the sword, which was much too large for me, dangling by my side, when the door was opened, and papa announced. I very quickly flew away from R. and his sword, and ran to meet papa. We were the more delighted to see

him, as he came sooner than we had expected. I think he is improved by his journey, as he has been free from care for so long a time. We all sat down to luncheon and enjoyed his company for half an hour."

Although her mirthfulness has not been often referred to, yet it still formed one of the distinguishing elements of her character.

> "Her laugh, full of life, without any control,
> But the sweet one of gracefulness, rung from her soul;"

and the zest with which she participated in a *jeu d'esprit*, made her presence a continual sunshine.

"Oh! *quelle joie*," she writes as she prepared her Valentines for the 14th of February, and was able to get one for a young friend, postmarked at Liverpool, as if it came from America! The day arrived.

"14th February, 1843. — We had such amusement and laughing to-day with our Valentines; we had some as early as eight o'clock in the morning, over which we laughed heartily; and about ten o'clock came that for R. which was really a *chef d'œuvre*. I saw him about twelve, and he instantly charged me with writing it, which I had expected, but which I denied; as I could honestly do. He made me sit down, not believing me, and read it to him; I could hardly keep my countenance."

Before the day was over, however, her conscientiousness appears, and she says: "I fear the joke was carried rather far, and the deceit too; I don't think we shall try it again."

For the occupation of her time this winter, we shall refer to a letter written to her friend in America. Perhaps it will be interesting to say, with respect to her

attainments in Latin and German, that she could now read any easy author in Latin "as well as most young men at college." She read the German poets with ease, and one of the last books which she read with her father, and in which the mark still remains where she left it, was Schiller's Don Carlos.

[Letter to P. C.]

"London, 1st April, 1843.

". . . . Papa and I have been lately attending a course of lectures on Geology, by Mr. Charles Lyell, who, you know, has been lately in America, where you very likely heard him. There have been eight lectures, and the subjects chosen were exceedingly interesting; among others, coral reefs, coal, volcanoes, and the Falls of Niagara. There is a warmth and earnestness about him, and such a thorough acquaintance with his subject, that he is a very pleasing lecturer. The drawings and designs with which he illustrated his lectures, were mostly his own, and very beautifully done, and his table was always filled with fine specimens of all sorts. After each of the lectures, I made a little analysis of it, so that I have a little book full of short lectures.

"My time is very much occupied here, and the days, though they are getting long, seem too short for all I want to do. We walk every day with papa; this is as much for health as for pleasure; then we have our studies in the morning, which we do not like to give up, as long as we can pursue them; we have luncheon at one; and after luncheon, we generally drive out and make visits, of which we have an immense number to make; or, if we stay at home there are almost always callers. Then we dine at six o'clock; and if we are to

go to a party in the evening, which we do three or four times a week, we dress ourselves about half past eight, and go a little after ten; if we mean to stay at home, we sit down quietly to our books or work, till about ten. You see we go to bed early; for as we rise early it is necessary to do so; our breakfast hour is half past eight. We should be glad to breakfast even earlier than that, if we could; for we are early people, as you may remember of old; but we cannot well have our breakfast earlier; and many persons take theirs much later; ten o'clock is a very common hour.

"One thing which I find takes up a good deal of time is, the reading of the newspapers, which I always make a point of doing; for otherwise, you cannot be at all *au courant* of what is going on in the world. We have three morning papers, all of which are very large; the *Times*, which is the largest, is two folio sheets, eight pages, and full of reading. I do not of course pretend to read all the eight pages, for more than half of them are advertisements; but the debates in Parliament are sometimes so interesting, that I like to read them; and a single speech is sometimes two or three hours long, you may imagine it must take some time to read speeches of this length. We mean, very soon, to go to the House of Commons, for though ladies are not admitted into the gallery of the House, there is a little dark place where they can go, which holds, I believe, about a dozen persons. I suppose the reason why ladies are not admitted into the gallery is, that it would divert the attention of the members to *see* the fair sex observing them. I have a most earnest desire to hear Sir Robert Peel speak; for, though it is very well to read the speeches, it is certainly much better to hear them.

"You mentioned, in your letter, something about my realizing the fate of the Miss Stanleys, and said you were sure I must recollect those young ladies perfectly. I had, however, quite forgotten them, and pondered and considered a long time, before I could remember that they were two renowned personages who figured in our old school compositions. Oh dear! those compositions! I left a book of them (that were never given up) in a trunk in our garret in Boston, along with other voluminous papers. What a doleful task I shall have overhauling them when I return to America; if, indeed, I do not rather commit them at once to the flames. The fire is the best place for them *sans doute*. It is astonishing how papers accumulate, wherever one goes, and what rubbish the greater part of them are."

Among the calls upon her time, she has not named here her correspondence. It was not uncommon for her to write letters of three or four sheets to her friends in America; and she was faithful in remembering some of them by every steamer. She says, in her journal: "I wonder I am not tired out with this letter-writing, having pursued it now for more than two years and a half steadily. But there is always something new to say in each letter, and our family at home seem to look as anxiously for our letters as they did the first week of our absence."

An hour every morning this year was given to penmanship, with a writing-master; she still continued, also, to practise her drawing, and to these employments should be added a large amount of general reading. Reading aloud, both in the afternoon and evening, as will have been observed, was a custom early instituted in the family. Its advantages cannot fail to be seen; much needle-work and reading are thus accomplished at

the same time; — and a large family, however busy they may be with sewing, can hardly excuse themselves for not devoting time to useful reading, when so much can be accomplished at the expense of a little time from each member. Besides this, it supersedes the idle and profitless conversation, which often engages a family circle before they are aware, and suggests inquiries and remarks which, on the contrary, may be highly improving. Anne accompanied her reading, as had been her usual habit, with criticisms like the following: —

"2d January, 1843. — In the evening we sat down to finish Southey's Life of Lord Nelson, which we have been reading for some time past. It is an exceedingly interesting work; and though evidently written with partiality, it is impossible not to feel a high esteem, respect, and admiration for many parts of Nelson's character; for his justice, generosity, perseverance, and magnanimity. The two unpleasant points in his character, are his infatuated attachment to Lady Hamilton, and his excessive hatred of the French. But the latter seems to be natural to every Englishman; at least, the author of the book displays his hatred to the French in a most violent and unrelenting manner, and really does them great injustice. But, except in those two points, Nelson was a real hero; and his death must have been, as the historian represents it, a most dreadful calamity to England."

"21st. — . . . . When our master went, I took my German history, which I have now nearly concluded, having just finished the history of Frederick the Great. I do not like that man; he had certainly many of the qualities of a hero; was brave, firm, wonderfully persevering, and most extraordinarily fertile in resources, in the midst of difficulties which would have appalled any

man of less iron nerves. But he was, on the other hand, stern, unrelenting, and even cruel in the pursuit of his purposes, and I must own, that in the Seven Years' War, all my sympathies are on the side of his enemies. As a woman, too, I ought not to feel any interest in him, for I believe he was eternally hostile to the female sex. I am glad to have done with his history."

"11th February. — I read a good deal in Mme. d'Arblay's Diary. I have now arrived at her journal, written while she was in attendance upon Queen Charlotte, in which service she continued several years. I think, in the review of her book, which I read some time ago, the reviewer is too severe, and makes her discomfort and privations greater than they really were.

"She was very much confined, indeed, and suffered excessive bodily fatigue; but she saw her friends often, and appears to have been treated with kindness by the Queen and her daughters. All the companions in office whom she associated with, were agreeable, except old Mrs. Schwellenberg, the Queen's German attendant, who was certainly most tyrannical and disagreeable. Her life, however, no doubt, was but a degrading slavery, and her father and friends, who forced her to accept the situation against her own inclination, had much to answer for."

"27th. — . . . . I had my usual studies in the morning; and we read aloud a good deal in a new novel of Mr. Fay's, called 'The Double Duel.' It is well written; the story is woven cleverly, and some of the characters are very interesting; but there are several things I do not like in it; — for instance; many of the characters are introduced as infidels, — introduced, indeed, to be confuted and converted; but why broach the subject

at all? Why put such ideas into the heads of many persons who will read the book, which would not otherwise have been there?"

The gay season in London does not properly begin until the spring is somewhat advanced; that is, after Easter. This year it was still later, and the state of the Queen's health prevented, also, the usual drawing-rooms. So far from expressing disappointment, Anne congratulated herself upon their unusual freedom from large parties; and remarks: "The drawing-rooms and trains and plumes are tiresome, and well got rid of." She says, also: "I do not think I shall go out so much this year as I did last, for I injured my health at the time by such dissipation." It is not pretended that she was not fond of society; but the late hours, the display of dress, and the ceremony and crowd of court balls, neither suited her taste nor were approved by her judgment. Her feelings on the subject were not influenced by any want of attention at these assemblies. When a young lady's hand is sought for every dance, as was hers not unfrequently, no other proof can be needed of her popularity. But social and literary circles were more congenial to her taste. After passing an evening with a few friends, she mentions her high enjoyment of the evening, and a most agreeable conversation with a gentleman, in which she says: "We discussed Horace, Virgil, Cicero, etc., so much pleasanter than our nonsense often is." A literary breakfast at home, at which Mr. Macaulay, among others, was present, drew from her the expression "that she had never enjoyed an entertainment more." She conceived the highest admiration for this brilliant author, and on one occasion writes of him in the following manner: "We did not go out this evening, but instead, we did what was better; read

Macaulay's Review on Warren Hastings, governor-general of India. It is most brilliant, both in language and expression; nay, the power of language can go no further than in his description of the trial in Westminster Hall. It is sublime, grand, magnificent! The writing, as the talking of Mr. Macaulay, none can surpass, and I am sure, few, very few, equal." Of Mr. Macaulay's conversational powers, she writes still further: "Mr. Macaulay is a great talker, but talks most exceedingly well; and on every subject started, he is equally at home. It is, indeed, a perfect delight to hear him talk; I could listen to him all day. First, the stage and Shakspeare were discussed; then Byron; and then the conversation passed to the Romans and their ways in war, apropos of some beautiful poems Mr. Macaulay has just written called the 'Lays of Ancient Rome.' At last elephants were mentioned; and frequent as are the stories of their sagacity, Mr. M. told one that was quite new to us. A certain general, commanding in the East, and possessing a peculiarly fine elephant, was advised to provide a large pool of water for the animal to bathe in, which he accordingly did; but the elephant, though he walked wishfully round the pool, positively refused to enter it. This surprised every one; till at length it was suggested that the water should all be drawn off from the pool, and the animal allowed to see how deep it was. This was done; and when the elephant saw that the water was not deep enough to drown him, he very readily consented to bathe in the pool." This is really a wonderful instance of this noble animal's sagacity, and is like the elephant's putting his feet upon bridges to try their strength before he ventures to pass over them. She says: "Mr. Macaulay's 'Lays of Ancient Rome,' which we have

just read, is another most delightful work. The Lays, four in number, are spirited and classical in the highest degree; and there is a melody and sweetness in them that hangs on one's lip and memory long after the book is closed. Little W. to whom we read them, is enchanted with them; and they have run in my head from the first reading."

The weather this winter was extremely mild, even for England. Anne thus writes of it in one of her letters: —

"London, 1st April, 1843.

" . . . . I think we may now congratulate ourselves on the return of warm weather; and yet I should hardly use that expression; for we have scarcely had any cold weather this last winter. The month of November, which month is so often represented as dismally unpleasant in London, was clear, bright, and beautiful; December and January were lovely and like spring; as for fires, we hardly needed them; we had three weeks of very cold (that is, cold for England,) weather in February; *et voilà tout!* that was our winter; there was a very little snow, a very little ice, and a very little skating in the parks. Some portion of the month of March, was, it is true, a little coolish; but we had some days that were really summer-like; and the leaves of the lilac bushes, and of many other shrubs, as well as of some trees, were fully out before the end of March. Indeed, some of the weather was too pleasant, if I may so express myself; for the sudden change from cold to warm rejoiced many persons so much, that they very imprudently made a change in their clothing. Of this number, was foolish I; forgetting what a treacherous month is March, even in this genial climate, and

also forgetting that if I ever step the least aside from my usual course, a severe visitation follows. So I changed some of my warm garments, and the consequence was, a most disagreeable rheumatism, which actually prevented me from sitting or standing straight while it lasted."

At the close of this letter of three sheets, which is written in her usually beautiful manner, she adds a postscript saying: "My rheumatism is still severe, and quite disables me, so if this letter is dull, the reason, you will know, is, that I have been in pain when writing it."

This is but one instance of her fortitude in enduring pain. Throughout this severe rheumatic attack, so little did she vary from her system of ordinary exertion, that her ill health would scarcely be observable, but for the fact that she remained more at home. As early as the middle of February she suffered from a severe influenza, which left her with a cough, from which she seems never to have been entirely freed. In March she speaks in a more discouraged tone of her health. "We took our lung bath this morning, with very good effect; for having sat up so late the last two nights, the fresh air is absolutely necessary to prevent a severe headache. This expedient, however, was successful; the headache was frighted away, though I have been extremely weary all day. I don't know what I *shall* do in the height of the gay season, if only two nights have so completely knocked me up. *Mais, courage!* 'Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof.' This evening there was a party; but C. and I declined going, leaving papa and mamma to go alone, while we went to bed early."

Another day she says mournfully, "In the afternoon

I did not drive out with the others, for I was quite unwell, which it seems as if I always am now." As the usual gayeties of the season increased, Anne adhered to her original intention of going to few parties; for a month she did not attend one evening party, often spending the evenings entirely alone, engaged in reading, writing, or sewing, and retiring early. Although she never repines at being thus left alone, she expresses her happiness when the rest of the family are not obliged to leave her. She never regrets being unable herself to accompany them, — but oftener mentions her entire indifference to balls and parties; her own words are, "*I know just what they all are.*" So had she learned wisdom. Not that she altogether absented herself from society; she frequently attended a *dejeûner* or a dinner party. She says, "these are very pleasant; for you are almost sure to meet agreeable people, and have much nicer conversation during an hour and a half, than you can in a crowded evening party."

In April she considered herself well enough to accompany the family in a second excursion to Belvoir; but the journey seems to have been undertaken by the force of mental energy rather than from any real physical ability to endure it. She herself says the day before starting: "It will be rather an effort my going to Belvoir; for I am not at all *rétablie* yet. But I hope much from the change of air."

She writes: "As we approached the castle, how natural every thing looked! the noble building, with its towers and battlements, the avenues, and the groves. The leaves on the trees are not as much out as they are in town, and the spring is not quite as advanced.

"We have the same rooms we had last September, when we were here; and it all seems quite like home.

We were received by the Duke and Lady A. with great kindness, and made welcome to Belvoir again. There has been a large party here of late; but at present there are not many. We sat down, seventeen to dinner, in the great dining-room, which is a grand room.

"After dinner we went into the great gallery which is now in all its glory; last autumn it was dismantled. It is a splendid room, worthy of Belvoir Castle. We had some delicious music in the course of the evening, from the Duke's band, who played in the great hall below. It was a beautiful sight, to look down into the hall, with the old statues and armor around it, and hear the strains of soft music. It made one think of an old baronial hall, only instead of the rudeness of ancient times, there was every comfort and luxury of modern civilization around us."

But the pleasures of the country, which she mostly sought and longed for, in this visit, she was deprived of. While others were enjoying out-door sports, and rambling through the lovely park and groves, Anne betook herself quietly to her room, to read or write; and without one complaint, the words of the gentle invalid are: "for I find I am not well yet; and have hardly any strength left."

After her return from Belvoir, she made another visit in the country at East Sheen, near London. The green appearance of every thing here delighted her, the season being more advanced than Leicestershire, — she found no company here and she seems to have felt renewed strength. Many of the beauties of the scenery she describes with enthusiasm; among others the view from Richmond Hill.

"The weather this morning is soft and mild, and the

country looks beautifully. We walked this morning in Richmond Park, which is very near Mr. B.'s house, and is a very pretty place with some fine deer in it. After luncheon we went out to take a drive, and again passed through the Park, its whole length; we came to the Star and Garter Inn, on the top of Richmond Hill, from which there is a most lovely prospect over the valley of the Thames. Words cannot do justice to it. The country is quite a level, with beautiful green trees, and white houses interspersed among them; and the lovely Thames pursuing

'His silver winding way,'

in the midst of all, with a little boat resting here and there on its quiet waters. The view is bounded by distant hills; and on a clear day, you can distinctly see Windsor, twenty miles distant. The whole view at the first *coup d'œil*, and ever after, appears the effect of enchantment. The village of Richmond is a pretty village."

Journal. "25th April. — We heard the cannon firing this morning, while we were at breakfast, and the cause of it was soon explained. When we opened the newspapers it was announced that the Queen had given birth to a Princess at four o'clock this morning, and that both were doing well. This is good news to follow so soon the Duke of Sussex's death. The birth of the young Princess, as also the Duke's death, was announced officially to papa from the foreign office. In the course of the day, we, with almost everybody else, paid visits, both of condolence and congratulation to the different members of the Royal family, and also called at the palace to inquire for the Queen."

"26th. — In the afternoon when we drove out, we stopped at the palace to inquire for the Queen and infant Princess, which is the custom for the Foreign Ministers to do for the first week, I think. The answer, 'both going on very favorably.' We then drove on, and made a good many visits.

"We went this evening to a party at Mrs. B.'s, where we heard some fine singing from the lady of the house, and her sister. The music and singing were delightful. It seemed quite odd to me to go to a party again; for it is a month now since I have been to one. It does not seem to have done me any harm, though it has been rainy and damp this evening."

"27th. — I reckoned without my host last night, in thinking I received no harm from going out; for this morning a great part of the severe pain, I hoped had gone, returned. I believe the only way is to keep myself wholly in the house; and, in fact, I have now become so wholly indifferent to parties, that it is no matter."

"17th May. — We went this morning to the Duke of Devonshire's breakfast, at Chiswick. He has a beautiful villa there, with most lovely grounds about it; but unfortunately, just as we arrived, it began to rain, and soon poured hard.

"We entered the house, rather an old building with a low entrance, and narrow passages; and as soon as we got in, we were conducted to the luncheon table, where there was, in fact, an elegant dinner, with ice, strawberries, etc.

"It was too wet to walk in the grounds and conservatory; so, after luncheon, we went up stairs into the suite of drawing-rooms, where we were introduced by papa to the Duke of Devonshire, who is a very amiable

person. Mr. P. and Mr. R. accompanied us. We then began with the rest of the company to walk through the rooms. They contain some very fine pictures and statuary. There is one little room, — hung with old tapestry and old pictures, — in which Charles James Fox died; there is a likeness of him in the room. The late celebrated Mr. Canning also died in this villa; but whether in this same room, I am not quite certain.

"The rain still continued so violently, that we could not go out, though we made an effort to do so; we therefore continued to walk around the rooms, looking at the pictures and chatting with our acquaintances.

"When we went down stairs to go home, we were shown into a room where tea and coffee were served, besides fruit, etc. We had to wait twenty minutes or half an hour for our carriage and then drove home in a pouring rain, arriving a little after six. In the evening papa and I went to two parties; mamma not feeling able to go; at the latter of them, the Prussian Minister's, we had some fine German music. We got home about twelve."

"24th May. — We went this morning to see the Reform Club in Pall Mall. All the club-houses are very large and handsome, and the Reform Club is, I believe, considered one of the finest. A gentleman, an acquaintance of papa's, who was there showed us all over the building, which is of great size. The library and reading-rooms are all very commodiously and handsomely furnished, and many of the ceilings are beautifully gilt. The great drawing-room, which looks out on a pleasant garden, is a hundred and twenty-three or four feet long, and very richly furnished in the article of hangings and curtains. A smaller room, called the blue drawing-room and looking on Pall Mall, is a very nice

and comfortable, as well as handsome room; quite too nice, as C. and I thought, for the exclusive use of men.

"The annual subscription of a member is ten guineas, and there are, I think, sixteen hundred members; so that the income is very large. Beside this, all the food taken there is paid for separately. We went into the kitchen department, which is extensive and well arranged. The wife of the chief cook died a short time ago; she was quite celebrated for her beauty, and had a great talent for painting in oils. We saw several of her paintings, which were really very well done.

"Food is served at all hours to parties of persons, or to single gentlemen; and the arrangements of the large dining-room, which we went through, were admirable.

"These clubs are, indeed, immense conveniences to single gentlemen, who can pass their whole time there; there are, in the Reform Club, a few sleeping-rooms for those who like them, though it is not intended to be a lodging-house. After going over the establishment we made one or two visits, and then returned home. In the evening we went to two parties, but were not out late."

"31st. — We were caught by a little rain this morning in our walk, as we almost always are now; but it was so slight that we did not get wet. To-day is the great day of the Epsom races, and almost everybody has gone. As for me, I neither go, nor wish to go, to such places. I passed the afternoon quietly, reading and sewing, and did not go out.

"In the evening we went to the concert of Ancient Music, which was under the superintendence of Prince Albert as director for to-night. The Archbishop of York sent us a ticket for the directors' box, which is near the music, and a very good place both for seeing

and hearing. The Queen, the Queen Dowager, and all the Royal family were there, in the Royal box, which is directly opposite the music, at the other end of the room. Among the other singers were my favorites, Mario and Lablache; but the voice of the former, which, though exceedingly sweet, is not very powerful, was almost drowned in the very loud choruses. The music was very well selected, and very delightful. After the first part was over, we, with the rest of the company in the director's box, were invited by the Queen, to go into her tea-room, where all the Royal family were assembled; all dressed in the deepest mourning for the late Duke of Sussex. The Queen and the Prince went round and spoke to everybody. We were presented, also, to the Queen Dowager, which we have never been before. After the Royal family had taken tea, and spoken to those present, they left the room."

"2d June. — We went this morning to see the great picture of the first reformed House of Commons, painted by Sir George Hayter, historical painter to the Queen. It is a very fine, expressive painting, and, notwithstanding the immense multitude of heads, some of them are very good likenesses; particularly the Duke of Wellington, the Lord Chancellor, and the Earl of Aberdeen. O'Connell is represented as leaning forward in a conspicuous position, with strongly excited but agreeable expression; he had achieved a great triumph. Around the room were hung the likenesses of all the persons represented in the picture, done in large size. A great many of them I recognized.

"In the same room is Sir G. Hayter's last picture of the Queen; she is represented as sitting in a large chair, in her state robes, the crown on her head, and the

sceptre in her hand. Another picture we saw, was the trial of Lord Russell; a most powerful picture. The expression of his face is noble, as also his wife's, who sat by him as his secretary. The last painting we looked at, was the 'Trial of Queen Caroline,' wife of George IV. The face of the Queen is ugly and harsh beyond expression.

"When we left the pictures, we went to look at Mr. Sainsbury's Napoleon Museum, which is just opened. It is a collection which has been twenty-five years in making, of all the articles relating to Napoleon that can possibly be brought together; pictures, busts, books, curious relics of all sorts, and portraits of all his family. Some of these portraits are very beautiful and exquisitely painted, and the likenesses of the great hero himself represent him at every period of his life. We were shown a great many interesting autographs of Napoleon, beginning from the time when he first began to distinguish himself; there were also many autographs of renowned personages, from the *grand monarque* down. Those of Louis XVI. and the unfortunate Marie Antoinette were among the most interesting. There were the autographs of many members of Louis Philippe's family; among them, the first letter ever written to her father by the Princess Louise, the present Queen of the Belgians, when only four years old, and an early letter of her sister, the Princess Marie, who sculptured the statue of Joan of Arc; both letters exceedingly well written for such children.

"We spent some time looking at the interesting things in this collection. The Duke of Wellington was there for two hours a few days ago. It must have recalled past recollections and events very strongly to his mind.

"In the evening we went to a concert at Lansdowne House, where we had all the Italian singers, and enjoyed ourselves exceedingly, for they sung, as they always do, delightfully, particularly Mario."

"3d. — We went this morning to Stafford House to meet some American friends at luncheon. We found quite a large party there when we arrived; — Lord Morpeth, and several other members of the Duchess's family, besides all the Americans. Before luncheon we walked around the beautiful rooms, and looked at the pictures and other objects of interest. I saw the house last year when lighted up for the fancy ball, and brilliant as it was I think I prefer it by daylight. About half past two we went into the round hall adjoining the great picture gallery, where a most splendid *déjeuner* was served. The ceiling and walls of this hall are superbly gilt, and from the middle hangs a most magnificent gilt chandelier, ornamented tastefully with white lilies in glass. The luncheon was like a dinner in every respect, except that there was not the tiresome parade of most great dinners. After it was over we went into the picture gallery, and looked at all the pictures again, particularly the two great Murillos." . . . .

The following week Anne made another excursion to Eton, and again visited Windsor Castle. After her return home we quote again from her journal.

"8th. — This morning we breakfasted with Mr. and Mrs. Milman in the Cloisters of Westminster Abbey. They had promised afterwards to show us the Abbey, which we had never entirely seen. Our party at breakfast was very pleasant; besides ourselves, there were Messrs. Macaulay, Hallam, and Hayward, and a sister of Mrs. Milman's. Mr. Macaulay was as brilliant as

usual at breakfast, and told many interesting anecdotes.

"The breakfast lasted a long time, and after it was over, we went into the Abbey through the Cloisters. We went first through the great middle nave, where there are many monuments; among others, that of William Pitt, and of the Earl of Godolphin, treasurer to Queen Anne. There are many side aisles and chapels, known by various names, and containing monuments too numerous to remember; some of them are very pretty and chaste; others, again, are in the worst possible taste, particularly some monuments erected for naval officers, and which attempt to represent sea views.

"In the Chapel of Edward the Confessor, are the two old coronation chairs, for the King and Queen. Under one of them is the ancient stone used in the coronation of the Scottish monarchs at Scone. In this chapel, which is very old, is the shrine of King Edward the Confessor, and the tombs of many of the early Norman Kings and Queens. The Chapel of Henry VII., which is behind that of the Confessor, is most magnificent, and is used for the installation of the Knights of the Bath, whose banners hang on either side, in the same manner as those of the Knights of the Garter do in St. George's Chapel, Windsor. The roof of Henry's Chapel is splendid, being wrought in a peculiarly delicate and graceful manner. In this chapel are the tombs of Queen Elizabeth, and of her rival and victim, Mary, Queen of Scots; also, of Margaret, Countess of Richmond, mother of Henry VII. We went into one or two other chapels with some interesting monuments, and then back into the nave; where, immediately before the altar, under the dome, the Queen sat when she was

crowned. The sight must have been magnificent in the extreme; with the immense Abbey crowded as full as it could hold. By this time we had been all over the church, and were very much interested with what we had seen. I forgot to mention, that of course we went into the Poet's Corner, but that I had seen before.

CHAPTER XVIII.

LAST EXTRACTS FROM HER JOURNAL — LAST LETTERS.

"Must it be so,
That those whose intellects are sweetly bright,
When to this world they come, must quickly go,
Like rays of light?"

IF dependent solely upon dear Anne's journal for the account of her health, we should know nothing of her sufferings, and have little idea that she was daily sinking in strength and spirits. It is true, that from time to time she expresses amazement and perplexity at her "weariness," after taking less than her customary exercise; — and she is evidently depressed by the continual lassitude which often debars her from every employment, and which she cannot comprehend. This is not surprising; — how could she perceive, as we do now, that the hand of the destroying angel was then laid upon her?

It excites a peculiarly melancholy sympathy, to see one of active and diligent habits bound hand and foot with the bands of pain and weakness, while yet the spirit, in its full strength, is longing to be "up and doing." Had Anne been accustomed to lead an indo-

lent life, her prostration would awaken far less tender sensibility; one might, in such case, even think it better that ill health, by creating the necessity for an idle life, should save it from being sinful. But in this case we need no such consolation. A hundred-fold preferable is it, resignedly to witness the meek invalid's patience as she gradually yielded herself to the severe trial of perfect inactivity and quiet; a trial severer than the endurance of pain to a spirit like hers. But she bore it silently; not a murmur escaped her lips. What she felt is known only to herself and that Being who knoweth all things, and who, as a father, "pitieth them that fear him."

It remains now, to give the last extracts from her journal, and a few last letters exchanged between her father and herself, during her absences from home in search of improvement. These will be given according to their dates.

The latter part of June, 1843, Anne made another excursion to Oxford with her parents and sister; again visiting the colleges and libraries, and apparently enjoying the visit. When a long walk was taken by the family, she lay down and took a nap; the only circumstance detailed by her which gives any clue to the state of her health. But one acquainted with her habits, can imagine how much exhaustion this simple fact implies.

"15th June, 1843. — To-day the weather was perfectly delicious; bright, clear, and sunny; the first pleasant day we have had for so long, that it made our hearts leap with joy. I thought if I took a walk, it might, perhaps, do me good; so papa and I took quite a long walk through Hyde Park, where we found the air mild and the weather lovely. We returned about

half past eleven. . . . . In the evening, most happily, there was no party; so we sat at home and read, and went to bed early."

"24th. — Yesterday and Thursday I was so ill that I could not write or do much of any thing, and therefore did not attempt it. To-day I have been better, and have taken my usual walk without its tiring me much. The weather is now very pleasant, though not very warm; I do not think we have once felt a regular summer's day. It is the most singularly cool summer I ever knew. For the last two days, I have tried to amuse myself by reading Mrs. Ratcliffe's 'Mysteries of Udolpho,' which is in the ancient style of novels; but oh! how flat and insipid it is, and even silly in many parts; it is astonishing how such a book could ever take, with nothing approaching to a well drawn character in it. But there is something in the fact, that when such novels were written, no better had ever appeared. Sir Walter, Miss Edgeworth, and Miss Austen had not then written.

"All but myself went this evening to one or two parties; I have almost given up parties."

"*Oxford. Christ Church College*, 26th. — The drive from Steventon was beautiful; the air was so soft and mild, and the landscape was so pretty. Just as we entered Oxford the sun set most beautifully; the sky was quite an Italian one. We found Dr. and Mrs. B. very glad to see us. There has been a great change in the house since we were here last summer. All the stones and other specimens which filled every part of it, have been removed by Mrs. B., and it now looks like other houses." . . . .

"28th. — This morning we went to the Theatre, where the ceremonies were to take place, and where

the degrees of D. C. L. were to be conferred, of which papa was to receive one. We went to the Theatre, which is a large circular building, about half past ten, and found it nearly full. The upper gallery was filled with the students, who kept up a continual shouting and noise; some of their shouting was amusing, but presently it became oppressive. The Vice-Chancellor of the University, accompanied by the Doctors in their red gowns, entered and took their seats. The Proctors attended the Vice-Chancellor also. Now it seems, that the Junior Proctor has made himself very disagreeable to the students, and accordingly, they began to hiss and groan at him, keeping up a tremendous noise, and calling on him with loud cries to go out. The noise continued, so that none of the speeches could be read and none of the proceedings heard. The Vice-Chancellor waited for some time; but as long as the hated Proctor was in sight, they would not be quiet, and finally the proceedings were given up; the Vice-Chancellor and the Doctors left the hall, the ladies followed, and the assembly soon broke up, in consequence of the disgraceful and wholly unjustifiable proceedings of the students.

"We returned to Dr. B.'s, and about half past one left Oxford for Steventon in our post carriage; we arrived there in very good time; indeed, we had to wait for the train. We reached London a little before six. In the evening we went to the Queen's party at the Palace, in honor of the marriage of the Princess Augusta of Cambridge, which took place about nine this evening. We saw the bride a moment at the party; she had on a splendid dress and train, and superb jewels. We walked through the rooms, paid our respects to the Queen, and about half past eleven

the company went to supper. Soon after supper, we contrived to steal off, though we had to wait some time for our carriage. I was exceedingly tired."

"11th July.— We went this morning to Westminster Hall, to see some cartoons by British artists, which are now exhibiting there. They were ordered by the Commissioners for encouraging the fine arts, with a view of selecting artists to paint in fresco the walls of the new Houses of Parliament. They are done in chalk or crayon, but no colors; and some of them are very beautiful; most of them extremely well done. There were several prizes given by the Commissioners; three prizes of £300, three of £200, and five of £100.

"The subjects are taken from Milton, Shakspeare, Spenser, and the British history in the time of the Romans; many subjects, also, are drawn from quite modern English history. One particularly good picture represented the plague in the reign of Edward III.; the figures in this are exceedingly well drawn, especially the figure of a man suffering from the disease and tearing his clothes from him. There was a great sameness in the subjects; for instance, there were at least half a dozen pictures of the story of Caractacus, which, though all treated differently in detail, were generally alike. There were also a great many drawings of Queen Boadicea, representing her in different attitudes, but all very similar. Upon the whole, however, the cartoons were very ingenious in design, and spirited in execution, and do great credit to British artists. The Queen visited them the other day, and was said to be much pleased with them. Westminster Hall is itself a grand place; and the roof, which is of carved oak, is said to be as old as the time of William Rufus."

The next day she made an excursion to the Horticultural Exhibition of rare fruits and flowers at Chiswick; but she says, at the close of the day: "Though the day was fine, and the excursion pleasant, it tired me so exceedingly, that I had to lie down till dinner. I am not, I fear, quite well yet."

A day or two after, she wrote to her father, who was absent from home: "They are all going to-day to the Zoölogical Gardens, except myself; I being much too weak for it, as I made myself very unwell by going to the *fête* at Chiswick last Wednesday. . . . .

"Good-by, dear papa; it is just luncheon time, and my cough shakes my hand a little too much to make my writing look well."

Journal. "23d July. — On Tuesday mamma and I, with W., go down to Brighton, the air of which place has been recommended to me; and if it is favorable, we shall probably stay some weeks. I am fond of the sea, and if we have good weather, I think it may do me much good." . . . .

"*Brighton*, 25th. — Papa took us down here this morning to establish us in our lodgings. We started in the train from London Bridge about half past ten. The motion and jarring of the carriages were excessive, and I was very glad when we arrived at Brighton, and at the house where we were to lodge. The rooms we have are comfortable and clean, though not very large, and look out upon the sea and the pier. Papa took us to the pier, which was built for vessels to land at, on account of the shallowness of the beach. It runs out a considerable distance into the sea, and you get a fine sea-breeze from it. . . . .

"Papa left us to return to London. As I felt very tired from the uncomfortable railway, I could not do much the rest of the day; but after tea soon went to bed."

"26th. — We had a very nice walk on the beach and pier this morning, for it is a delightful day. We staid there for some time in the delicious sea-breeze, and when we came home, we received a packet from papa, who sent us some letters from America. . . . .

"This afternoon we took a drive around Brighton, to see the localities a little. We passed by the Palace, the Pavilion, as it is called, which is an odd Chinese looking building. We mean some day to go and inspect it. . . . . Papa has promised that some day when he is down here, he will take us over to Dieppe; the passage is about seven hours, and it would make a pleasant little trip of a day and night. How I should like to see charming France again!"

"Brighton, 3d August, 1843.

"Dear Papa, — You have been so kind in often writing to me, that I fear you will be hurt by my not answering, though I have no news to tell you. I think I am better, my rheumatic pains having gone; but my cough is still severe, particularly nights. For the last two or three days, we have had very cold weather; to-day is so very windy, that when I was out, it was with the utmost difficulty I kept on my feet; I have not, therefore, ventured out again. Do you mean to come down here soon and see us, and when will C. come? I did hear that Mrs. B. was to bring her, but that has not been confirmed.

"E. persists in saying he does not like Brighton, and wants to go to London. I suppose he feels it rather

confined, and does not like to keep quiet. W. declared to the last moment, when mamma went, that he was going with her; he was extremely disappointed that he was not allowed to go and see papa. Whenever he is a little offended with E., he says he will give him to the *Parlez-Vous!* Who taught him that word, I wonder?

"We are going to bring mamma from the railway in a few minutes, and therefore I must finish my letter by and by." . . . .

JOURNAL. "5th August. — We went this morning to see the Pavilion, as it is called. It is built in the Chinese style, and fitted up in the same manner; and though ugly outside, is exceedingly rich and beautiful within. The large dining-room is the handsomest room; it is very lofty, with a superb dome in the centre, from which hangs a Chinese chandelier, said to be magnificent; we could not see it, for it was covered. There are four other chandeliers in the room, which were also covered. The walls are painted with exceeding richness, in Chinese figures; and the space around each picture resembles mother-of-pearl so exactly, that it would be difficult to tell the difference.

"The next handsomest room is the music room; the walls are superbly painted in red and gold, and in the centre of the high dome, is a Chinese dragon, richly executed. All the rooms are handsome, and appropriately furnished; in one are white and black ivory chairs and settees, very beautiful; every thing is in keeping, but there is nothing gaudy or overloaded about it. It is all in good taste, though perhaps a strange taste. The little breakfast room, where the Queen and Prince breakfast, is a very nice, pretty little room, the

walls being painted with Chinese figures. Upon the whole, I was very much pleased with the pavilion, and glad to have seen it.

"On Monday we return home to London, as this place is rather too cold for me, though I am certainly better than when I came. I have enjoyed the sea very much; but it is so very quiet, I shall be glad to see a few persons again."

[Last letter to her friend, P. C.]

"London, 17th August, 1843.

"Dearest P., — I received your letter of the 11th July, in due time by the Hibernia. It is very long since I wrote to you; but I have many other correspondents, and also I have been very ill. *That* I still am, but not so much so as to prevent my writing you a short letter, which I am very sorry I cannot make longer. In the spring, I had a severe attack of rheumatism, joined with fever and ague; and I had scarcely got a little better when a cough took possession of me, and has continued to the present time; I am nearly worn out now, and it is so long since I have felt well, that I hardly know what health is. Pardon these few words about myself, written, indeed, as a sort of explanation of not writing before.

"We have lately been passing a week or two at Brighton to try the effects of sea air; but, unfortunately, I found it too cold; it is, however, a very pretty place, situated finely on the sea-coast, with an extensive beach, a pier built out into the ocean, which is a very favorite walk, mineral waters, and every thing else that can make a residence agreeable. In warm weather, no place can be more delightful than Brighton; but in

high and cold winds, of which there are a great many, it is not so pleasant. I am, however, always fond of the sea, under any circumstances.

" I see, by your letter, that you have been staying in the country; how you must have enjoyed yourself; the country is, after all, the best place to be in, in summer. We expect to go into the country in a day or two, and I am in hopes that the pure air will do me good. I only ask for tolerably pleasant weather; there has been very little really fine weather this season, for all the English agree in saying it is extraordinarily cold.

" Parties and balls are now, I believe, all over; they have been kept up a little later than usual this year, on account of the visit of the King of Hanover, who is the Queen's uncle, to this country. Innumerable entertainments have been given to the Royal guest; the Hanoverian Minister mentioned one day, that his King and himself had dined out forty-five nights, I think, in succession. Pretty wearisome work for the King, who is seventy-two years of age. He has also entertained a good deal himself. The Queen is constantly having visitors; her own and Prince Albert's German relations are very frequently here, beside princes of many of the Royal families of Europe. She is now at Windsor Castle, and it is said they go in a few days to Brighton.

" . . . . We have been reading lately Miss Bremer's Swedish novels; ' Home ' and the ' Neighbors ' in English editions, and several others sent to us from America. I think them very interesting, notwithstanding the romantic strain which pervades them; that, I suppose, is the Swedish style. I think of all of them I prefer ' Home,' and next to that the ' Neighbors.' Though the preference here is, I believe, generally given to the latter, I cannot agree with it. Which do you prefer?

Have you received in America yet, a new work, not yet finished, Miss Strickland's 'Lives of the Queens of England?' A volume comes out once a month, I think. The sixth volume came out the other day, containing the Life of Queen Elizabeth. We find it very interesting and instructive; it gives you a great many particulars, that you do not meet with in Hume or any other large history.

"We were all very much grieved to hear of the loss of Mr. A. D. at sea. We saw mentioned some time ago, in an American paper, that the vessel was safe; but that has since been contradicted. Poor Mrs. D.! how desolate she must be. I remember, as if it were yesterday, being present at her marriage, which no one there could dream would terminate so soon.

". . . . I must say good-by, now, dear P., for I have another letter to write, and must not tire myself. With much love from C. and myself, believe me,

"Your sincerely attached

"ANNE G. EVERETT.

Soon after the date of the preceding letter Anne made her proposed visit into the country; but alas! although its sweet freshness and beauty gave her pleasure, they could not give her strength; she grew daily weaker, and in a few days returned to London. As usual, in her absence, she was cheered by letters from her beloved father. We insert only one.

"LONDON, 21st August, 1843.

"DEAR NANNY, — As mamma is to send out a parcel to you at Sheen to-day, I am tempted to add a few lines, though I have not much to tell you. . . . . Last Friday we had our breakfast. Sir Robert Harry Inglis,

Dr. and Miss Hawtrey, and Mr. Macaulay were the English guests, and Mr. Lawrence and his family the American. It was quite pleasant. The conversation was very well divided round the table, and our American friends were highly gratified. Mr. Macaulay related a pleasant anecdote of the police at Paris, when the famous *cantatrice* Mademoiselle Sontag applied for a passport. Instead of filling up the *signalement*, with a precise description of forehead, hair, eyes, nose, etc., he drew a line down the whole and wrote '*angélique*.' — *Galant, n'est-ce-pas ?*

"Adieu, *très cherie ;* if it does not fatigue you to write, let us hear a little from you ; — and believe me ever Your obedient humble Papa."

In the beginning of September, the waters of Tunbridge Wells were tried, for the relief of the poor sufferer, but most unavailingly. From this place is written her last letter to her father.

"Tunbridge Wells, 10th September, 1843.

"Dearest Papa, — I received your kind note of the 7th, and will try to answer it, though my hand is very unsteady. I suppose you will wish to hear how I feel ; as yet I feel no better ; indeed since I came here, I have felt quite ill ; but mamma thinks that may be the change. I have felt an extreme pain and soreness all over me, particularly a pain in the right side ; and the slightest movement is an effort to me. I have managed to get down to the Wells for my noon draught of water ; but the walk is painful, as the return is up hill, though the distance is not great. I cannot say, however, that I feel essentially worse after walking ; but it seems merely to cause present pain. I am, towards

morning, rather restless, which I am not at home; but that, I suppose, will go off, when my stiffness goes off. As to eating, the main chance, I dislike that as much as ever, and should be happy to run away when dinner comes in; but that would be very uncivil to mamma. I do not, however, starve myself, you may be sure. I can eat for duty's sake. My cough, perhaps, is a shade better, but not much; as that, however, is the consequence of other complaints, it will, I hope, go when they do. I know, dear papa, that it is very egotistical to talk so much about myself; but mamma and I thought I had better write you just how I felt, than to say, in general terms, that I felt more ill; because that, possibly, might have alarmed you.

"The mineral waters are extremely cool, pure, and agreeable; I like the taste of them very much; and the women who serve you the water at the Wells, say it will do me good, because I did not have the headache upon beginning to drink. I suppose, therefore, that is the best.

"Will you not come and see us, when you have a leisure day? It would make me better to see you. . . . Your excursion must have been fatiguing; but I hope you enjoyed Clara and Sibilla's harmony. We had frequent notes from C. during your absence, in which she seemed to be managing the house, etc., very well. My trembling fingers admonish me not to write any more, so, hoping to see you soon, believe me, dear papa,

"Your most affectionate child,

"ANNE G. EVERETT."

To her mamma, who watched her with an aching heart, there seemed no hope; and although the pre-

scribed waters were drank hopefully and conscientiously, by the patient invalid, yet the three weeks passed at Tunbridge, proved wholly ineffectual; and were but a weary exile from her own dear home. "I wish extremely to be at home again," Anne wrote in her journal, "and so does mamma; but as long as we can get any good here, we feel as if we ought to stay."

Thus the question of duty ruled; but the last of September, the weather becoming extremely cold and damp, her physician, to her great satisfaction, advised her return home.

JOURNAL. "29th September. — *Tunbridge Wells.* To-day the sun shone bright, though it is still extremely cold. We got our trunks packed at an early hour; indeed, there was not much packing to do, for we had done a good deal yesterday. After breakfast mamma went out to do an errand, and while she was gone, papa arrived to take us home; it was a little after ten. I went down to the spring before we started, to take one more glass of water, which I hope will prove to have done me good. We left the house about twelve, and performed our journey safely by railway and carriage.

"*London.* They were very glad to see us and we found every thing very comfortable; the house felt so nice and warm, after the cold one we have left. I do not feel very tired with the journey to-night, but I dare say I shall feel the fatigue to-morrow."

To-morrow came. In less than three weeks after, the tired one, we trust, found rest in heaven.

And here ends the faithfully cherished journal. The half finished volume; — the blotting paper, left at the last written page; — the paper cover, to be removed

when the book should be finished; — these all, so fresh, so ready for use! Can it be, that from her pen no word more shall ever be recorded?

Alas! "*Nevermore!*" comes, like a voice, from those remaining, untouched pages!

CHAPTER XIX.

LETTER FROM MRS. EVERETT — LETTER FROM MR. EVERETT — CONSOLATIONS IN HER DEATH.

"She hath put on the beautiful array
Spirits redeemed from death in glory wear!
Where all is purity and love and light,
Amid the ransomed host she walks in white,
For ever freed from sorrow, sin, and care!"

THE news of the death of Anne Everett spread gloom and sorrow through a large circle of relatives and friends in America. To none could the bereavement have come more suddenly, than to her early friend. Mrs. Everett's letter, conveying to her the mournful intelligence, though deeply afflictive, was not without consolation: —

"LONDON, 2d November, 1843.

"MY DEAR P., — It has become my painful task to inform you of the death of our dear Anne. The precious girl expired on Wednesday night, the 18th October, at ten o'clock. Her death, though not unexpected, was a most distressing event to us, and has filled our hearts with anguish; and you, I am confident, who loved her so well, and whom she so truly and sincerely loved, will deeply mourn her loss, and truly sympathize in our sorrow.

"I can, on looking back, trace the beginning of dear Anne's declining health as long ago as March last, when she had a heavy cold with the rest of us, which left her with a rheumatic affection of her shoulders and limbs, which was troublesome to her; but which did not prevent her taking her accustomed exercise, nor interfere with her general pursuits and amusements. She was, however, very careful to wrap up a good deal, and to guard herself from the evening air. In April, we had one or two country visits to make, and I took her with us, as her physician said that change of air rather than medicine, would tend to remove the stiffness which troubled her. She enjoyed her excursion to the country, and during the month of May, after we came home, she took as much pleasure as her sister, in attending the country breakfasts of our friends in the neighborhood of London. But I had watched her very carefully all the time, and soon began to perceive a general loss of flesh, strength, appetite, and spirits. This alarmed me, and we called in another medical man of eminence, who said that she had no disease whatever; that though she coughed a little, her lungs were quite sound, but there seemed a general debility, which he thought would be removed by sea bathing. In July, therefore, I went with her to Brighton. There we staid a fortnight, and the warm salt water baths carried off her rheumatism entirely. But her cough increased; and she felt so chilled and depressed by the sea air, that she besought me to take her home. This the physician told me to do, if she was not happy at Brighton. We came home in August, and after remaining quietly here a few days, she went with C., at her own desire, to pass some days with one of our intimate friends at Sheen, about seven miles from London. Here she was very

happy. I drove out to see her, and found her luxuriating in the pure air of the country. She walked, drove, read, sewed, or lay on her bed as she chose — and was not obliged to talk, which made her cough. But in a few days, C. wrote me that her cough had very much increased at Sheen, and she wished I would take her home. This I did immediately; and again sent for our medical advisers. They again examined her lungs, — said they were as yet sound, and advised me to try the waters of Tunbridge Wells for her, which are impregnated with iron. By this time, the poor, dear girl had become excessively thin and weak, and could not bear the noisy conversation of children. I therefore went quite alone with her to Tunbridge Wells, leaving C. at home with her father and brothers.

"Tunbridge is a charming place, — and I took some quiet rooms, where we were wholly unmolested. Anne took the waters most scrupulously, as they were prescribed, and for about ten days I was quite sanguine that they were doing her good. She could not walk much, but she walked stronger. Still, her appetite did not return, and her cough increased. She scarcely spoke ten words during the twenty-four hours. She would sit, most of the day, on the sofa, with a little fancy work, while I read aloud to her amusing books, or talked to her, without permitting her to answer. Morning and evening she read to herself in the Bible, — both in the Old and New Testament, — this had been her constant and unfailing habit since she was five years old. But the sweet sufferer never uttered a complaint during her long and painful illness. She was meek, gentle, and resigned to the will of God. Once, during the week before she died, after she had had a severe attack of coughing, and was in agony with an acute

pain in her head, she turned to me and said, ' Mamma, is it not very hard to bear pain?' I said, ' Yes, dear Anne, very hard; but is it not pleasant to reflect that there is a place where pain cannot come?' ' Oh! yes,' she answered, ' very pleasant; — and but for the hope of going to that place, I could not have borne patiently all that I have suffered.'

" We remained rather more than three weeks at Tunbridge, when the weather suddenly changed and became cold, and I saw that my poor invalid changed for the worse. I immediately wrote to Mr. Everett to come down and take us home, which he did; and on the 29th September we returned to London. Anne was much delighted to get back to her own room, which opened into mine. C. had made it very cheerful with a nice fire and comfortable sofa before it. For a short time after she came home, Anne dressed herself and went down to dinner; for she had a great dislike to confine herself to her room.

" But this effort I saw was too much for her strength, and I persuaded her at length to remain up stairs. She grew sensibly weaker, however, and the last week she only left her bed while it was made. The Friday before her death, (she died on Wednesday,) I requested her to let me cut off her back hair, as it fatigued her to have it combed. She consented, but unwillingly. When it was off, however, I showed it to her; she said, ' When I get well, mamma, I intend to have two bracelets made of this hair, — one for C. and one for P. This, her almost dying wish, shall be faithfully complied with; and at some future time, I hope to have the melancholy satisfaction of sending you, or placing upon your arm, this last sad memorial of your departed friend. I am sure you will value it, and always wear it for her sake.

"On the morning previous to dear Anne's death, we observed that she was much weaker, and had sunk a good deal in the night. Indeed, she felt it herself, and said that she thought she should not get well. She said she had a great deal to live for, and should like to have returned to America, but that she was not afraid to die. Dear girl! she had no cause to be, — for a purer, more humble, or more devout Christian I have never known. A few hours before her death, our letters arrived from America. Three were for her, — two from her cousins, and one from you. She requested me to read them all to her, — but yours first, — and it seemed to afford her the most sincere pleasure; but she said but little on account of her cough. After this, she sat up in bed and took her tea; and then was taken to the sofa while her bed was made. On returning to bed, she had rather a distressed turn, but after her drops were administered, as usual, she fell into a tranquil sleep, from which, she never fully awoke. Her pure spirit departed gently, and without a struggle at ten o'clock.

"Dear, dear Anne! she was very precious to us; — but I cannot wish her back, for I feel that she was a good and faithful servant, and has entered into 'the joy of her Lord.' We shall long and deeply lament her loss, — but not as those who have no hope. I trust that this bereavement has awakened me to a more faithful discharge of my duties, and a more diligent preparation for my own last change." . . . . .

The following is a brief extract from a letter from Anne's sister, written about a month later: —

[To the same.]

" . . . . Believe me, I am very sensible to your kindness in writing to me, and your expressions of sympathy are doubly grateful, coming, as they do, from a heart as much stricken as my own. You really knew and loved my sweet sister, and she I can truly say never entertained for any one the feelings she did for you; you were her *only* friend. It must be a pleasant reflection for you, that her last moments, as it were, were cheered by a letter from you; it gave her inexpressible pleasure, and she commented with almost her natural manner on the news it contained.

" Poor child! she little dreamed she should never see her dear friend again. You may well say that I am desolate! Those who love their friends at home, have still some young companions left — some one to weep with — but I am alone. I have no young friends, who live near me; none whom I see oftener than once in three months during a morning call. In my sister, therefore, I lost every thing; and though the last three months of her life, she was partially taken from me, she was still alive; — if away, I could write to her; if at home, I could leave my studies to run to her bedside and smooth her pillow; or if trying to work, I could help her, when her poor, transparent fingers refused to perform their office. And she always had a smile for me, or a kind word praising my dress or work, so that imperceptibly, I learned to think, 'Even if she never recovers, she will at least be spared to us and we can nurse her, and make her happy.' God, however, ordered otherwise, and took her from us, not with agony and

suffering, but in peaceful sleep; a meet end for so gentle a being. . . . .

"As New-Year comes on, and all busy themselves about their little gifts, we miss our dear Anne, who was always so anxious in her little presents to suit the tastes of all, and our happy party will be sadly clouded with sorrow, at finding among our gifts, several things bought by her at Tunbridge, and carefully concealed to be given on New-Year. Even in her illness she thought of others." . . . .

The following letter, from Mr. Everett, was written a short time since, in compliance with a request for further particulars of the closing scenes of his beloved daughter's life.

[Letter from Mr. Everett.]

"Boston, 8th November, 1854.

". . . I avail myself of the first moment of comparative leisure to give you, agreeably to your request, some account of the decline of our dear daughter. She was, as you are aware, naturally of a slight frame, but being extremely regular and prudent in all her habits, she enjoyed general good health, till the last year or two of her life. It had been our custom for several years to walk together for an hour daily; and she very seldom missed the walk, for any other cause than that of inclement weather. In coming up from Naples to Rome, in October, 1841, we were accidentally kept out till half an hour after sunset, while we were on the Pontine Marshes. Two of the family were severely attacked three weeks afterwards with fever and ague in France. Anne at that time showed no symptoms of

disease, but the next autumn in London, after the interval of a twelvemonth, she was attacked with intermittent fever. Her physician thought it was probably in consequence of exposure to the *malaria* of the Pontine Marshes the year before.

"From this time forward her health seemed not altogether as good as formerly. In the spring of 1843, we began to feel considerable anxiety about her. Her lungs were easily affected by changes in the weather; she was habitually languid, lost flesh, and was frequently indisposed. Early in August a consultation was held upon her case by Dr. Boott and Dr. (now Sir Henry) Holland, and they advised her passing some time at Brighton. We took her there, but the air of the place did not appear to agree with her, and after an experiment of a week or two we returned to London.

"Early in September we went with her to Tunbridge Wells, a place less exposed than Brighton, where the waters, it was thought, would be useful to her. Here she staid three or four weeks with her mother. I visited her as often as my duties in London would permit, but was grieved to find, at each visit, that she appeared more feeble and emaciated. After a trial of three weeks, it was plain that she was deriving no benefit from the waters, while she suffered for want of the comforts and quiet of home. After our return to London, in the last week of September, she never left the house.

"She was troubled with a cough, which gave her great pain, and in other respects she suffered much at times, — without a murmur. She was not fully aware of her situation, nor did we think it wise to agitate her, by disclosing the extent of our fears. In fact, at that time, I believe her physicians did not think her end so near.

"Shortly after our return to London, I had described to her some imitations in Wedgewood ware of the Portland Vase, which I had seen in a shop window. On the 11th of October, she took advantage of a moment, when her mother was out of the room, to ask me to get one of them, as a present for her mother on her birthday which was near; but the dear child did not live to see it.

"On Sunday, the 15th, she, for the first time, made a remark which showed a consciousness of her danger. She said to me that 'she could not help feeling that she was constantly growing weaker, and that she might not recover.' I answered her, 'that we must hope for the best.' She said, 'the possibility of not recovering did not terrify her;—it was an event that must be looked in the face.' I told her, 'I knew no one, who had less cause to fear death than she.' In the course of the same day, as I was carrying her from one bed to another, as helpless as an infant, I observed that, 'I had often carried her in my arms, in that way, from the hour of her birth.' She replied that 'it was well that I should take the first and the last care of her.'

"From this time forward, whenever she alluded to her situation, it was in a manner to show that she was fully sustained through the last great trial, by the faith and hope in which she had grown up from childhood.

"I passed the night of the 16th with her; it was one of frequent acute suffering; but her patience and uncomplaining endurance did not give way for a moment. She remained without material alteration till about seven in the evening of the 18th, when a decided change took place, marked by great shortness of breath, and difficulty in swallowing the prescribed anodynes. At nine o'clock she spoke of a pain and confused feel-

ing in her head, 'I cannot,' said she, 'even pray.' 'Can you not, dear daughter,' I asked, 'say the Lord's will be done?' 'Do you say it for me, dear papa,' she replied, which I told her I did from the bottom of my heart. After gasping for breath, she asked me, 'whether the last struggle could be greater; and said it sometimes seemed hard that she should suffer so much.' I told her she was in the hands of her Heavenly Father, who ordered every thing for the best; — and asked her if she felt that this was so, and could resign herself to His will?' She answered, 'Oh, yes, and that if it had not been for this feeling, she should have been tempted at times to throw herself from the window.' But through all her sufferings I never knew her to utter a murmuring word.

"She soon after said that her limbs were paralyzed, and asked me to rub the palm and back of her hands, saying 'it soothed her.' She repeatedly asked her mother and me not to leave her, and expressed the greatest satisfaction, when I told her that I had declined an invitation from Sir Robert Peel, in the country, for the sake of being with her.

"Having taken an opiate, she fell for a short time into a rather uneasy, but pretty sound sleep, at about half past nine o'clock in the evening. I am not sure that she awoke from this sleep to a state of entire consciousness. At a quarter before ten, she seemed to be awaking, but it was in the act of dying. I asked her 'if she knew her papa,' and she gave me a look and a faint smile of assent. I called her mother, who, overcome with the fatigue of constant attendance, had thrown herself a short time before on the bed in an adjoining room; and in a few moments more, calmly, without a struggle and with less apparent suffering, than

she often experienced in a fit of coughing, the dear child breathed her last in my arms. Such was the end of our beloved daughter, who, young as she was, had grown up to be my companion and friend, sometimes my adviser, often my exemplar, the object of my tenderest parental love.

"Our dear daughter's remains were placed temporarily in the Cemetery of Kensal Green; — they now rest at Mount Auburn, by the side of those of her little sister, Grace Webster, whom you recollect as a child of the rarest promise.

"In our overwhelming affliction at the loss of dear Anne, we had all the consolation that could flow from dwelling on her truly heavenly character. Nor was the sympathy of friends wanting. From the large circle of acquaintance, in which she necessarily moved, and from the highest personages in the kingdom, we received the most gratifying assurances that our loss was appreciated. The extreme delicacy of her appearance, her gentle and unobtrusive manners, and highly intelligent conversation had attracted notice, even amidst the crowd and pressure of the Court. But it was only those who knew her as you did, who could do full justice to her superior and endearing qualities." . . . .

Even the precious consolation which the bereaved may feel in their lost one's fitness for heaven, is a source of comfort fraught with pain; — since the piety and loveliness of character that fitted the departed one to die, are the very graces which fitted her to live; it was these which rendered her life so dear a treasure; her death so heavy a sorrow. Yet who would be without this consolation? Whilst it deepens the affliction, it is, next to submission to the Divine will, the only reflection

that has power to assuage a mourner's grief. This consolation abounded in the death of Anne Everett. We have not, indeed, attempted to make this a religious biography; for Anne has not written her spiritual experiences, but we have rather sought to delineate the dutiful child, the gentle sister and friend, the faithful scholar and ardent seeker after high attainments; yet such was her conscientious discharge of every duty; so noble and pure her constant aims; so scrupulous her performance of her own daily devotions and her attendance on those of the family; so eager her desire always to receive the truth, and so entire the trust, that she seemed to repose in her Saviour, which enabled her finally in peaceful triumph to view the approach of the King of Terrors, that we have unspeakable comfort in the assurance that she is "for ever with the Lord."

She was a most diligent student of the Bible; a copy, her father's gift, when she was about ten years old, was her inseparable companion. At the time of her death, it contained marks opening at five different portions, — the 15th, 16th, and 17th chapters of St. John, were particularly marked; and a small pocket Testament, a gift from her father in London, which she always took with her when she left home, bore evidences of the same earnest perusal.

Perhaps it will be supposed that especial pains has been taken in this volume to conceal Anne's faults. But this is not so. That she had faults, we may safely affirm, for she was human; but that they were discoverable only to herself, all that knew her can attest. They were like the low shadows of herb and grass upon the plain, where the sun continually shines, and we say, "there is no shade here," for we cannot see it in the gleaming brightness. So Anne's unvarying superior

excellence alone attracted notice, — no visible fault dimmed the lustre of her goodness, and to the most intimate observer she ever seemed a wellnigh perfect character.

Anne's brief career forcibly exemplifies the beauty of steady upward progress. There is no retrograde movement, because the rules of life and the constant discipline of education are never relaxed or suffered to become wearisome. Twenty years is all we have in which to trace this progress, — yet in this swiftly passing period, we see the preparation for great achievement; every talent cultivated, the years for action alone are wanting. We have found it difficult to do her justice. The sculptor may replace piece after piece of his fallen statue and hope to convey to the outer eye the idea of its original perfection, — but who can by words array before the mind the beauty of the living character? It is a doubtful, and often a fruitless task.

One favor will be asked, — if the mind and character presented in these pages fail to excite praise and emulation, let the fault be ascribed, where only it will be due, to the inability of their delineator to do faithful justice to the theme.

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